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Poetry.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There stood two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal blood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
"I can tell of banquet, and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight
Where I was a king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down.
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame.
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has make his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

"I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.
"Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host.
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad—
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved;
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

"I've eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its pale brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim.

THE LAST HOUR OF BURNS.

Dear wife, the fatal hour is near,
And earth begins to disappear.
I go, yet feel one thought of pain
That thou in sorrow dost remain;
But think how short life's longest river,
How vast the sea which flows forever,
And surely love that thought shall be
A blessing unto thee and me,
For when we gain that better sphere,
We may forget our miseries here—
Forget the upstart's haughty head,
And more than that, the want of bread.

Dear Jennie, when I'm in the ground,
Ere chance the crowd will gather round,
And they may break upon your gloom,
And ask, "Was this the poet's room?
Is this his table—this his chair?
And did he really once sit there?
Was here his burning spirit wrought?
Is that the pen which chased his thought,
Which wrote those words of genius bold?
We pray you name its price in gold."
But, Jennie, when all this is said,
You'll not forget we've wanted bread.

They'll ask you with their curious looks,
"Is that his little store of books?
Is that the clock whose faithful chime
Once warned him of the flight of time?
Is that the lamp he studied by,
And did that paper meet his eye?
Is this his writing, this his name?
How much will purchase it, good dame?"
But, Jennie, when all this is said,
You'll not forget we've wanted bread.
Ah, yes, when I am in the ground,
The admiring world will gather round
And spend by far more gold than tears,
And raise a stone, not mine, but theirs,
A monument to tell with pride
In what a generous age I died.
Dear Jeannie, I feel the time is near,
And earth begins to disappear;
Enough the moment that I live
Shall show how well I can forgive.

Our Story Teller.

SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VI.

"Did you look for my husband?"

"You may be sure of that, and it took me all my time to find him."

"Find him! He is alive?"

"Alive! Of course he is."

"Thank God! Thank God!"

She was so over come that Pinder and Deborah came to her assistence, but she waved them off. "No," said she; "joy won't hurt me. Alive and well?"

"Never better."

"And happy?"

"Jolly as a sand-boy."

"A sand-boy?" murmured Lucy, inquiringly.

"Sarah's next question was uttered timidly and piteously—"Did he ask after us?"

Deborah cast an uneasy glance at Pinder. She was sorry her sister had asked that, and feared a freezing reply.

"Rather," said Varney. "First word he said was, 'How is Sarah and the kid?'"

"Bless him!" cried Sarah. "Bless him!"

Lucy informed the company that a kid was a goat.

But her innocence did not provoke a smile. They were all hanging on Dick Varney's words.

"And what did you say about us?"

"Oh, wel', I could only tell him what I hear of all sides, that you are doing his trade as well as your own. That Joe Pinder is your factotum. That you are as rich as a Jew, and respected accordingly."

"You told him that?" said Deborah, keenly.

"Those were my very words."

"And he didn't come back with you?" she asked.

"No."

"Then he must be doing well out there?"

"I shouldn't wonder; he was dressed like a gentleman."

"And he looked like one, I'll be bound," said his devoted wife.

"He didn't behave like one, then, for he gave an old friend the cold shoulder."

"What a pity!" suggested Deborah—"you that used to set him such a good example."

Pinder said that was not fair, and the man telling them all he could. Deborah said no more it wasn't, and she would cook him a bit of this nice steak.

He said he would be very glad of it.

"But mind, there's no brandy allowed in this house. Can you drink home-brewed ale?"

"I can drink anything," said he, eagerly.

She showed him into the kitchen, but whipped back again for a moment. "There's more behind than he told you," said she. "I'm a-going to pump him." She ran off again directly to carry out this design, and very capable of it she was: just the sort of woman to wait for him like a cat, and go about the bush, and put no question of any importance till he had eaten his fill, and drunk the home-brewed ale, which tasted innocent but was very heady. This manœuvre of hers raised some vague expectations in the grown-up people, but Lucy's mind, as usual, fixed itself on a word.

"Pump him?" said she to Pinder. "How will she do that, Factotum?"

"Not knowing, can't say," was Factotom's reply.

"Like this, Factotum?" said she, and took his arm and pumped with it. "Good-by, Factotum," said she, for a new word was like a new toy to her; "I'm off to see the pumping."

Pinder laughed, and looked at Sarah; but not a smile. "Why, you are not going to fret again?" said he. "You gave me your word to be happy if he was alive."

"And I thought I should at the time. But now I know he is alive, I know too that he is dead to me. Alive all this time, and not write me a line! I insulted him, and he hates me. I'm a deserted wife."

"And I'm a useless friend. Nothing I do is any use." He lost heart for a time, and went and took a turn in the street, despondent, and for the moment a little out of temper.

She watched his retiring figure, and thought he had gone for good, and felt that she must appear ungrateful, and should wear out this true friend's patience before long. "I can't help it," said she to herself. "I can love but one, and him I shall never see again."

Never was her sense of desolation so strong as at that moment. She laid her brow on the counter, and her tears ran slowly but steadily.

She had been so some time when a voice somewhere near her said, rather timidly, "Sally!"

She lifted her head a little way from the counter, but did not look toward where the voice came from; it seemed like a sound in a dream to her.

"It is," said the man, and came quickly to her. Then she looked and uttered a scream of rapture, and in a moment husband and wife were locked in each other's arms.

At this moment Pinder, whose momentary impatience had very soon given way to compassion and pity, came back to make the *amende* by increased kindness; and Deborah, who knew every tone of her sister's voice, flew up from the kitchen at her cry of joy. But in the first rapture of meeting and reconciliation neither spouse took any notice of these astounded witnesses.

"My Jemmy! my own! my own!"

"My sweet, forgiving wife!"

"It is me should ask forgiveness."

"No, no! 'Twas the police drove me mad."

"To leave me for three years!"

"Do you think I'd have staid away three weeks if I thought I should be so welcome?"

"What! you did not know how I love you?"

Then came another embrace, and at last Sarah realized that there were two spectators, one on each side of her, and those spectators not so much in love with the recovered treasure as she was. She said, "Come, dearest, joy is sacred," and drew him by both hands, with a deal of grace and tenderness, into the little parlor, and closed the door.

Pinder and Deborah looked at each other long and expressively, and by an instinct of sympathy met at the counter as soon as the parlor door closed, Deborah very red, and her eyes glittering, Pinder ghastly pale.

"Well, Mr. Pinder," said she, with affected calm, but ill-concealed bitterness, "you and I—we are two nobodies now. Three years' kindness of our side goes for nothing, and three years' desertion don't count against him. I've heard that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and now 'tis to be seen."

"Pinder apologized for his idol. "She can't help," said he. "But I can help looking on. I've seen them meet, after him abandoning her this three years, and what I feel this moment will last me all my time. I won't stay to watch them together, like the devil grinning at Adam and Eve; and I won't wait to hear him say that this business I have enlarged is his, the trade that he killed and I have revived is his, that the woman is his, and the child is his, and the money we have saved is his. No, Deborah, I'll give my blessing and go, soon as ever I have put up those shutters for her, and it is about time. You will see Joseph Pinder in this place no more."

"What! you will desert her and all?"

"Desert her? That is not the word. I leave her when she is happy. I am only her friend in trouble."

"And not her friend in danger, then?"

"I see no danger just at present."

"Think a bit, my man. What has brought him home? Answer me that."

"Well, I can," said he. "There is plenty of attraction to bring any man home that is not blind, and mad, and an idiot."

"Ay," said she, "that is how you look at her; but it's him I wan't you to read. Why, it was three years since he left, but it's not a month since that Varney told him she was a rich woman, and here he is directly."

"Oh!" said honest Joe Pinder, "I see what you are driving at; but that may be accidental. Things fall together like that. We mustn't be bad-herated, either. Why, surely he can't be so base."

"He is no worse than he was, and no better, you may be sure. Crossing the water can't change a man's skin, nor his heart neither, and I tell you he has come here disguised as a gentleman for the thing he came for disguised as a burglar."

Here she tapped the safe with the key of the kitchen door, which she had in her hand, and that action and the ring of the metal made her reasoning tell wonderfully. She followed up her advantage, and assured Pinder that if did not stay and lend her his support, Sarah would soon be stripped bare, and then abandoned again.

"If he does," said Pinder, "I'll kill him, that is all."

"With all my heart," was Deborah's reply. "But you mustn't leave her. And then," said she, "there's me. You that is so good-natured, would you leave me to fight against the pair? To be sure, I am cook, and my kitchen is overrun with rats; and one penn'worth of white arsenic would rid the place of them and two-legged vermin and all."

Pinder was shocked, and begged her solemnly never to harbor such thoughts for a moment.

"Then don't you leave me alone with my thoughts," said she, "for I hate him with all my heart and soul."

The discussion did not end there; and, to be brief, Deborah had the best of it to the end. Pinder, however, was for once doggedly resolved to consider his own feelings as well as Sarah's interests. He would go; but consented not to leave the town, and to look in occassionly, just to see whether Sarah was being pillaged.

"But," said he, "if 'tis all one to you, I will come to the kitchen, not the shop."

The ready-witted Deborah literally and without a metaphor licked her lips at him when he proposed this, so hearty was her appetite for a *tete-a-tete* or two in her own kitchen with this Joseph Pinder; he had pleased her eye from the first moment she saw him.

She said, "Well, so do. 'What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve.' Leave him the shop, and you come in the kitchen."

With this understanding Pinder put up the shutters and went away, sick at heart. Deborah had half a mind to stay in her kitchen, so odious to her was the sight of her brother-in-law; and besides, she was jealous: however, her courage was a quality that came and went. She was afraid to declare war on the pair, with nobody on the spot to back her. So she temporized; she took Lucy into the parlor to welcome her father. The child said, "How d'ye do, papa?" in rather an off hand way, and was kissed overflowing. She did not respond one bit, and began immediately to fire questions: "Why did you go away so long, and make mamma fret? Why didn't you write to her, if you couldn't come?"

Sarah stopped the rest of the cross-examination with her hand, and told Lucy it was not her place to question her father. Deborah never moved a muscle, but chuckled inwardly.

"What will you have for supper now that you are come?" inquired she, with affected graciousness.

"Anything you like," said James, politely. "Don't make a stranger of me."

That evening the reunited couple spent in sweet reminiscences and the renewal of conjugal order.

Before morning, however, they had talked of everything—at all events, Sarah had, and being grateful to Pinder, and anxious to make her benefactor and her husband friends, had revealed the results of Joseph's faithful service and intelligence—the shop purchased, and £440 in the bank.

"At what interest?" inquired James.

"Oh, at no interest. I am waiting to buy land or a good house with it."

James laughed, and said, "that was England all over—to let money lie dead for which ten per cent. could be had in the United States on undeniable security."

When once he got upon this subject he was eloquent; descanted on the vast opportunities offered both to industry and capital in the United States; bade her observe how he had improved his condition by industry alone.

"But with capital," said he, "I could soon make you a lady."

"Lucy you might," said she, "but I shall live and die a simple woman."

Finding she listened to him, he returned to the subject again and again; but I do not think it necessary to give the dialogue *in extenso*. There is a certain monotony in the eloquence of speculation, and the sensible objections of humdrum prudence. I spare the reader these, having sworn not to be trivoluminous.

It was about twelve o'clock next day when Pinder, whose occupation was gone, and *ennui* and deadness of heart substituted, found the time so heavy on his hands that he must come and chat with Deborah in her kitchen. He looked in; she was not there. So then he peeped in timidly at the shop window, and there she was in sole possession of the counter. Her qualifications for that post were as well known to him as to the readers of this tale, so he looked surprised.

"Why, where are they all?"

"In Cupid's Bower," said Deborah, repeating a phrase out of a daily paper. "Billing and cooing are sweeter than business."

"Where's Lucy?"

"You are the first that has asked. Well, she is asleep up-stairs. My lady found herself neglected first time this three years, so she came and cried to me, and I took her in my arms and laid her on the bed. She's all right. Pity grown-up people can't go to sleep when they like and forget."

At this moment the parlor door opened, and Sarah Mansell, who had worn nothing but black these three years, emerged, beaming in a blue dress with white spots and a lovely bonnet, all gay and charming. This bright vision banished Deborah's discontent in a moment. "Well," said she, "you are a picture." Sarah stopped to be looked at and smiled.

"Well," said Deborah, "he has found a way to make us all glad he is come home."

Sarah smiled affectionately on her, and said she only wished she could make everybody as happy as she was.

"Why not?" said Deborah, playing the courtier to please her. "And where are you going so pert, I wonder?"

"To the bank to draw my money," replied Sarah, gayly.

Pinder and Deborah looked at one another.

"How much of it?" asked Deborah.

"Four hundred pounds," said the wife, brightly.

Pinder groaned, but was silent. Deborah threw up her hands.

"Oh, Sarah, said she, piteously, "do but think how long it has taken you to make that, and don't throw it into a well all at one time."

Sarah smiled superior. "I affronted him about money three years ago, and you see what came of it."

She was going out jauntily, neither angry nor in any way affected by her friends' opposition, when Pinder put in a serious word.

"Well," said he, "give him a good slice. But do pray leave a little for Lucy. You are a mother as well as a wife."

She turned on him at the door with sudden wrath, to crush him with a word for daring to teach her her duty as a mother; then she remembered all she owed him, and restrained herself. But what a look flashed from her eyes! and the hot blood mounted to her temples.

Pinder was quite staggered at such a look from her, and Deborah shook her head. They both felt they were nullities, and James Mansell the master again. He let them know it too. He had been quietly listening on the stairs to every word they had said to his wife, and he now stepped into the shop, and took up a commanding position on the public side of the counter, opposite Pinder and Deborah. They were standing behind the counter at some distance from each other.

It was Pinder he attacked. Said he, quietly, "Are you going to meddle again between man and wife? It didn't answer last time, did it?"

Pinder did not think it advisable to quarrel if it could be helped, so he said not a word.

But Deborah was not so discreet. "Why, you have allowed him to meddle this three years. You pillaged and deserted her; he interfered, and made her fortune. He doesn't meddle to mar."

Then Pinder spoke, but in a more pacific tone. "I don't want to meddle at all," said he. "But Deborah and I have done our best for you both, and I do think your wife's friends might be allowed to ask what is to be done in one day with the savings of three years." Before these words were out of his mouth Mansell registered a secret vow to get rid of him and Deborah both.

He replied, with the intention of galling them to the quick, "Well, I don't know that the master is bound to tell the servants what he does with his money."

"Your money?" snorted Deborah.

"Ay," said this imperturbable person. "My wife's money is mine. I thought I made you understand that last time. Well, what I am going to do with my money is to invest it in America securities at ten per cent., instead of letting it lie idle in an England bank."

"Oh!" said Deborah. "That is the tale you have been telling her, eh? Well, I mean to tell her the truth. You are going to collar her money and off to America directly Varney has been here and split on you. You came for the money, not the woman."

She flung these words in his face so violently that even his brazen cheek flushed as if she had struck him; but ere he could reply, Sarah stood aghast in the doorway. "Oh dear! high words already."

Then James Mansell, who, in his way, cleverer than any of them, recovered his composure in a moment, and said, quietly, "Not on my side, I assure you. But this young woman says I have come for your money, not for you. That's a pretty thing to bawl at a man for all the street to hear. Well, Sarah, I don't bawl at her, but I put it to you quietly—how can I live in the same house with people that hate me, and are on the watch to poison my wife's mind against me?"

CHAPTER VII.

Pinder and Deborah both felt they had met their match. Pinder held her his peace; but Deborah couldn't. Her lips trembled, but she fought him to the last. "I shall leave this house at one word from my sister; but not at the bidding of a stranger that here to-day and gone to-morrow, as soon as he has milked the cow and bled the calf." With a grand sweeping gesture of the left arm she indicated Sarah as the cow, and with her right, Lucy as the calf.

The tremendous words, and the vulgar yet free and large gestures with which she drove them home, made even Pinder say, "Oh!" and so upset Mansell's cunning self-command that he came at her furiously. But Sarah stopped him. "No, you shall not answer her, James. You go and take your daughter on your knee, and I'll tell these two my mind." She was so grave and dignified there was no resistance.

Mansell retired with Lucy, and went up the stairs.

When he wbs quite gone, Sarah put out her hands and said, sweetly, "Come here, you two." Then they each took a hand, and their eyes glistened.

She took them gently to task in silvery accents, that calmed and soothed them as they fell. "You have a true affection for me, both of you. Then pity me too, and don't drive me into a corner. Do not make choose between my husband and you; you know which I must choose. Why, dear heart, if I spent my money on my back, you would not grudge me. Then why not let me please my heart, and give my money where I give my love, that is worth more than £400 if you could but see it?

They were both subdued by her words. Deborah said, in a sort of broken, helpless way, to Pinder, "She doesn't understand."

"What we mean is, that if you part with your money, you will lose your man; but so long as you stick to your money, he will stay with you; and we have both seen how you can fret for him, when he does desert you as well as bleed you."

"Ay," said Sarah, nobly, and without anger. "You mean me well, but you doubt, and mistrust, and suspect. No offense to either of you, but your nature is not mine. I am single-hearted. I can not love and mistrust. Nor I could not mistrust and love."

The beauty of her mind and her sweetness of her strong but sober words overpowered her old lover and tender friend. "Don't harass her any more," said he. "She is too good for this world. She is an angel."

Deborah smiled, and after taking a good look at her sister, said, coolly, "She is a wonderful good woman; her face would tell one that; but she is a woman, you may be sure, like her mother before her. Sarah, 'tis no use beating about the bush any longer. Would you like that £400 to go to another woman?"

"Another woman!" cried the supposed angel, firing up directly. "What do you mean? What other woman?"

"Dick Varney saw him with a woman, and a handsome one."

"Well, what does that prove?"

"Not much by itself; but a man that leaves one woman for three years, at his time of life, is safe to take on with another."

"Oh?" cried Sarah, "don't tell me so."

But Deborah was launched. She said, "It's all a mystery, and against nature, if there's no other woman; but, if there's another, it's all as plain as a pikestaff. Three years' dead silence and neglect—another woman—you fretting in England—no other man (Mr. Pinder is only a friend)—he jolly as a sand-boy in New York—another woman—she wants money (t'other woman always does)—Dick Varney tells him you've got it—he's here in one month after that, and the first day he is here he drains the cow. American securities?—A Yankee gal!"

This time her rude eloquence and homely sense carried all before them. Sarah, whose face had changed with the poison jealousy, lost all her Madonna-like calmness. She was almost convulsed; she moaned aloud, "If it is so, Heaven help me!" She put her hand to her bosom, and her beautiful brown eyes half disappeared upward, and she showed an excess of white. "Oh, sister you have put a viper in my bosom—Doubt. It will gnaw away my heart."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Deborah, terrified at her sister's words, and still more at her strange looks. Then she began to blame her woman's tongue, and beg Sarah to dismiss her suspicions with contempt. But this was met by another change, almost as remarkable in its way. "No," said Sarah, with iron firmness, "I could not love, and doubt, and live. I'll put it to the test." Deborah looked amazed and puzzled. Sarah walked to the parlor door and called up the stairs, "James dear, please come here."

"Whatever will she do or say?" groaned Deborah, and began to shiver. Sarah came back to her and said, in sort of hissing whisper, "Now, since you have taught me to suspect, and distrust, and doubt, you must go a little farther. I bid you watch my husband's face, and his very body, whilst I that am his wife play upon him." She hung her head, ashamed of what she was going to do. But Deborah said, roughly, "Won't I? that's all."

James Mansell came in and cast a shrewd glance all round. Deborah's face told him nothing. She wore an expression of utter indifference. Pinder hung his head.

Mansell was now between two masked batteries: his wife's eyes scanned him point-blank, and Deborah watched him—like a cat—out of the tail of her eyes, as Sarah tested her husband.

"James dear, I have great affection for my sister, and a true respect for Joseph Pinder, and I owe them both a debt of gratitude." James Mansell looked rather gloomy at that. "But I love you better than all the world. I can't bear to turn these faithful friends out of the house; they comforted me when I was desolate." Mansell looked dark again. "And yet I can't have you made uncomfortable for anybody. So, if my company is as welcome to you as my money, we will go to America together."

Pinder and Deborah both uttered exclamations of surprise and dismay, but Deborah's eye never left James, He was startled, but showed no reluctance. He merely said, "You don't mean that?"

"Indeed I do; but perhaps you don't want me. You would rather go back alone?"

The four eyes watched.

"No," said James; "we have been parted long enough. But would you really cross the water with me?"

"As I would cross this room, if you really wanted me."

"Of course I want you, if we are not to live together here, where your friends hate me. But, Sally, if you are game to emigrate with me, why make two bites of a cherry? We must sell the shop and realize, and settle in the states for life. I've no friends here, and you'll never want to come to England again, when once you have spent a summer in New York."

Here was a poisoned arrow. Deborah clasped her hands piteously, and cried, "Oh, Sarah!"

Sarah put up one hand to her to be quiet.

"No," said she, as shortly and dryly, as if she were chopping fire-wood, "I'll not fling my sister on the world, nor put all my Lucy's eggs in one basket. I will risk £400 and no more. I don't look to find the streets of New York city paved with gold. Money must be lost by one, for another to make it, and the folk out there are as sharp as we are—sharper, by all accounts. Many go there for wool, and come back shorn. This shop is a little haven for us, if things go wrong out there. These good friends will keep it warm for us. Now I think of it, doesn't a boat start for New York this evening?"

"This evening!" cried Pinder and Deborah in one breath.

"Ay, this very night—before affection is soured by disputes, and love is poisoned by jealousies." Then she told James to put on his hat, and bring her word when the boat started. Lucy and she would be ready; she could pack all her clothes in half an hour, with Deborah to help. Thus the greater character asserted itself at last. She had seen with a woman's readiness that the present position was untenable for a day, and she had cut the knot with all a man's promptitude. From that hour she took the lead.

Deborah was wringing her hands, and crying, "Oh, what have I said? What have I done?"

Sarah said, quietly, "Time will show. Please come and help me pack; and, Joseph put up the shutters: I trade no more this day. Ah, well, I never thought to leave home; but no matter. A wife's home is by her husband's side."

Whilst they were packing, and Deborah's tears bursting out every now and then, Sarah said to her, a little haughtily, "Well, did he stand the test?"

"Yes," said Deborah, humbly.

"Do you think he would take me to New York if there was another woman?"

"No" (very humbly).

"But see," said she, sorrowfully, "what it is to rouse mistrust. I shall sew the notes into his Sunday waist-coat, but I shall not give them to him until we are on the sea."

Deborah began to say, "And why—" but she got no further. She ended with, "I'm afraid to speak."

They got the man's Sunday waist-coat out of the drawer, and their quick fingers soon cut a deep inside pocket. Sarah took the numbers of the notes, and sewed in the notes themselves. They packed the waist-coat for the time being at the bottom of Sarah's box. The packing was done two hours before the vessel sailed.

The whole party met again in the parlor—Pinder to bid good-by; but Mansell, to please his wife, I suppose, said, civilly. "No, no; come and see us on board. There let us part friends; the chances are you will never see us again."

These words fell like a knell on the true hearts Sarah Mansell left behind her.

Pinder and Deborah saw the Mansells go down the Mersey, and return sadly to the house that had lost its sunshine.

That night Deborah, all in tears, begged Pinder not to leave her alone in the house. She said she could not bear to talk of anybody but Sarah; if she went out, her friends would chatter about this, that, and t'other.

Pinder was of the same mind, and gladly embraced the proposal. She gave him his choice of Lucy's room or the connubial chamber. He gave a little shudder, and chose Lucy's. He now became master of the house and the shop, and had plenty on his hands. He taught Deborah the prices of things, and how to weigh and put up goods in paper, and that is an art; and at night he read her a journal or a book, and they talked of Sarah, and wondered and wondered what would be her fate. Deborah thought she would come back in about a year. The £400 would not last longer than that in Mansell's hands, and he would be sure to get hold of it. But Pinder thought she would not return at all. James Mansell was evidently jealous of her friends, and determined to have her all to himself.

There was a very good photograph of her—cabinet size; he took this to Ferranti, and had it enlarged, retouched, and tinted by that artist. Ferranti, who employed a superior hand to retouch these enlargements under his own eye, produced a marvel. It had the solidity and clean outline of a statue.

They had it lightly tinted, especially the eyes and hair, so as not to injure the transparency of the photograph; and there was Sarah Mansell, full size, and all but alive.

It arrived, quite finished, rather late at night, and Pinder was out; but he opened the case and took it out, and neither he nor Deborah coule go to bed for gazing at it. "I never knew how beautiful she was," said Deborah. They actually sat up till two o'clock looking at this reproduction of a good and beautiful face, and they descanted on her virtues, and Deborah told incidents of her childhood, and Pinder repeated wise and sober answers from her sweet lips.

Pinder now found himself gliding from bachelor life into half matrimonial. His dinner was always ready on a clean cloth; and a comely woman, a year younger than himself cooked it, and put on a clean apron and cap to eat with him, Then supped together too. She gave up her nightly excursions aster a husband, and was always at his service, and ready to talk to him, or listen to him, or both; for if he read aloud police cases, or other things in which men and women revealed their character and the broad features of human nature, her comments were as sagacious—especially in relation to her own sex—as if she had devoted her life to the study of philosophy.

Sometimes too, she had a look of her sister. He never expected to see Sarah any more, and, take it altogether, he was on the road, which, by a gentle incline, has often led the victim of a romantic attachment to a quiet union of affection

When they were fairly out at sea, Sarah brought James his waistcoat, and showed him how the notes were secured. "You keep them," said she, "and I keep the numbers."

Mansell's greedy eye flashed. "Well, you are a business woman; we shall never go wrong together."

The water was like glass for eight days, but then had a gale, and Mansell was very ill. It was calm again as they drew near the end of their voyage, but Mansell did not regain his looks. When they reached the port he looked ill, pale, depressed and worried.

They landed, and left their boxes in the Custom-house, and James Mansell told Sarah and Lucy to stay there, whilst he ran into a neighboring street to see whether his old lodgings—very comfortable ones—were vacant.

She called after him not to be long. "Mind, I am strange here," said she.

"He won't be long, I guess," said a civil officer standing by; then he brought two chairs.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said she. "Lucy, my dear, thank the gentleman." Lucy took the two steps her dancing-master prescribed as essential preliminaries of a courtesy, and then effected a prim reverence—"Thank you, sir."

The gentleman, a tall, grunt citizen from Illinois, grinned, and struck a bow, with his hat in his hand, at right angles.

Sarah watched her husband take the second street to the right and disappear. Then she took out some work, not to be idle, and Lucy prattled away, all admiration. Never had this brilliant city a more appreciative critic. To be sure, she had not learned the suicidal habit of detraction, thanks to which nothing pleases us, and so we picked up nothing.

An hour passed—two hours—James did not come back. Sarah was mortified—then she was perplexed—then she was alarmed. What if he had gone drinking! He seemed exhausted by the voyage. Once this fear took possession of her, waiting there idle became intolerable to her. She begged that civil officer to put their boxes aside for a time, and she took Lucy by the hand and followed in the direction her husband had taken, But as she walked for hours before she found her treasure, I ask leave to go before her to a certain street.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE OBTRUSIVE DIVORCEE.

She is Pretty and Witty and a Social Nuisance.

A noticeable element in society this winter is the number of young divorcees, all of them so bright, pretty and attractive that society wonders at the cause of their marital troubles, unless one rests on the woman's ground—that all men are brutes. Some are very strict and proper people object to meeting them and consider it subversive of all morals and teachings for young girls to be brought in contact with these women of unhappy experiences and refuse invitations to certain houses where the divorcees are sure to be met.

Not all of them are through the courts yet, and they are not sensitive on the subject, but frequently refer to it. One of them announced that she would leave the city very early this spring and go to Newport for a long stay.

"For two years?" was asked, and, after a cheery nod of acquiescence, the would-be widow joined in the laughter.

Awkward scenes takes place at some receptions where these "grass widows" assist. One innocent old lady, in calling, was introduced to a pretty *divorcee* and said:

"Oe, I am so glad to meet you, because I know your husband."

"Then you can't know me if you know him," retorted the young woman. "I draw the line there emphatically."

At another reception the *divorcee* assisting was from out of town, and when a visitor was presented, who recognized the name and asked if she were related to a certain Mr. So and So of the same city, the answer came:

"Oh, yes! He is my divorced husband."

"I beg pardon," stammered the visitor. "I didn't know. I used to know him long ago."

"Yes. I was quite well acquainted with him myself once," was the cool rejoinder.

These and a few other contretemps of like kind have assured people that the grass widow ought to be retired a little from her present prominence.—*Washington Cor. New York Herald.*

A Twin Romance.

A double wedding took place on February 3 about 10 miles from Buffalo, in Putnam county, West Virginia, some of the circumstances of which are curious enough to provoke the relation. A few years ago a family by the familiar cognomen of Brown located on Little Possum Creek, that goes to feed Poca river. John and Gabriel were the only children possessed by the said Browns—twins, aged 18. Strangely enough, their nearest neighbors were the Lykins family, whose only children, likewise twins, were Susan and Peggy, about 18 years of age. The Brown brothers were comely boys, tall and sinewy. The Lykins girls fell straightway in love with them, Susan favoring John, while Peggy favored the dark-eyed Gabriel.

The way of true love ran smoothly enough until a few weeks since, when, by some chance preventing the presence of Gabriel and Susan at singin' "In the Little Log Cabin in the Lane," John conducted Peggy to her home, discovering in that brief while that she came nearer his ideal of what he would like for a helpmate, and recklessly telling her so. Somehow the story gave Susan no offense. Thus the two became distraught, and sought to postpone the marriage. Simple-minded Gabriel was complaining of it all to buxom Susan, and added: "I'm sorry, anyhow, that I'm engaged to Peggy instead of you." She, by happy chance, agreed with him, and was overheard by the doubting Susan, who conveyed the glad tidings to the discouraged John. Presto, change! And all went merry as a chorus of cow-bells in a summer meadow. "The four twinses" will have twin cabins near the big mill road.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

An Anæsthetic Bullet.

A German chemist has invented a new kind of anæsthetic bullet, which he urges will, if brought into general, greatly diminish the horrors of war. The bullet is of a brittle substance, breaking directly when it comes in contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a powerful anæsthetic, producing instantaneously complete insensibility, lasting for twelve hours, which, except that the action of the heart continues, is not to be distinguished from death. A battlefield where these bullets are used will in a short time be apparently covered with dead bodies, but in reality merely with the prostrate forms of soldiers reduced for the time being to a state of unconsciousness. While in this condition, they may, the German chemist points out, be packed in ambulance wagons and carried off as prisoners.

Storrs and Hayes.

Emery A. Storrs detested ex-Pres. Hayes —naturally. Two characters more unlike than theirs could hardly be mentioned. Of all the scoffing things, justly or unjustly said of Mr. Hayes, Storr's jeers are likely to be remembered as long as any. "There stood R. B. Hayes," he said, while talking about Garfield's funeral, "clad in a long linen duster, with a straw hat on the back of his head, holding in his right hand a yellow worsted bag with the letters 'R. B. H.' worked in purple by Lucy; and no one spoke to him but a policeman, and he told him to keep off the grass." At another time he said in public, "Hayes went into the office chuck full of the milk of human kindness, anxious for the opportunity to shake hands with somebody who had attempted the destruction of the Union."

How the Squaws Bathe.

R. R. Hickox, who is teaching the Cheyennes and Arapahoes the arts of peace in the Indian territory, writes to a friend here that he is getting along admirably. He has thirty-five families under his tutelage. He works, eats, and sleeps among them, and up to the time of going to press had not been scalped. Cleanliness is not a part of the red man's religion. He does not believe in the divine mission of soap and water. The squaws, Mr. Hickox says, sometimes get desperate enough to wash themselves. They take a mouthful of water, blow it into their hands, then rub it over their faces, It is astonishing, he says, how much water their mouths will hold.

A Bad Record for Any Town.

St. Louis has one saloon for every 17 peopel, and one church for every 2,8050.

Humor.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

His Character Revealed in the Artless Prattle of Childhood.

We always did pity a man who does not love children. There is something morally wrong with a man. If his tenderest sympathies are not awakened by their innocent prattle, if his heart does not echo their merry laughter, if his whole nature does not reach out in the ardent longings after their pure thoughts and unselfish impulses, he is a sour, crusty, crabbed old stick and the world full of children has no use for him. In every age and clime, the best and noblest men loved children. Even wicked men have a tender soft spot left in their hearts for little children. The great men of the earth love them. Dogs love them. Kamehamekomokimodahroah, the king of the Cannibal islands loves them. Rare and gravy. Ah, yes, we all love children.

And what a pleasure it is to talk with them. Who can chatter with a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, quick-witted little darling, anywhere from three to five years old, and not appreciate the pride which swells a mother's breast when she sees her little one admired? Ah, yes, to be sure.

One day, ah, can we ever cease to remember that dreamy, idle summer afternoon—a lady friend who was down to the city on a shopping excursion, came into the sanctum with her little son, a dear little tid-toddler of five bright summers, and begged us to amuse him while she pursued the duties which called her down town. Such a bright boy, so delightful it was to talk to him. We can never forget the blissful half hour we spent looking that prodigy up in his centennial history.

"Now, listen, Clary," we said—his name is Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers—"and learn about George Washington."

"Who is he?" inquired Clarence, etc.

"Listen," we said, "he was the father of his country."

"Whose country?"

"Ours; yours and mine; the confederate union of the American people, cemented with the life blood of '76, poured out upon the altars of our country as the dearest liberation of liberty that her votaries can offer."

"Who did?" asked Clarence.

There is a peculiar tact in talking to children that very few people possess. Now most people would have grown impatient and lost their temper when little Clarence asked so many irrevelant questions, but we did not. We knew that, however careless he might appear at first, we could soon interest him and he would be all eyes and ears. So we smiled sweetly—that same sweet smile which you may have noticed on our photographs, just the faintest ripple of a smile breaking across the face like a ray of sunlight, and checked by lines of tender sadness, just before the two ends of it pass each other at the back of the neck.

And so smiling we went on.

"Well, one day George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's, the great man we were telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on.

"George Washington. His——"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father——"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him——"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

And we went on, just as patient and pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see that he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And told him that——"

"Who told him what?" Clarence broke in.

"Why George's father told George."

"What did he tell him?"

"Why, that is just what I am going to tell you. He told him——"

"Who told him?

"George's father. He——"

"What for?"

"Why, so he wouldn't do what he told him not to do. He told him——"

"George told him?"

"No, his father told George——

"Yes; told him that he must be careful with the hatchet——"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; he must be careful with the hatchet——"

"What hatchet?"

"Why George's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, with the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern or leave it out on the grass all night. So George went around cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last came to a splendid apple tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down, and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"——but his father came home and saw it the first thing, and——"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No; saw the apple tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple tree?'"

"What apple tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and——"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple tree."

"Oh!"

"—— and George came up and heard them talking about it ——"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About the apple tre."

"What apple tree?"

"The favorite apple tree that George cut down."

"What did he cut it down for."

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Who gave it to him?"

"His father did."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I——'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was——'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no, George couldn't."

"Oh, George? oh yes."

"'——It was I cut down your apple tree; I did——'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut his apple tree."

"George's apple tree?"

"No, no, his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said——"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said 'father I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he rather have a thousand apple trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple trees than——"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him tell a lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers of Arch street, hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Matchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down an apple tree.—*Bob Burdette.*

Nothing Mean About Him.

Countryman—Two plates of raw oysters.

Waiter—Yes, sir; on the half shell?

Countryman—No, I want the whole shell or none.

WISDOM OF THE SAGES.

Bob Burdette Calls the Turn on a Natural History Sharp.

What a grand thing it must be to have a good, thorough education, and know all about astronomy and natural history and phlebotomy and all those things. A painful sense of my own general ignorance always makes me feel very ill at ease in the presence of learned people. Not a great while ago, two months perhaps, I was writing, and happening to glance out of my window, saw a hawk make a swoop and catch a poor little English sparrow. The robber, with great insolence, flew into a pine tree close to my window and began his breakfast. I called the Prince and we watched the hawk devour the little bird. He held the sparrow on the limb of the tree with his talons, and tore off bits after bite with his great beak. He did not pluck a feather before eating. Now and then, when a feather would came away with a shred of meat, the hawk shook it from its beak, but went right on with his meal. He didn't swallow any feathers, but beyond that he paid not the slightest attention to them, simply shaking them off his beak when they got in his way. Half an hour later I read in a most excellent paper the statement by a learned ornithologist and an old hunter that "the hawk *never* begins devouring a bird until he has first carefully plucked *every* feather out of it." Now, if I hadn't read that, you see how ignorant I would have been of a simple fact in natural history! I believe that villain of a hawk acted as he did on purpose to mislead me. But, thanks to the learned man, he failed. Am I going to take the word of a miserable, ignorant hawk against that of a great ornithologist? Not I. I may not know much, but I trow that I wot a learned ornithologist kens more about hawks than any hawk that ever bolted a feather.

Didn't Understand the German Bed.

Deputy United States Marshal Maurice H. Lundy was called to Juniata county last week on official business, and his first night there was spent at the tavern kept by a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He came down stairs early in the morning shivering and shaking from cold and feeling very cross. The first person he saw was the landlord, to whom he savagely cried out:

"Say, Mr. Landlord, what kind of a hotel do you call this? Have you no bed covering in it? I almost froze to death last night!"

"Mine gracious!" replied the proprietor, "you must be von mighty cold-blooded mans? Vy, ter ish two fedder beds on ter bed for you to sleep between."

About this time Lundy had taken in the true situation of affairs, and he fairly roared, as he exclaimed:

"Well, by all that is infernal, I lay all of last night between the top of the upper feather bed and a sheet. Landlord, I beg your pardon. I'm going back again to get in between those two feather beds and do the thing right. Please call me at noon."—*Williamsport (Pa.) Gazette.*

George Knew When to be Silent.

One of the slides at the carnival grounds got out of order Saturday night. It created a good deal of amusement until the management had it put in shape. Toboggan after toboggan, with its fair load, was thrown into the snow banks. At one time two loads went down together, and the occupants of both toboggans were landed in a heap. As one by one they got up and shook the snow from their blanket suits, a rosy-cheeked fair damsel arose and threw her arms around the neck of a young man.

"George," she said, "George, are you hurt?"

George said nothing, but kept on digging the snow from his eyes.

"George, are you hurt; why dont you speak?" she continued, giving him an extra hug.

"My name ain't George, and I'm not hurt," the young man finally managed to murmur.

There was a little yell, and as the young lady dropped the young man she was embracing, she pouted and said:

"Oh, you hateful thing. I think you're real mean—now."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Jedge Waxem's Political Philosophy.

Thar's powerful little satisfaction dyin' fer yore country at $13 a month. That's why I'd rather be a Congressman.

Truth is stranger'n fiction in politics.

I have never saw the American Eagle too weak to scream.

Liberty an' Union is what we fight fer, but we want 'em balanced.

Good men is mighty skeerce in politics, but it only tuck one Savior to redeem the world.

Sentiment is patriotism's right-bower. Ef it wasn't fer sentiment the Star-Spangled Banner wouldn't be worth more'n 50 cents a yard, runnin' measure.

Thar's no use puttin' God in the Constitution ez long ez thar is good mothers in the land.

Anarchy raises its hydry head above the wreck of parties.

A railroad pass repppresents a good deal more than the fare a Congressman saves.

Ef there wasn't no taxation thar would not be no government.—*Washington Critic.*

Decrease of Jug Drinking.

A well known optician—this is the way you describe any person whose name you don't know and of whom you never heard—says that the increase in the number of persons using glasses is fully 33⅓ per cent. over previous periods. This is certainly very encouraging news to the temperance people. It at least indicates a growth of refinement. You doubtless remember the story about the Good Templars, who were marching down street, bearing a banner with the appropriate inscription, "We bend the knee, but not the elbow." But there was an old fellow holding up a tree-box while he viewed the procession—his temperance charter had expired a year or two before, and he hadn't had time to renew; he was about two-thirds full. He looked at the banner and deciphered the inscription with great disgust. "Aw—yes," he said; "you bend the—hic—knee, but not the—hic—elbow. I know you do. That comes of this—hic—beastly habit of drinkin' out of the bung!"—*Burdette.*

Save This for Leap Year, Girls.

Willie A—— and Maggie B—— had been busy courting for two years, meeting regularly every Wednesday night in Hope street, Glasgow. About a fortnight ago Willie, in parting with his beloved, made the usual remark:

"I will meet you in Hope street next Wednesday night. Mind and be punctual."

"Deed ay, Willie, lad," replied Meg., wi' a merry twinkle in her e'e, "we hae met a lang time noo in Hope street, and I wis jist that it was nigh time we were shifting our trysting place further along. What wad you say to Union street?" Willie has taken the hint and invitations are out.—*Scottish American.*

Very New Theology.

An educational publication of the month publishes, in a group of anecdotes about little people, a story which, it strikes me, comprehensively describes the position, in certain theological matters, of our deep-discerning Andover friends.

* * * "The Sunday school lesson falling one day on the topic of Daniel in the den of lions, little Lucy gave a very intelligent account of this famous Bible story, and then added:

"'And they put court-plaster on his wounds, and fixed him all up, and he got well again.'

"'But,' said I, 'I thought you said the lions did not touch Daniel!'

"'Well, I know', said she, with all confidence, 'the Bible does not say so, but then, I suppose they did.'"

Too Young to Tell the Time.

A young man recently returned home to his faithful and wakeful spouse so near daybreak that you might call it early in morning.

"My dear, how late you are to-night! Where in the world have you been?" was the greeting he received from his benight-gowned wife as he shuffled up stairs.

Late? (hic). 'Tishn't late. What maksh you (hic) shink 'slate?"

"Why, the chickens are crowing. Don't you hear?"

"Shick'ns? Shpring (hic) shick's. They don't (hic) know what chime 'tiss."—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Both Hands Busy.

A negro in Alabama was brought up for stealing a pair of chickens, but declared, solemnly, that he "didn't steal dem ar fowls," declaring, on the other hand, that the complainant had beaten him brutally with a club.

"But," said the judge, "You're twice as large and strong as he is, why didn't you defend yourself?"

"Why, jedge, see hyar; I had a chicken in each hand, an' what's two raw chickens agin' a club?"

Miscellany.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GHOST,

Or Was It Moonshine Whisky That Ailed the Sentry?

Much excitement exists at the Virginia military institute. On the night of Jan. 28, as the sentinel was walking his beat, his attention was attracted through the sally port to the front of the barracks by a slight sound. Between the two large 46-pound siege pieces there appeared a soldier dressed in a Confederate uniform and mounted on a large gray horse. His sword was drawn. His horse was tightly reined up and two white plumes floated above his head.

In an instant the horse started through the sally port into the courtyard at a round trot, crossing the sentinel's beat and making no sound, although he was passing over a solid brick pavement. The sentinel challenged with a loud voice. "Who goes there?" The rider did not heed the challenge, but passed on at the same pace until, arriving at an abrupt and impassable precipice in the rear of the barracks he vanished.

The sentinel promptly called his corporal, who informed the lieutenant of the guard and the officer of the day. The guard was turned out, and though a minute search was instituted no trace of horse or rider could be found.

On the next night a similar phenomenon was witnessed by a party of cadets and citizens. This time a sentinal was stationed in the center of the sally port to await the reappearance of the horse and rider. At the same time as on the night before the horse and rider appeared and started through the sally port at a great pace. The sentinel commanded, "Halt! Who goes there?"

The horse approached nearer and nearer to the sentinel, until within two feet of the point of the bayonet, and vanished only to reappear just in the rear of the sentinel. Then he passed on in the direction he had taken the preceding night, again disappearing at the edge of the precipice. An old veteran present recognized the rider to be none other than Gen. Stonewall Jackson.—*Lexington, Va., Letter.*

How Pres. Cleveland Lives.

Breakfast is ready at the White House a 8:30, and the President never waits in vain for an appetite for his first meal of the three that satisfy and sustain him. Fruit, oatmeal or some other cereal food, chops, beefsteak, eggs, fish, with coffee and rolls, make up this meal. Then comes the morning in the library, where the President receives most of his business visitors standing, moving from one to the other in a circle until all are disposed of. Two days of the week—Tuesdays and Fridays—break in upon the routine for other days. On three days he goes down into the East Room at 1 o'clock to shake hands with people who call to pay respects. In this way his time is occupied until luncheon is announced at 1:30. This meal is plain—cold meat, bread and butter, a relish perhaps now and then, green tea, and again fruit. Dinner is served at 7. It is only an ordinary meal of soup, fish, an entree and a roast with a simple dressing, and fruit, for the President enjoys fruit at every meal. In addition to the beverage named as being used at breakfast and luncheon the President drinks but little. Wine is never on the White House table except there be guests present. An erroneous impression has obtained regarding the President's tastes in this respect. Lager beer or ale are used by him very rarely.

The President uses tobacco. He smokes not more than two cigars a day, and these after dinner, when he goes up to the library to resume his work, after a chat with the White House family.—*Washington Letter.*

Picking Out a Wife.

I always was partial to the ladies, says a writer in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, and did a great deal of gallanting them around and making them have as good a time as myself. But when I came to the age at which most young men fall in love, I was very careful to single out a lady of my own age, and one who had an extra amount of common sense and good breeding; one who was always considerate of others' welfare, and was not ashamed that she kept house for three younger children, left orphans when quite young.

Now, after three years of married life, I have never seen my wife untidy. She makes it her business to keep herself looking as neat as her house, and I have yet to see her out of humor, or in the least ways cross, and although I do not make anything like big wages, yet she manages to keep the house in all necessaries, and I have more money in my pocket at the end of the month than I ever had or could manage to save before I was married.

I think if more young men would look on the practical side of matrimony there would not be so many disappointing unions.

Common sense is the thing. Never mind the pretty face, bright eyes, or small feet. Has she a good supply of common sense? It beats music and drawing far enough.

It Makes Her Left Arm Lame.

Mrs. Cleveland told a lady who called upon her this week that she took it as a very great compliment that the public showed so much desire to see her, and she gave them an opportunity as often as she could without being indelicate.

"I know it is not more than a curiosity to see the President's wife," she said, "but it seems to give pleasure, and I am always willing to put myself out a little to gratify those who are entitled to consideration. I don't, of course, want to make a show of myself, but I am getting used to being stared at."

Mrs. Cleveland says that when she has been shaking hands with people a l the evening, as she does at her receptions, she never feels pain in her right arm, but always in her left. She has a muscular grasp, which is always noticed and spoken of. She takes hold of a caller's hand, not with the tips of her fingers, as some people do, but with a full, firm palm, and gives it a hearty shake. One would think that she would feel a serious lameness after greeting two or three thousand in that way, but she never does except in the left arm, and she says that Mrs. Fred Grant told her a few weeks ago that Gen. Grant was affected in the same way. He always felt a lameness and often a numbness in his left arm, but never in his right.—*Chicago News.*

A Queer Temperance Story.

In a committee room of the Senate six Senators met the other day to celebrate a joyful event which affected one of the number. A splendid luncheon was spread, and it included an abundance of champagne, the popular beverage in Washington. To the amazement of the host four of the six turned down their glasses and refused to drink—even to his health. He swallowed his chagrin with his wine, and finally sought to cheer his temperate guests with cigars. Although the finest brands were at hand, only two of the party smoked. Again the host was amazed, and he was constrained to remark: "Gentlemen, I beseech of you never to say anything about this exhibition of temperance." "Why?" asked one of the party. "Because," he replied, "my constituents would believe it was a lie, and that all of us got drunk." There are quite a number of temperate men in the Senate, but if 50 parties of this size were selected at random it is not probable that in one of them would there be found so many teetotalers as were in this little one.—*Washington Letter.*

Divorce in India.

They have a curious way of settling matrimonial disputes in Nepaul, India. On a plain is a standard. When a wife wants a divorce from her husband she is given a fair start and has to run across the plain. Her better-half chases her with a kookree. If the woman reaches the standard first she obtains a dissolution of her marriage. If she doesn't get to the post at all, it is because her husband has caught her and cut her down. We are in blissful ignorance of the ordeal through which a husband who wishes to get rid of his wife has to pass. But we may be sure it is not such a fearful one as that cited above.

The Complexion to Set-Off Diamonds.

While a jeweler was chatting to a New York reporter a colored lady, attired in the latest devices of fashion, purchased a brilliant and planked down $240 without a murmur. "Some of our best customers are colored people," said the jeweler. "When they have money they wear good clothes and good jewelry. Diamond ear-rings are set off better on a dark background and the colored ladies understand it."

Recent Literature.

One of the pleasantest books of the season is "Their Pilgrimage," by Charles Dudley Warner, from the Harpers, New York, which has been already extensively read in *Harper's Magazine*, where it has been running as a serial. It is written in the pleasant, graceful style peculiar to the author, and describes well-known places through the United States in a way that invests them with a sort of idyllic interest. The slight thread of a love story which runs through it all, holds it together into a delightful whole, adding greatly to the interest. One drinks in the word pictures with delight, and wonders that so many things have been passed before unnoticed.

A most magnificent volume, and a real work of art is the one issued by Harper Brothers, New York, entitled "Happy Hunting Grounds, A Tribute to the Woods and Fields," by William Hamilton Gibson, the author of "Pastoral Days" and "Highways and Byways." The style is as fresh and breezy as are the woods and fields upon a typical spring day, when all Nature seems to be springing into a blithe living after a long slumber. The subjects treated are thus named: "A Winter Walk"; "A Witch-Hazel Copse"; Sap Bewitched"; "Backyard Studies"; "Singing Wings"; "A Grassy Road"; and "Wood Notes" The volume is beautifully illustrated by the author. It is printed upon fine, heavy paper of a creamy tint and in good, clear type, while the engravings are admirably executed. Bound handsomely, it is one of the finest gifts of the season. Price $7.50.

"Sir Philip Sidney," by J. A. Symonds, author of "Sketch of Shelley," etc., is published by Harper & Brothers, New York, in their series of "English Men of Letters." It is written in a very pleasant way, and as there is always a charm about this knightly gentleman's life, it cannot fail to interest its readers. Not only is his political and private life treated of, but his literary work also.

From the same publishers comes "In the Wrong Paradise and Other Stories," by Andrew Lang, author of "Custom and Myth," etc. The book is made up of nine stories, reprinted from several English magazines. All are good and some of them excellent. "The End of Phaecia" shows some of the religious eccentricities of the Hellenes in a very humerous way. Readers will find the volume a very pleasant one with which to while away a leisure hour.

"The Aztecs," issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, by Lucien Biart, is one of the best and most exhaustive works ever written upon the subject. It has been very finely illustrated by J. L. Garner, and will be found of absorbing interest from beginning to end. To many people the history and all that relates to the strange people who once held sway in Mexico are of intense interest. Nowhere has this subject been more fully and intelligently treated than in this volume, now placed within reach of American readers. The mythology of the Aztecs receives special attention, and all that is known of their lives, their hopes, their fears and aspirations finds record here. Those who have read little in regard to this people will be astonished to find how far advanced they were in the arts and sciences, and what the morality of their private life was. The book is well worth a careful reading.

A wondrously beautiful poem is that of "Brother and Lover: A Woman's Story," by Eben E. Rexford, and published by John B. Alden, New York, beautiful in its simplicity, tenderness, and fine versification. It is the story told by Ruth who is left while a young girl, an orphan, with a younger brother Robert, to whom she promises her dying mother to be all that an elder sister possibly can be. The whole poem is exceedingly simple and pathetic.

From Rand Avery company, Boston, comes the 22nd annual catalogue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology accompanied by the President's, report both of which show the most gratifying results from the past year's work of this excellent institution. A statement of the courses of instruction is included.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, now Mrs. John Biddulph Martin, of England, has published in London a pamphlet entitled "The Argument for Woman's Electoral Rights Under Amendments XIV and XV of the Constitution of the United States; a review of My Work at Washington in 1870—'71." Whatever else she may have been, Mrs. Woodhull was an able and logical advocate of the legal rights of her sex.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Charles Zachary Macaulay, the youngest brother of the historian, died recently.

The life of the late Lord Houghton is to be written by his son, the present Lord Houghton.

Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Dr. Cupid" is regarded by her English admirers as falling below her previous efforts in the field of fiction.

It is reported that Mr. H. H. Bancroft's immense library, which he has been collecting for the last 30 years, is to be offered for sale.

Two large volumes, bearing the imprint of Ellis & Scrutton, are to contain complete works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and are to be issued at once.

A volume of reminiscences of Salem, Mass., entitled "A Half Century in Salem," by Mrs. Nathaniel Silsbee, is to be published shortly by Houghton, Miffin & Co.

Mr. Browning's new volume of poems will shortly be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and will be entitled: "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day."

A New Book, on some leading characters of the eighteenth century, will shortly be published by Mr. Murry. It is the work of Mr. William Stebbing, and is entitled "Some Verdicts of History Reviewed."

A volume of notes gathered in the islands of the Southern Pacific Ocean by Julian Thomas, a special correspondent of the Melbourne *Argus*, is published with the title "Cannibals and Convicts" (Cassell).

The last legacy which Capt. Mayne Reid left to the youthful public for whom he had provided so many captivating tales of adventure, is a story entitled "The Land of Fire" (F. Warne & Co.). It relates, in his enticing style, the incidents of the shipwreck of an American vessel on the Fuegian coast.

Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary has recently received the important addition of 12,500 new words, together with a pronouncing biographical dictionary of nearly 12,000 personages, and a pronouncing gazetteer of the world, noting and locating over 20,000 places. This standard dictionary is published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

The first volume has appeared of "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," a work that promises to cover its ground with admirable fullness and thoroughness. It will include above 16,000 names and will be completed in six volumes, of between 700 and 800 pages each, similar to "Appleton's American Cyclopedia."

Mr. Froude is about to make a long journey for the purpose of gathering material for another book somewhat similar in character to "Oceana," which has been a great success. He purposes to visit and study what was formerly the Spanish empire in this hemisphere. He will pay special attention to Cuba and to the subject of slavery as it exists there.

Two new novels of unusual interest will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons at an early date. "The Jesuit's Ring," by A. A. Hayes, happily unites an old tradition with the varied and delightful contemporary summer life at Mount Desert, with graphic delineation of society manners as they are seen at Bar Harbor. "A Child of the Century," by J. T. Wheelwright, is a typical story of American political and social life, the scene of action shifting from Boston to Europe, and thence to Washington.

* * * * All diseases of lower bowel, including pile tumors, radically cured. Book of particulars, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why They Want War.

It is said that the solid, quiet, business men of Texas are actually thirsting for a war of any kind. The reason is that the state could spare at least 20,000 useless fellows,—sharpers, adventurers, dead beats and bummers, and the easiest way to get rid of them would be to send them into a good, lively war, where bullets fly thick and fast. This is one reason, it is said, why a Mexican war would be so popular in Texas.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "There is nothing to be compared with them."—*Rev. O. D. Watkins, Walton, Ind.*

THE GREAT SPHINX.

M. Grebaut Actively Engaged in the Work of Excavation.

London Times.

The last occasion on which the Great Sphinx was cleared down to the level on which the paws rest was in honor of the opening of the Suez canal in 1869. The ever-drifting sands had, however, reburied it almost to the threat when Prof. Maspero, during his last year of office at Boulak, began again the work of disinterment. This work has now been going on, somewhat intermittently, for more than twelve months, and is at the present time in active progress under the direction of Prof. Maspero's successor, M. Grebaut. A tramway has been laid down from the Sphinx to the edge of the Pyramid plateau, passing close under the west face of the granite building popularly, though incorrectly called the Temple of the Sphinx. Along this tramway light trucks convey the sand to the point at which their contents are discharged, the trucks being loaded by Arabs of both sexes and all ages, who carry the sand upon their heads in large flat baskets, ascending and descending all day long from the excavations below to the tramway above, and vice versa. The means look curiously inadequate, but the results are astonishing. Already the entire fore part of the great stone monster is laid bare, and already the huge chest, the paws, the space between the paws, the altar in front of them, and the platform upon which they rest are once more open to the light of day. Nor is this all. Between the Sphinx and the edge of the Pyramid plateau a vast space has also been cleared, thus bringing to view a fine flight of steps some forty feet in width. These steps, which are described by Pliny, were uncoverrd by Caviglia in 1817, but have been entirely lost to sight for nearly seventy years. A second flight of steps and the remains of two Roman buildings were also found by Caviglia, and will again be brought to light if M. Grebaut continues the work in this direction.

To the right of the Sphinx—that is to say, in the direction of the granite temple to the southward—a further excavation is in progress, the result of which will probably confirm the surmises of those who believe the Sphinx to stand in the midst of a huge artificial amphitheater hewn out of the solid rock. This gigantic work would of course be contemporaneous with the Sphinx itself, which Marlette attributed to the mythic ages before the advent of Mera, the first king of the first dynasty, and which Maspero considers to be, if not actually prehistoric, at all events the oldest monument in Egypt.

From the level of the area below the great flight of steps (which lead down, and not up, to the Sphinx) one now measures the whole height of the huge, human-headed monster, whose battered countenance stands out against the cloudless sky 100 feet above. The space between the paws is 35 feet long and 10 feet wide. This space was anciently converted into a small sanctuary lined with votive tablets, only one of which—the famous stela of Thothmes IV.—yet remains *in situ*. This stela records how the king, when upon one of his hunting expeditions, lay down to rest at midday in the shadow of the Sphinx. He there fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in which the venerable image conjured him to clear away the sand in which it was nearly buried. Then the prince awoke and "made silence in his heart" and vowed to do that which the god had commanded. The lower part of this tablet is obliterated, and Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, who visited the spot about a fortnight ago, reports that an important part of the fourteenth line, containing the name of Khafra (Chephren), has scaled off since the last time the inscription was copied. The tablet stands fourteen feet high, and is cut from a block of the same red granite of Assouan, whereof the neighboring Temple of Chafra is built. There seems, according to Mr. Petrie's report, to be very good reasons for concluding that the pious Thothmes, notwithstanding his respect for the memory of Khafra, actually pilfered this very block from Khafra's own temple, for in the back of it there are two pivot-holes, or rather "holes for letting in pivot blocks," precisely similar to the pivot-holes which are be seen in the lintel-stones and door-sills of that building. The granite altar between the paws is of the same syenite, and most probably came from the same convenient quarry. This last, however, is of Roman work, very roughly executed.

The paws of the Sphinx, as the now appear, are a restoration of Roman date, being cased in comparatively small slabs, and to some extent hollow underneath. The breast of the Sphinx has likewise been faced with slabs, apparently in Roman times; and these slabs have again been repaired by cutting away the weathered surface and inserting a fresh facing. Like the legs of the Colossi of the Plain and those of the great statues at Aboo Simbel, the paws of the Sphinx are covered with the Greek scrawls of early travelers; but these *graffiti* are mostly of a late period, and so slightly scratched that few are legible throughout. Such as they are, however, Prof. Maspero has, it is understood, devoted himself to the ungrateful and difficult task of translating them.

M. Grebaut's excavations are not limited to the clearance of the sphinx only. Various interesting tombs have lately been discovered in the vicinity of the great pyramid, and to the westward the face of the Libyan cliff has been reached where it forms the natural boundary of the pyramid plateau. Some good, early rock-cut tombs, with built fore-courts, have been found in the face of this cliff, in two of which the walled-up recesses, or secret chambers, called "serdabs," which were constructed for the safe-keeping of funerary portrait statues, are yet intact with their contents. One contains a monolithic group of four figures, representing the deceased, his wife, his brother and a child. In another has been found a beautiful alabastar altar, sculptured in bas-relief, with the likeness of one Ra-ur; and on the walls of another occurs the name of Aseska-f, the successor of Menkara (Mencheres), of the fourth dynasty. By far the most interesting of these recent tomb discoveries is that of the sepulcher of a certain "Suten Se," or "Royal Son," named Kuhfukha-f ("the glory of Khufu"), who was probably the son of the builder of the great Pyramid. The doorway of the inner chamber of this tomb is decorated in bas-relief with the earliest representation of a column yet discovered. The shaft is shown to be cylindrical, tapering slightly towards the top, where it ends in a ring surmounted by an inverted capital resembling the usual lotus capital, but without the graceful curvature of outline which distinguishes the lotus order. The base of the shaft is finished by a rounded drum. In this interesting doorway we have the profile portrait of a perfect column, base, shaft, torus and capital complete, thus showing that as an intellectual feature the column with all its members was already fully developed at the time of the fourth dynasty. The celebrated tomb of Beni Hassan, in which occur the earlier columns previously known, belong to the twelfth dynasty, and are about 1,200 years later than the era of Khufu.

A Story of a Kiss.

A Circassian was walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and reaching the point of junction at the same time they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force, when I have this iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman; "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom-side up and put the chicken under, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, O woman," said the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of this or similar expedients." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, and gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he put the fowl under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

—Mr. F. Rentschler, San Francisco, Cal., contracted a sever cold, and became so hoarse he could not speak. He tried a number of remedies without benefit, and even the efforts of two physicians failed to give the slightest relief. He was induced to try Red Star Cough Cure, one bottle of which entirely cured him.

Important News from Joe Howard.

The New York correspondents sometimes telegraph thrilling news to their papers. Howard wired the Boston *Globe* a few nights ago: "The moon to-night is as big as a cart-wheel."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

BIG CHECKS.

One for a Million and Another for Six Times that Sum.

Two of the largest checks for money ever drawn in New York have at last been framed, and will be hung up in the president's office of the New York Central road, says the *Tribune*. They are both Vanderbilt checks, and represent two generations of that family. They were drawn nearly twenty years apart. The first one is for a million dollars and reads as follows:

New York, March 2, 1867.
National City Bank of New York
:2 Mar: Pay to the order of Wm. E. Dinscombe,
:C. V.: Controller, One Million Dollars.
$1,000,000. C. Van Derbilt.

Across the face of this check, which bears evidence of having passed through the banks is the indorsement: "Good. B. Cartwright, cashier." The check was given in payment for the St. John's park property, now occupied by the great freight depot of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad. Mr. Dinscombe was then controller of Trinity parish. One noteworthy feature of the check is the signature which shows the Vanderbilt name split in the centre, after the old-time fashion, and the prefix of Van standing out in bold relief. The other check is six times greater than the first, and read as follows:

W. H. Vanderbilt.
New York, Nov. 23, 1885.
THE LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK
Pay to the order of New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Co., Six Million Dollars.
$6,000,000. W. H. Vanderbilt.

The occasion for the giving of this check was a pinch in the finances of the New York Central road, when Mr. Vanderbilt, having more ready money than the road, volunteered to help it out of some of its temporary difficulties.

Evolution.

Laudations of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and our own Emerson are frequent, and in respect to certain forms of philosophy, mental culture and scientific research, well deserved; but when they are eulogized as teachers of a new evolution, destined in time to supersede the religion of the Bible, they arouse an antagonism as wide reaching as Christianity. The Darwinian philosophy of evolution from the ape to man is but another form of the old Pagan belief in the transmigration of souls.

If modern civilization, with all its superior advantages and the new schools of philosophy have nothing better to offer than theories of this kind, opposed alike to reason and common sense, it is a sad commentary on the intelligence of the age and the progressive march of the race.

That there is evolution from lower to higher forms of morals, culture, refinement, art, science and literature is a grand truth, for in this capability to advance is an ever-living proof of the original high endowments of the soul. As it is a law in nature that water seeks its own level, so there is a spirit in man that is not satisfied until it soars upward to the great fountain head of all intelligence.

"God created man in His own image," is the announcement that will stand sure and steadfast amid all opposing creeds and philosophies. It is the only rational view of the origin of the race. It alone explains the high prerogatives of the soul.

Does the mind, that, quicker than lightning's flash passes the boundaries of creation and soars to the eternities beyond, find its first endowments in the ape?

Are thought and reason, so lofty and Godlike, but the evolution of beings who have grown from the chimpanzee to the erect stature of man?

Has all that is beautiful in art, divine in song, noble in heroism and spotless in virtue been invoked from the mere animal?

Is there not a spirit within that sees God in the sunshine, hears His voice in the thunder when He makes the clouds His chariot, beholds His Majesty in the heavens sown thick with stars, reads the evidence of His love and power on His handiwork and instinctively acknowledges His fatherhood?

When this perception of the Infinite fades from the mind, when the yearning of the souls ceases for a Father supreme, when all that is immortal in our nature and destiny is swept away, then may the free-thinkers hope for their philosophy to supplant the Bible.

The immortality of the soul, the fatherhood of God, the divine origin of man, are great fundamental truths that will at last evolve from the weakness and frailties of our common nature a manhood noble, a life sublime, a civilization complete, and make the world an Eden.

Facts About Rats.

A census of Paris rats has been taken and as a result it has been estimated that the stock of rodents on hand amounts to about 2,500,000.

Rats are clean animals. They invariably wash themselves all over after eating. They perform their ablutions after the manner of a cat, by licking their paws.

When sleeping a rat rolls himself up into a ball and places his nose down between his hind legs; he curls his tail around the outside of his body, no part of him projecting but his two delicate ears, which are adapted for catching every sound.

Herbert B. Bradley, a New Haven sportsman, who recently returned from a successful duck-hunting expedition to Montauk Point, L. I., says that he was shocked at the wholesale slaughter of wild fowl by water rats, which catch the ducks by the legs and drown 'em.

Recently two boys named Barbrick, living about six miles north of Lebanon, Mo., started out for a skate on a pond near their home. On reaching the pond they found two large rats lying near the edge of the water with their jaws locked so tightly that they could not get them apart.

When a rat eats he, by means of his front teeth, gnaws a mouthful, which he deposits in a sort of pouch between his grinders and his cheeks, just as men stow away their tobacco quids. When he ceases gnawing he masticates his food, moving his jaws incessantly—they move ten times faster than the jaws of a rabbit. A rat generally tastes his food with his tongue before eating it. When he drinks he laps like a dog.

Blue Against Green.

A merchant relates the following experience: "When I was a young man I set up in trade and took a store where there was not another store within a quarter of a mile, thinking I should do more where there were no others, but at the end of the year I found all that I had made could be put in my eye. I sat down one day, thinking my lot was a mighty hard one, and told my clerk that I was going out for a while, and that he must keep a sharp lookout for customers. I went down town, and, looking around found that two or three stores were doing a very good trade near together, and in passing one of these stores I found the owner quite a talkative man. We put our heads together, and in the course of the week the store directly opposite his received my stock in trade and a coat of blue paint on the outside, while his received a coat of green. The first day I did nothing but stand at the door and look pouty at the green store, and my friend stood on his steps looking ditto at me. As the people came in I commenced running down the green store, and the latter always ran down the blue, so that between us both we built up a trade that was quite lively. People having 'taken sides,' and new-comers always purchasing of one or the other, we gradually grew rich, and at the end of some dozen years we settled up and I found that opposition, or what answered that name, had brought custom and had made my fortune."—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

It is a Curious Fact

That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Might Be a Moral Hidden Here.

A certain boy was asked why he so loved a great Newfoundland dog, and the little fellow answered very promptly, "Because Hero is the best Christian I know. He's never mean."

A lady was once lamenting the ill luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "look upon the bright side." "Oh!" she cried, "there seems to be no bright side." "Then polish up the dark side," was the reply.

Proud Father (who has just been presented with a son)—"Flossy, little daughter, which would you like best to have—a little sister or a little brother?" Flossy (meditatively)—"Well, papa, if it's all the same to you, I think I'd rather have a little white rabbit."

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send it and the Weekly Blade one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either Blade or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

IS THERE ANY HOPE?

NEW AND IMPORTANT OPINIONS OF PULMONARY EXPERTS!

Can the Universal Consumption be Successfully Treated?

Dr. Borgeon, a leading French doctor, has a new treatment for consumption!

He gives an enema of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen gases, the latter gas carrying the former into every part of the throat and lungs.

The treatment, too, is directed at effects—the cause remains undisturbed.

What this cause is has been stated by perhaps the highest pulmonary authority in the world, *i. e.*, the Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, in London, Eng.

This malady every year carries off from one-seventh to one-fifth of the entire population of England!

Dr. Payne, M. D., M. R. C. P., London, is authority for this statement.

The same or a greater proportion of deaths obtains in America.

Dr. Payne also says that one-half the total number of deaths from all *other* causes have seeds of this disease in the system which only require some irritant to develop!

Dr. Hermann Brehmer, an eminent German authority, says that consumption is caused by deficient nutrition of the lungs, by poor blood.

These authorities cannot be disputed. The medical world recognizes them. The uric acid is the irritant in the blood that causes the development of the seeds which Dr. Brehmer says lie dormant in the blood.

Every particle of blood which passes through the lungs and heart, also goes through the kidneys, and if they are in the least deranged they cannot rid the blood of its killing poison. The thousand little hair-like sewer tubes of the kidneys very easily get blocked up and diseased; and when they do, they corrupt instead of purifying the blood. Kidney disease may exist, and yet no pain occur in that organ, because it is deficient in nerves of sensation.

Dip your finger in acid every day and it soon festers and is destroyed. Send acid poisoned blood through the lungs every second, and they soon give way.

The Brompton Hospital investigation showed that 52 per cent. of the victims of consumption were afflicted with deranged kidneys, which permitted the uric acid poison to remain in the blood and irritate the lungs. This uric acid is always fighting every vital organ, and if there be any inherent weakness in the lungs it inevitably causes pneumonia, cough and consumption.

The real cause of pulmonary troubles being so authoritatively shown to be faulty even though unsuspected action of the kidneys, explains why, in order to master the dreaded consumption, one must rid the blood of the uric acid irritant which inflames and burns up the lung substance. For this purpose there is nothing equal to that great specific, Warner's safe cure. This remedy has now the favor of medical men all over the world purely on its merits. We have no doubt that if the kidneys are kept in natural action, consumption and a great many other diseases, caused by uric-acid, will not only be cured but will be prevented.

When the kidney is healthy, no albumen appears in the water, but albumen is found in the water of more than half of those who die of consumption.

This, then, is the condition of things that always precedes consumption: First, weakened kidneys; second, retained uric acid, poisoning the blood; third, the development of disease in the lungs by the irritant acids passing through them. Then there is a little cough in the morning; soon thick, yellow matter is spit up, followed by loss of flesh and strength, with dreadful night sweats; and when the patient goes to his school physician for help, he is put on cod liver oil which his stomach, weakened also by uric acid in the blood, connot digest. Because there is no pain present in the kidneys, the patient does not think they are affected, but the kidney acid is doing its work every minute, every hour, day and night, and by and by the disease of the lungs has advanced until pus is developed, then come hemorrages, and at last the glassy stare which denotes that the end is near!

A post-mortem examination of such cases shows that the terrible uric acid has completely destroyed the substance of the lung.

It is impossible to cure lung disease when the blood is poisoned with urid acid.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

A Baby and Cradle Seized in a Distraint for Rent.

A baby and a cradle figure among the goods and chattels recently seized for non-payment of rent in Portree, Scotland. The thing seems incredible, but it is a cold fact. Here is the official list of articles seized by Alexander McDonald, sheriff of Inverness, on account of non-payment of rent by William McRae, a tenant of Lord McDonald. It appeared in the Glasgow *Mail* of Dec. 4:

	£	s.	d.
Dresser and crockery	0	1	6
Wooden seats	0	2	0
Cradle and child	0	0	6
Spinning wheel	0	1	0
Two beds and blankets	1	0	0
Dog (puppy)	0	1	0
Chair	0	1	0
Churn and top	0	1	0
Graip	0	2	0
In yard, quantity of corn	1	0	0
In stable, and other effects	18	0	0

All these articles were to be sold at auction after 48 hours. When this famous seizure was made the man McRae was at the point of death. His wife and seven children were living on potatoes alone. They were clad in rags, and there was not a penny in the house.

Babies and cradles are evidently of small value in Scotland. "Saxpunce" is the official figure, while the puppy dog brings a shilling. Of course, the dog was a Skye. Probably that accounts for it. But the baby was a Skye, too.

Now, if this unique proceeding had occurred in Ireland, nobody would be surprised. The exploits of landlordism in that country are world-renowned now, and they are defended by the alleged "pure cussedness" and rebellion of the tenants. But this novel affair took place in the land of loyalty, fidelity, and submission, whose people flourish in the full enjoyment of all the blessings of English civilization and laws, and whose soil, honored by the nativity of John Brown, is still favored by the affections of the Empress of India.

Spontaneous Affection.

"Mamma," said a beautiful belle of the "transients" to her mother, "Lieut. X. was around to see me last night while you were at Mrs. Blank's reception."

"Well, dear," inquired the solicitous mamma, "did he show any signs of coming to a definite conclusion?"

"I don't know, mamma," she answered, with a blush; "he kissed me four times before I knew what he was about."

"Um—um—spontaneous affection," soliloquized the mother; "and, my dear, what did you say?"

"Really, mamma, I was so disconcerted that I don't know just what I did say, but I remember that I asked him if he couldn't make it an even half dozen."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the mother, petulantly, "can't you ever remember that you are in Washington, and that the manners of a Massachusetts village are not in unison with those of the national capital?"—*Washington Critic.*

The Rights of Fishermen.

What does Canada want, anyhow? She has all the boodlers that gets away from us, why can't she let us have the other scaly things? This war is all our own fault, anyhow. If it hadn't been for the Americans who went over the border during the Rebellion and since, the Canadians would never have acquired the desire to steal even fish. One may lie about them, in season, and within the bounds of possibility, as for instance, to buy a trout four days out of water and say you caught it, or to catch a salmon so small that you are fined $10 and costs by the fish commission, and then tell your friends how it took you five hours and forty-eight minutes by the guide's watch to land a fifty-four pound muskalonge. But to steal fish is a villianous thing that society may not tolerate.—*Bob Burdette.*

How Not To Be Sick.

To fight disease away, and keep it out, is, in a nut-shell, the solution of the whole mystery. To this end activity, vitality and health go together. When malaria and *consumption* make their attacks the system has been enfeebled and is therefore ready to be damaged by them. The weakened system needs a vitalizer. Such a help to health is found in Compound Oxygen, a remedy which has achieved its most conspicuous triumphs in building up the feeble, restoring the prostrated, and driving out deep-seated chronic maladies which had threatened the destruction of their victims. The way in which Compound Oxygen does its work is plain and simple. There are no drugs to swallow; no annoying experiences to be endured; but through it the circulation, the digestive organs and the whole system receive new life, and thus acquire power to throw off disease and to resist new attacks. To follow up this interesting subject procure from Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, the treatise which they send by mail to any applicant free of charge.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A speaker, an intelligent woman, at a meeting of a Horticultural Society somewhere East, not long since urged the desirability of a horticultural education for girls and brought forward some very strong arguments in its favor. Though women have entered into this avenue of labor only to a limited extent, yet they have demonstrated its possibilities successfully, and there is no reason, except what custom furnishes, why they should not be practically trained in this direction while girls. Were such opportunities offered many who have a real aptitude for flower raising would give earnest attention to it, instead of crowding into society as soon as they leave school, and becoming victims, later on, of the nervous prostration which is now so common. At present there is not a school in the land that gives horticultural or agricultural training to girls, which they may make practical use of either as a home occupation or as a means of earning a living.

Out-of-door work is quite as healthful and desirable for women as for men, and if it could be something which appeals to their love for Nature, and gives it cultivation, a healthier race of women would result. Of course a great deal of heavy work would be beyond their power, and yet the difference in the strength required by the labor which the average farmer does in the field and that his wife does in the house is scarcely appreciable, when two things are considered—one that the work of the former is done in the open air, and during the pleasant months of the year, while that of the latter is in close rooms, much of it over a hot stove, and it lasts the year around, in fact is never done. Let those who would be shocked at the idea of a woman turning farmer, gardener or fruit-raiser try both the in-door and out-door labor to be done on the average farms of the country, and then express their opinion.

There is a good deal said about the idleness and so on of American young women, the daughters of parents who are well-to-do in the world, which is undeserved. Because a girl is fond of life and its active pleasures, because she dances, is deeply interested in dress, goes to many entertainments and has what she herself calls "an awfully jolly time," in no wise is this evidence that she cannot mix with all these lighter undertakings, real hard work. We do not refer altogether to the endless little things which occur at home and which would cause growling and grumbling if they were left undone. But no one who has not been on the inside has any conception of how much the girls do to help their mothers and ease the burdens of their elders. The gayest and most popular of society girls are not free from these duties, and they are usually taken as a matter of course. They are undertaken without a thought of lazy discontented repining as a general thing; when this rule does not apply, I pity the man, though he be fifty times a millionaire, who marries the girl. Life is not all rose-leaves to them, by a very great deal.

Vassar college comes in as the butt of lots of weak jokes and alleged wit, but the girls there have happy old times, spiced with plenty of fun, albeit they do good work in the college course. They have their college songs, too, like their brothers at Yale, or Harvard, or Columbia. From a recent interview with a Vassar girl several sample are given of the student-songs of the Vassarines. The first, entitled, "Ring ye Bells of Morning," runs in this wise:

There were two girls from a distant town
Who once to Vassar came,
Who late to breakfast did come down,
And thus are known to fame.
These two fine girls were made roommates,
All in an outside room;
They could not wake in time to dress
Suf—fi—cient—ly soon
Ring ye bells of the morning,
Ring ye bells, oh! oh!
Ring ye bells of the morning,
Oh! Ring! oh!

"Ching-a-Ling-a-Ling," is the title of the following mournful ballade of ye Mongoilan:

Ching-a-Ling-a-Ling was a Chinaman,
He came from the land of the free.
He peddled cigarettes on the European plan
Way down in Mil-wau-kee.

He ate more hash than a free lunch cadet,
And never was late to his meals,
And wore his hair in a long pigtail
Way down to the bottom of his heels.

Ching-a-Ling went to San Frisco
A Chinese girl for to see;
The weather being warm he lay down to rest
In the shade of a sycamore tree.

The weather being warm and he was very tired
He laid his head on a rail,
Along came a Jimmy with a little tawky hammy,
And cut off his long pigtail.

One more ditty must be given as illustrative of the Vassar girl's adhesiveness to the old adage that the course of true love never runs smooth. It is entitled "Ka-Foozle-Um," and goeth as follows:

In ancient days there lived a Turk,
A horrid beast within the East,
Who did the Prophet's holy work
As Baba of Jerusalem.
He had a daughter, sweet and smirk,
Complexion fair and dark blue hair,
With naught about her like a Turk
Except the name Ka-Foozle-Um.

A youth resided near to she,
His name was Sam—a perfect lamb;
He was of ancient pedigree
And came from old Methusalem.
He drove a trade and prospered well
In skins of cats and ancient hats,
And, ringing at the Baba's bell,
He saw and loved Ka-Foozle-Um.

If Sam had been a Mussulman
He might have sold the Baba old,
And with a verse of Alcoran
Have managed to bamboozle him;
But, oh dear, no! he tried to scheme;
Passed one night late the area gate
And stole up to the Turk's harem,
To carry off Ka-Foozle-um.

The Baba was about to smoke;
His slaves rushed in with horrid din,
"Mashallah! dogs your house have broke;
Come down, my lord, and look at them!"
The Baba wreathed his face in smiles,
Came down the stairs and witnessed then
The gentleman in three old tiles
A-kissing of Ka-Foozle-Um!

The pious Baba said no more
Than twenty prayers; but went up stairs
And took a bow string from a drawer
And came back to Ka-Foozle-Um.
The maiden and the youth he took
And choked them both, and little loath
Together pitched them in the brook
Of Kedron, near Jerusalem.

And still the ancient legend goes,
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the Eastern moonlight throws
A shadow on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats
A sound there falls from ruined wall,
A ghost is seen with three old hats
A-kissing of Ka-Foozle-Um!

He Was a Wholesale Flogger.

Talking about school teachers, now-a-days parents are getting so particular about their children that they will not allow them to be whipped. In my opinion there are precious few children who go to school that do not need a whipping once in a while. I knew a teacher once who was made principal of a school, after every other teacher had failed to keep order. The children had been in the habit of 'running over' every teacher. This man let them have their own way the first day, and by that means found out who were the ring-leaders. The next morning he said: "Now, boys, you have been boss one one day; I will be boss to-day and hereafter." When night came he was boss. He had whipped over 45 boys during the day. He had order, I can tell you that.

You Can't Read This

without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

News From the Sky.

Venus is about to make her bow to the public once more in the role of evening star, which she has played so often before cosmopolitan audiences that even the most crabbed of critics would be dumbfounded to detect the slightest imperfection in her performance. At present she exhibits herself only to experts, but in a few weeks the curtain will rise for the general public, and Liberty's torch will have a rival in the western sky.

Dr. Gould has recently discovered a new winking sun, resembling in the rapidity of its changes the famous Algol, which the Arabs regarded as a sort of demon in the sky. The theory most in vogue to account for the variations of the light of these unsteady stars is that an enormous planet, or rather an extinct sun, is whirling at close quarters around them, ane partially eclipsing them when it comes between them and us.

The number of asteroids, or liliputian worlds, known to belong to the solar system has been increased to 264, by the latest find of Dr. Peters, of Hamilton college.

Stand Not Upon the Order of Your Going,

But go at once and buy a bottle of the fragrant SOZODONT. You will never regret it. It not only beautifies and preserves the teeth and arrests decay, but leaves the mouth cool, and the breath as fragrant as a rose.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Am I For Peace?

The following beautiful and patriotic lines were written by one of the most patriotic statesmen in the United States, in answer to a lady's inquiry whether he was for peace or not:

Am I for peace? Yes,
For the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat,
And the suasion of shot and shell,
Till rebellious spirit is trampled down
To the depths of its kindred hell.

For the peace which follows the squadron's tramp,
Where the brazen trumpets bray,
And, drunk with the fury of storm and strife,
The blood-red chargers neigh.

For the peace which shall wipe out the leprous stain
Of our slavery, foul and grim,
And shall sunder the fetters which croak and clank
On the down-trodden dark man's limb.

I will curse him as traitor and false of heart,
Who would shrink from the conflict now,
And will stamp it with blistering burning brand
On his hideous Cain-like brow.

Out! out of the way with your spurious peace,
Which would make us rebellion's slaves,
We will rescue our land from the traitor's grasp,
Or cover it over with graves.

Out! out of the way with your knavish schemes,
You trembling and trading pack;
Crouch away in the dark like a sneaking hound
That its master has beaten back.

You would barter the fruit of your father's blood,
And sell out the stripes and stars,
To purchase a place with rebellion's votes
Or escape from rebellion's scars.

By the widow's wail, by the mother's tears,
By the orphans' cry for bread,
By our sons who fell, we will never yield,
Till rebellion's soul is dead.

Stray Shot Picked Up.

W. H. Terry, Co. H, 34th Ky. Vol. Inf., of Vernon, Tex., makes a strong appeal to the soldiers to vote for the same principles for which they fought. He refers to the appointment of Dr. Dabney, as an example of the new regime, when soldiers are forced to the rear to make room for those who tried to destroy the Union. If Democrats must be appointed in place of Republican veterans, then why does not the administration put in good Democratic soldiers of whom there were many.

Henry Shafer, of Evansville, Ind., was a member of the 4th Pa. Cav. At Farmersville, Va., Gen. Gregg and a portion of his command were captured, but they were retaken on the next day. Mr. Shafer desires to hear from some of his old comrades through the columns of the Camp Fire.

An ex-soldier of Ogden, Utah, declares that the traitors of 20 years ago are no worse than the traitors of 1886, referring to the Mormons and their treasonable actions and utterances.

Hugh Atkinson, of Walworth, N. Y., thinks that the Western soldiers should not claim all the credit for having whipped the South. He believes that the Army of the Potomac did its full share of the work. The comrade takes two or three of the Camp Fire contributors to task for some of their statements.

Mr. H. Roberts who furnishes the words of the poetry entitled "Am I for Peace?" writes: I cut these lines out of a paper while in the army of the Potomac. The sentiment they contain is so patriotic and grand that I have kept them all these years. I would we had more of just such men now at Washington in place of those reb brigadiers and Dabneys. I think the soldiers would fare much better than they are likely to.

S. H. Warren, of Gravity, Ia., pays a tribute to John A. Logan, whom, he says, was the best man that ever lived. "He was always found at the front with the boys in time of battle and his headquarters was always in the van."

William Newberg, Bone Gap, Ill., is anxious to hear from some of the boys of Co. L, 1st O. V. I. He says that he still has his old carbine, but that the old navy which used to furnish him with fresh meat in times of need, is gone.

J. R. Foster, of Dayton, Tenn., requests us to publish the words of the song entitled "The Battle of Stone River."

Miss Rosa Marquis, of Chattanooga, Tenn., says that the National cemetery contains 75 acres, and is a beautiful place. She advises soldiers not to come to Chattanooga at this time of the year.

How Morgan Died.

Editor Camp Fire:—I saw some time back a piece in the Camp Fire from a Northern brother who had the wrong end of the story about John Morgan's death. I saw him after he was killed and fought his men, and was shot at deliberately by them after his death. We, (Gillim's Brig, the 8th, 6th, 13th Tenn. Cav.), and a few of Col. Kirk's 1st North Carolina Inf., were stationed at Bull's Gap. Morgan and Vaughn were going to wipe us out of existence next morning; the word was carried by a boy, and not a woman, as the comrade said, to Gillim. He thought to teach Morgan a trick, so we saddled up about 10 in the night and started for Greenville, where Morgan had stopped for the night, 18 miles away. Vaughn aimed to flank us by going around and getting below. It was a fearful night, a regular storm raging, torrents of rain falling and pitch dark. We could not make any speed, and at daybreak were some seven miles away. On the main road we captured the vidette on foot, but others who had gone to a house close by to dry their rations which had got out, gave the alarm to the reserve and they were driven back on the camp which was deserted in part. A few shells were thrown in their camp. The 9th and 13th followed the main road, the 8th took another road and flanked Greenville, dashed into the streets and demanded of a woman where Morgan was. She replied "In that house," pointing to the opposite side of the street. The men ran around the house as soon as they could. Morgan, hearing the uproar when the men dashed in, came to the window and heard the woman tell. He ran out into the vineyard, which was a part of the enclosure, and aimed to get to his men. A man by the name of Campbell saw him and ordered him three times to surrender, but Morgan would not, and so he shot and killed him at the first fire. He was shot near the heart. Some of his comrades jumped off and threw Morgan across Campbell's horse's weathers and they then dashed through his body guard, who were demoralized, and carried him out one mile from town and left him on the roadside. I saw him as we passed. He was taken up by the ambulances and carried back to Greenville and dressed for his men to come and get him, which they did with a flag of truce. The next day we drove them back four miles and then returned to the gap as we had taken no food.—J. C. Hale, late of Co. B, 9th Regt., Tenn. Cal. Vol., Flat Gap, Tenn.

The Principle Still Lives.

Editor Camp Fire:—I had the misfortune to be born and reared in sight of the slave auction-block and in hearing of the swish of the patrol's cruel lash, and the moans and pitiful pleadings of the bleeding slave-victim, which oftimes made the night and my youthful dreams most hideous. Sold as a beast of burden, handcuffed and driven to task-masters, the blood of divided families cried unto heaven for justice and vengeance. The stronger the plea the heavier was the hand of oppression cruelly laid upon them. Ministers, and later our editor, W. G. Brownlow, advocated slavery as a divine institution. I was too young to think much of economic or state matters. When Mr. Lincoln was elected, I was only fifteen years old. To have been found with Horace Greeley's *Tribune* in his possession, would have been sure death to any man in Dixie; also to any one who had the hardihood to vote for the "railsplitter." The cruel war had raged for two long years. The Confederate congress in its desperation to fill up their depleted army, passed a law conscripting from sixteen to fifty years, thus literally "robbing the cradle and the grave," in the name of Jefferson Davis and of the slave oligarchy. Two brothers had already cast their fortunes with the fate of the federals. I was coddled and cajoled to go into the Confederate service—to rend the old flag and disrupt the union. My father advised this course. My mother was a Whig. I had learned to love the stars and stripes, and, being constitutionally opposed to tyranny of whatever form, correspondinly hated the stars and bars, to my mind the emblem of fanaticism and cruelty. So I get up a little rebellion of my own, and in May, 1863, in company with some of the hiding neighbors, made my way to Kentucky, and the next heard of me I was carrying a musket and marching to the music of the Union.

After the siege of Knoxville, we got our long-promised furloughs. Just as some of us were going out of town our lieutenant-colonel dashed up and informed us that we had been detailed as private escort to Gen. Burnside to go to the Potomac. I wanted to go, so I tore up my furlough and started. At Crab Orchard, Ky., the order was countermanded, so I did not get to the Potomac or home till August, 1865. What did we fight for? Why, to preserve the unity of the nation, to put down a most wicked rebellion against the constituted authorities, and against the cause of humanity—we fought for universal freedom and equality of all men before human tribunals, and I would have gone, had nothing but the freedom of the slaves been at issue. Is it necessary to inquire how I vote? Hardly. Old issues pass and new ones arrive, but there are no new principles. They began with time, and are as potent now as when first the stars sang together in gladness for truth, honor and justice. I can easily conceive how a person may be honest and yet eroneous, for honesty of conviction, while a mitigating circumstance, will not correct error. Suppression by force of arms, may, but rarely does carry conviction and conversion of the rebellious. Benedict Arnold died a traitor—dispised and shunned even in England, the place of dishonorable refuge. Aaron Burr was tried for conspiracy and treason, and there is not a reasonable, loyal citizen in the Republic, but knows that if half had been proved against him which stood out in bold relief against Jeff Davis, he would have been hung. Do you ask why the difference? Friction wears, and contagion spreads. The promulgation of doctrine by successive leaders of the people gains favor in the public mind, and, on the other hand, continuity of objection without effective action in the suppression of the growing evil, correspondingly weakens the force of dissension and the fear of danger. In the swift flight of years, and the crowding of great events in rapid succession one upon another, only the personality of the offender, or teacher, is remembered, while individual responsibility and the evil effects of the principal taught, come to be looked upon as the whims of a thwarted and doting politician. The doctrine of "State sovereignty" as propagated by Jefferson, promulgated by Calhoun, and subsequently endeavored to be carried out by Davis and his co-conspirators, lead to the war. Slavery, backed by "King Cotton," was to span the continent. With the abolition of slavery the issue thereof also is gone. But is the doctrine itself gone, or without advocates? If so, why Jefferson's picture on the new postal cards—why our political opponents devotion to "Jeffersonian" doctrine? If the "two wings" of Democracy disagreed on slavery and "States Rights"—what is there in common between them now? The country has a right to know. Is it free trade, and greed for spoils? If a person professes divergence of sentiment with his neighbor, and yet communes at the same table with him, is he not practically one of them? I suppose a person may think and vote as he pleases, but why not be consistent, and act on the side of safety? At the Presidential election of 1864 there were only three Democrats in my regiment—two deserters from the Confederate army, and the other subsequently deserted. But I grant there were and are many loyal Democrats, but, boys, you answer to the wrong roll call—that of a "Solid South"—"the Confederacy in the saddle." I could submit to confiscation, and the loss of my health, but somehow I can not look upon the proposition to vote the Democratic ticket with the least bit of patience; and it makes me gloomy and cross as a sore-headed bear to think we failed in 1884. I was for the "old ticket," but now that Logan is called away, give me Blaine and Sherman. As the *Inter-Ocean* said, just after the election of 1884: "We prefer defeat with such a ticket to success with a mediocre."—H. C., Co. G, 2nd Tenn. V. I., Mt. Pulaski, Ill.

A Gunner's Sketch.

Editor Camp Fire: I want to give you a little sketch of my army life. It is about my first engagement. We were sent from the state of Ohio early in May, 1862, and were assigned to Fremont's department, and afterwards put in Blenker's division, Col. Shimelfenning's brigade, 11th corps. We were in Bank's retreat from Slaughter mountain to Freeman's Ford on the Rhappahanock. Here's where our fight commenced. Our brigade, composed of the 8th W. Virginia, 74th Pennsylvania, 61st O. V. I., was sent across the Rappahannock to reconnoiter Jackson's forces. We crossed the river and threw out a heavy skirmish line, consisting of all our regiment except the two color companies, H. and C. After having cautiously proceeded some distance through a corn-field, we were getting anxious to know what was going to be done in the near future. And right here I will relate an incident that occurred to Lieut. Bird, who belonged to Co. E, of our regiment. The Lieutenant got anxious to see over the top of the rise above us; so he climed a scrubby beach tree to reconnoitre, and he had hardly made an observation when a rebel spied him and blazed away. The bullet struck the tree right beside the Lieutenant's head. He let go all holds and dropped to the ground, a more scared than hurt man. We did not have to wait very long for a chance to develope our manliness or soldier qualities as we were ordered forward, and just as soon as we raised the top of high ground we were confronted by Jackson's whole command. The sudden attack of Jackson caused our boys to waver for an instant, and then we went to work in earnest, but to our own astonishment we could not whip one side of Jackson's command, and at our, or their, most critical moment the 8th W. Va. and 74th Penn. gave way and went back on a run to the rear, leaving the 61st in a critical situation, with our colonel gone to the rear, demoralized. This left our major in command, our lieutenant colonel being on detached service. Jackson was still advancing on us and we did not want to run. But I will say that when the order did come for us to go, we went, and when we got to the river we found that we were cut off from the ford, and we had to take water or Richmond, or Andersonville, or some other Cleveland camp ground. So we prefered a little swim to going to Hotel de Libby, or some other Democratic institution erected for the benefit of the Union soldiers, via the Southern Confederacy, so we swam to the opposite side of the stream. There our artillery met the Johnnies, and we sent them back somewhat discomfited. They shouted Bull Run as we came away, but when we sent our compliments to them through our batteries we hallowed at the top of voices Fort Donelson, and they knew just what we meant, for they had heard from Grant. This ended our day's work. Gen. Bohlen was killed by his own men.—Gunner, Co. H, 61st O. V. I.

Peace and Good Will.

Editor Camp Fire:—It seems to me that there is a better spirit being manifested by comrades generally towards our vanquished foes than ever before, and this is as it should be. We are all getting old; most of us prematurely old, and comrades are rapidly dropping out of the ranks and joining those who have gone before. All that we can do for the preservation of this Union which we saved and the prolongation of the peace which we purchased with so much suffering, blood and treasury, should be done speedily. We, too, must soon answear to the last roll-call. We cannot hedge the South in by guards and standing armies and make it do our bidding. A better way is to extend the hand of sympathy and friendship, and forget and forgive and treat them as brothers. I know the cruelty and suffering in those rebel prisons is hard to forgive or to forget, but have we bettered it by the course we have pursued in holding up these horrors for twenty odd years and condemning the whole South, for what probably only a few individuals were responsible for. The treatment of our soldiers in these prisons was investigated at the close of the war, and it was supposed that the persons directly responsible for the cruelty and inhumanity were punished.

I think we of the North ought all be modest and not claim too much. To-day we will hardly say we did away with American slavery. Mothers North and South sit by lonesome hearths and mourn for children that come not back. The North and the South need both to soften their hard speech. Some day they will meet together and say: "Slavery was a curse to the land and to man—a curse to the slave and to his master; and NorthSouth were alike guilty in bringing it on; Newport and Salem as guilty as Richmond and Savannah. Massachusetts furnished the ships and the crews for the slave trade and New Orleans furnished the market. There was one guilt and there has been but one suffering. The blue and the gray are wet with the blood without which there is no remission of sin. Who put away American slavery? Not the North, not the South. Both clung to it and would not let the people go until, like Egypt, there was not a house without one child dead. Who put away American slavery? The great God. Time and thought will bring the children together and they will celebrate together this festival of American courage that wrought better than it knew. Even Black Joseph, our poor brother, whom we sold into Egypt, will come and say in those days of reconciliation, 'Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, that you sold me hither. It is not you that sent me here, but God.'"—J. G. Howsmon, Harristown, Ill.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted, by W. T. Frankeber, of Competition P. O., Laclede co., Mo., the address of his son, Charles Albert, last heard from November, 1881, at McAllister, Indian Territory.

ARTESIAN WELL ENCYCLOPEDIA. Illustrates all the tools and machinery used in the art of Well-sinking. 500 feet has been sunk in 10 hours. Diamond pointed Rock drills, Prospecting Machinery and all manner of appliances for pumping Artesian Wells. We are the largest manufacturers in this line. Book free. 25 cents for mailing. The American Well Works, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.

Golden Belt, Kansas.

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas, has the finest land in the world, "dirt cheap." Best watered county in the state. Most nutritious grasses in the United States. Plenty of coal and beautiful magnesium building stone. Send name and address for circulars to and mention this paper. WATERMAN BROS., Lincoln, Kansas.

GENERAL "P. I." POINTS.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has resumed the editorship of *St. Nicholas* at a salary of $5,000 a year.

Queen Victoria's New Year's gifts to the poor of Windsor included 1,000 prime joints of beef and 100 tons of coal.

The heirs of the late Baron Karl Mayer Rothschild will build a museum at Frankfort to contain all the art treasures left by him.

St. Ignace, Mich., has a doctor who is also an undertaker. To "square" these occupations must tax the genius of a Pooh-Bah.

The son of the Duchess de Galliera probably has the finest collection of postage stamps in the world. It fills 300 volumes and has cost him more than $350,000.

Mrs. Lamar is described as "a slender little lady, with bright, pretty features and gray hair." The Senator himself is described as the personification of happiness.

Sen. Hearst, of California, owns a newspaper which, he says, he never reads. This is an evidence of good taste and sound judgment on the part of the senator which was scarcely expected.

Chief Engineer George W. Melville, U. S. N., who was recently ordered to fit out the new cruiser Atlanta for a trial trip, is suffering from throat and bronchial troubles, and is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Editor McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, thinks Cleveland will be renominated in 1888, largely for the reason that the party has no other available candidate, and "will likely go to pieces, or rather fall through from weakness," if it does not take him.

J. W. Bookwalter, the ex-Ohio Democratic politician, said in a late interview in New York: "I said a year ago that I believed Mr. Blaine would be nominated again by the Republicans, and that prediction appears more of a certainty now than it did then."

In addition to the number of senators' wives and families now abroad, more of them will go to Europe in the spring. Mrs. Eugene Hale, Mrs. M. C. Butler and Mrs. Palmer are already there. Senator Spooner and his family, Senator Mahone's family and Senator Warner Miller and his family are among those intending to cross after adjournment.

Bishop Jagger, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Southern Ohio, is pronounced by his attendant physician in Florence, Italy, to be in a most serious condition. To resume his diocesan labors at present would endanger his life, and unless he has a long period of entire mental rest, there is great danger of hopeless brain disease being developed.

Queen Victoria intends to go to Aix-les-Bains at Easter for three weeks. Her Majesty, who will be accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, will probably leave Windsor Monday, the 4th of April, crossing in the royal yacht the Victoria and Albert from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, and proceeding from that port direct to Aix-les-Bains by special train.

The late Lillie Hinton, the actress who died recently in Philadelphia, had a wonderful faculty for memorizing the lines of many plays in which she figured during her brief course upon the stage. It seemed to be no trouble to her at all to learn her parts, so fresh and retentive was her memory. It was not an uncommon thing for her to begin the study of the lines of a leading part in the morning and have them almost letter perfect before evening.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Noble, but Shrewd, Little Boy.

Somebody whistled. Teacher calls up a big boy on suspicion. Big boy comes up and holds out his hand sullen and savage. Noble little boy comes manfully forward, and says: "I am the boy that whistled, sir," at the same time extending his hand. Teacher cools down and lets them both off. (*Mem.*: Noble little boy thought teacher wouldn't thrash him if he told the truth, but knew the big boy would if he didn't.)

The Beginning of the End,

The beginning of disease is a slight debility or disorder of some of the vital organs, the stomach, the liver or the bowels usually. There are dyspeptic symptoms, the liver is troublesome, the skin grows tawney and unhealthy looking, there are pains in the right side or through the right shoulder blade. The climax is often an utter prostration of the physical energies, perhaps a fatal issue. But if the difficulty is met in time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is always effective as a remedy, and it should be resorted to at an early stage, there will be no reason to apprehend these injurious subsequent effects upon the system often entailed by entirely cured diseases. Far better is it, also, to employ this safe remedial agent in fever and ague and other malarial complaints, than quinine and other potent drugs, which, even when they do prove effectual for a time, ruin the stomach and impair the general health.

The Names on the Tea Chests.

With regard to the names of the different sorts of teas and their meanings, we may state that "Pekoe" is a term from the Chinese "Pai-hao"—White Down or Hair, because made from young spring leaf buds, while they are still covered with down. "Sou-chong" is from "Seao-chung," which means little sprouts. "Congou" is a corruption of "Kung-foo," or labor; and "Hyson," or "He-Chun," signifies fair spring; while the meaning of "Young Hyson" (Yu-chien) is, before the rains.

Wives and Mothers.

You all want the book on "Diseases of Women and Children" just issued by the Zoa Phora Medicine Co., of Kalamazoo, Mich. As a means of introducing it, during February and March sample copies will be sent to readers of this paper on receipt of 10c. To ladies only, mentioning this paper.

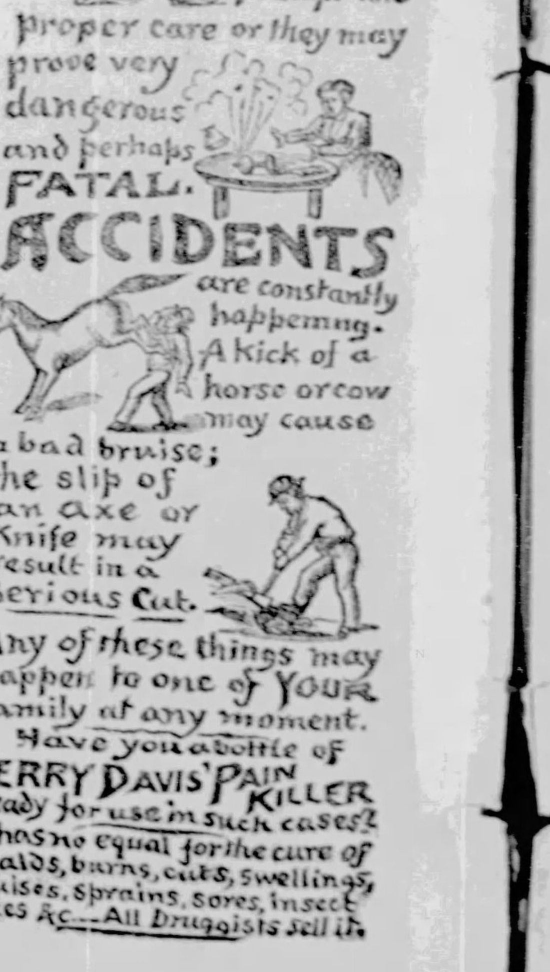
He Thought Well of Himself.

Visitor—Are you papa's boy?
Sonny—Yes, sir.
Visitor—Are you mamma's boy?
Sonny—Yes, sir.
Visitor—But how can you be papa's boy and mamma's at the same time?
Sonny (after a pause)—Can't a pretty, nice carriage have two horses?

Wanted to Save His Money.

A young man who has scruples against hiring hacks writes:

"Dear Miss ——: May I have the exquisite pleasure of your company to the theater this evening—if it don't rain?"



Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next" paper. The Question Bureau is always full, and is usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions not intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

"It Might Have Been."

The following reply to "Maud Muller," by H. Bright, is published by request:

Doomed to be "drudge of a household,"
Maud Muller's fate by Whittier told,
"It might have been" worse a hundred fold.

She married, it seems, against her mind,
A man unlearned and poor combined;
"It might have been" that she was blind.

Her beau ideal, the poet has shown,
Was one who had no mind of his own;
"It might have been" by Pride outgrown.

He loved Maud Muller without a shoe,
But to his own heart proved untrue;
"It might have been" he was brainless, too.

For, to please his sisters and his mother,
He very foolishly wedded another;
"It might have been" he didn't discover.

Until it was done, and forever too late,
That a "rich repiner" would be his fate;
"It might have been" that, at any rate.

Maud loved him (if truth be told);
Not for mind, but praise, and gold;
"It might have been" that he was old.

What lovely castles arose and fell
All round about that wayside well;
"It might have been" a magic spell.

That bound Maud Muller's heart that day
Until it rained on the clover hay;
"It might have been," I cannot say;

But, methinks at least nine out of ten
Are sadly sighing again and again,
"It might have been—it might have been."

Glaciers, Coral Islands, Etc.

E. T., New Castle, O.:

1. Who is United States school commissioner, when was he appointed, and what is his salary? 2. What are glaciers? 3. What are coral islands, and why so called?

1. Dawson, of Alabama, took charge June, 1886, succeeding Mr. Eaton, appointed June, 1870; salary, $3,000. 2. Immense masses of ice, formed above the snow-line, on lofty mountains, descending into the valleys to a greater or less extent, and often encroaching on cultivated regions. The materials of the glaciers are derived from the snow which falls during the summer as well as winter on the summits of high mountains. Every fresh fall of snow adds a little to the height of the mountain, and were there no agents at work to get rid of it the mountains would be gradually raised to an indefinite elevation. Avalanches and glaciers, however, carry the snow into warmer regions, where it is reduced to water; in one, the snow slips from the steep mountain slopes, and rushes wildly down; in the other it gradually descends, and is converted into ice in its progress. The snow which forms a glacier at its origin has a very different appearance and consistence from the ice of which it consists at its lower termination. The mixed state of division of the ice, in its snow condition, and the quantity of air interspersed through it, gives it its characteristic white color. Two causes operate in causing this change to ice: first, pressure expels the air by bringing the particles of the lower layers of snow in closely together; and second, the summer heat melting the surface, the water thus obtained percolates through the mass beneath, and as it passes among the particles whose temperature is below 32 degrees, it increases their size by external additions till the particles meet, and the whole becomes a solid mass.

The most remarkable feature of glaciers is their motion. The confined waste of glaciers below the snow-line, both along its surface and at its extremity, is ever being repaired, so that the glacier does not recede from the valley, nor decrease in depth. That the materials of this separation are not derived from the fall of winter's snow, and the influence of the winter's frost, is evident, inasmuch as these additions speedily disappear with the return of the summer's heat, and in the end form but a small proportion of the year's total loss. The true repairing agent is the motion of the glacier, which brings down the glacified snow from the upper regions to be melted below. To account for this motion, Charpantier supposed the water which saturated the glacier in all its parts, and filled the innumerable capillary fissures, was, during night and during the winter, frozen, and that the well known and almost irresistible expansion which would take place in the conversion of water into ice, furnished the force necessary to move the glacier forward. Agassiz accepted this theory for a time, but ultimately abandoned it. The theories advanced by De Saussure, Forbes, Tyndall and others, have not proven altogether satisfactory.

Glaciers are not necessarily peculiar to any country or zone, but wherever there are mountains of sufficient height it may be expected that they may exist. In Europe, they are chiefly confined to the Alps and Norway. Having their origin in the region of perpetual snow, they reach far down into the valley, the largest pushing themselves furthest down. That of Bossons at Chamouni, which comes from the high peak of Mont Blanc, reaches a point 5,500 feet below the snow-line, where it is embosomed amongst luxuriant wood, and is almost in contact with cornfields. Iceland and Spitzbergen also abound in glaciers. In such northern localities that the ends of the glaciers, resting on the waters of the ocean, are broken off by transverse crevasses, and float away as icebergs.

3. Coral is a beautiful branch substance, formed in the sea by a small animal of the polyp species, who deposit this calcareous substance as a dwelling for their minute bodies, which in the course of time form coral reefs and islands. Many myriads of these zoophytes working in concert, gradually raise huge masses of this substance, which, at first soft, soon becomes compact and hard, and either form islands in the tropical seas, which in time are covered with vegetation, or they extend in irregular lines for leagues round volcanic islands and make, where least expected, dangerous reefs, on which the unwary ship is wrecked. There are three varieties of coral, distinguished by their color into the white, red, and black. The first, the commonest, is found in great abundance in the Pacific and Indian oceans and the shores of Ceylon. The red is obtained in greatest abundance in the Red sea. The black coral, which is by far the most valuable of the three, is much more rarely met with.

John A. Murrell.

Since the publication of an inquiry concerning the fate of John A. Murrell, the Bureau has received a number of letters and clippings on the same subject. L. H. S., of Oberlin, Kan., sends a long clipping from the Nashville Wor[ld], dated Huntington, Tenn., Feb. 13, 1885, from which the following extracts are made:

On the 11th inst. we left Huntington for the southwestern portion of this county for a few days' bird and squirrel hunt. While following a rocky branch, known as the Gin branch, we came to where it skirted the margin of a large hill; our setter, Charlie, made a dash at the rabbit, and both rabbit and Charlie disappeared in the hill. The entrance was what we supposed to be a crevice in the rocks, as the margin of the hill was covered with large sand rocks; in a moment the bats came pouring out by the hundreds; the weather being chilly, they fell to the ground in a stupor as soon as the air struck them—their slumbers had been disturbed by the dog.

We were enjoying the fun when, to our astonishment, several large horn owls came flopping out—one gave a dismal hoot as though he had not seen daylight in years, or wished to frighten us away. Becoming uneasy for fear our dog could not return, Mr. Lee went to the entrance of the cave, taking a pole and probing some six feet, he found it made an abrupt angle to the right; the opening was barely sufficient for a common sized man to enter; he groped his way until it became so dark that he returned and revealed the terrible news that it opened out into what he believed to be a large hall, and that he could hear Charlie running around and whining, as though he was lost and could not find his way out. We sent to a neighboring house and procured a lantern, determined to rescue Charlie at all hazards. With lantern in hand we both entered, compelled to crawl on hands and knees for some distance before we could walk erect; the entrance turned first to the right then to the left, in a zigzag form; finally we met Charlie, and his bark, as it echoed and re-echoed astonished us to such an extent that we raised our lantern over our heads, which threw a bright light around. We stood dumb for a moment; we were shocked and horrified; the surroundings were revealed; we were in a large room, ceiled on sides and overhead with rude clap-boards. Before us set a large table with a mutilated pack of cards in the center; heavy wooden chairs around the table; a couple of large and rough shop-made knives on one corner. As soon as we could collect our senses and calm our staggered brain we found we were in a secret cave that had once been occupied by a band of outlaws, but who, or when, was the question. In surveying the room, which was 18x18, we found, in one corner, a black something; holding the light close, our blood was chilled; it was a large, black man, his skin and flesh dry as those who, in ancient days, were given passage over Sharon; a large and rough-made chain was locked around his ankle and fastened to a staple in the floor. In the opposite corner lay the dried frame of two huge blood hounds; in an old and heavy wooden box was found two old-fashioned horse pistols with flint locks; they had undoubtedly done service in the revolution; there was also several pair of handcuffs. We began to think that we were in the regions of the damned. When looking on the rough wall there we saw "the handwriting." It was "John A. Murrell, 1828." We were in the great outlaw's den; we could then see that the man chained had been stolen by the old bandit—brought there and chained until they could run him south and sell him. The presumption is that when the cave was deserted he was alive; the doom was sure, but what agony he underwent—chained and alone—his face, like Milton's devil, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." The blood hounds had been kept for the purpose of recapturing any slave that might escape. As we were about making our exit our companion, Lee, called our attention, in an excited manner, to another object. We turned around and he was pale and the lantern trembling in his hand; he pointed under the table, and there lay the form and dried frame of another human being. Examining close, it proved to be that of a once beautiful female. She too was chained. She had died a horrible death—starved to death. Her long yellow hair still clung to the dry skin on her head, which hung in golden tresses over her bosom that once...

MY TROUBLE was impure blood and inactivity of the Kidneys and Liver. My disordered stomach loathed food. Darting pains in the back and shoulders made it almost impossible for me to rest. I was advised to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Presently my appetite improved and I felt stronger. The poison and disease had been entirely

Driven Out of Me.

My stomach was less sour, the pain and soreness left my back and side. I have not felt a sign of the trouble since. For all complaints of the Blood, Liver, and Kidneys there is no medicine equal to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—Wm. Halstead, of Seaman's Express, 53 Harrison St., New York. $1; 6 for $5.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The publishers of Logan's book are pushed to keep up with orders.

Sam Small has abandoned the pulpit and returned to journalism.—*New York Graphic.*

Nilsson writes to friends that her marriage to Count d'Amaranda will take place next month.

Hon. George H. Pendleton, United States Minister to Germany, has started from Berlin for New York.

A fund has been started at Lewiston, Me., for the relief of Solon Chase, the once influential Greenbacker, who has been left homeless by fire.

The expenses of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, for the last year, amounted to $36,-684, of which $20,000 was for Mr. Beecher's salary.

Ex-Congressman John S. Wise, of Virginia, says the Republicans of the Old Dominion never felt more hopeful than they do at present.

Joseph W. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who has retired from business and lives comfortably on his accumulated fortune, began life on a salary of $1 a week.

The remains of California's noble benefactor, Lick, have been deposited in a niche in the foundation on which the great Lick telescope is to be placed.

The baby king of Spain is a fine, handsome child, who enjoys robust health, and does credit to the immense amount of care with which he is surrounded.

Mrs. Langtry recently said that she was engaged to be married to Mr. Gebhard, and that as soon as she obtained her divorce the ceremony would be celebrated.

Miss Elaine Goodale has left the school at Hampton, Va., where she has taught for the past three years, to be a teacher at the Lower Brule Agency, Dakota.

John Good, of Brooklyn, who worked in a cordage factory ten or twelve years ago at $3.50 a day, has since perfected inventions which pay him an annual royalty of $150,000.

With all the multiplicity of royal authors, royal journalists are rare. The present Czar, however, before his father's death, used often to contribute to the columns of Mr. Katkoff's *Moscow Gazette.*

Prof. Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst college, has given to the Connecticut Valley Historical society a piece of the rock from which the soldiers of the Shay rebellion made their flints 110 years ago.

Lord Tennyson's health has not been in a robust condition since the death of his son. A severe cold weakened him still more, and he has been ordered to spend the winter and spring in the south of France.

A Vermont farmer spent the holidays in New York city, and wrote home to his wife: "Every one here seems to be hard up for money. You can't go into a store without hearing somebody yelling for 'cash.'"

The ex-Empress Eugenie does not expect to return to England until about the end of April. The Farmborough mausoleum will then be dedicated and the remains of her dead husband and son will be removed thither.

The New York *Tribune* says there is a story extant to the effect that Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster loves a grate fire, but hates black coal, and accordingly has his servant whitewash the coal before it is brought into his room.

The string of pearls worn at the opera in New York by Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt attracted great attention. It consists of 346 oriental pearls, set in a golden chain, which belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and was recently purchased for $130,000.

A Washington letter says: "One of the great jokes of the town is the employment of a private dancing master by the postmaster general. You hear of this wherever you go. Some of the enthusiastic musical writers are talking of composing a Vilas waltz."

Among the congratulatory messages received by Sen.-elect Farwell, of Illinois, was one from his grand-daughter, a young lady of broad political views, aged one year. It read: "The family and I congratulate you.

ETHEL DE KOVEN."

Mr. Farwell affirms that it was the most sincere and satisfactory of all the missives he received.

How to Eat Wisely

As a universal rule in health, and with very rare exceptions in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons rarely err in the quality of the food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest regulators in this respect. The great sources of mischief from eating are three—quantity, frequency, rapidity, and from these come the horrible dyspepsia which make a human life a burden, a torture, a living death. By eating fast the stomach, like a bottle, being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are the sooner they are dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for, even if it is well chewed, the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating. It requires about five hours for a common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within less than a five-hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one third of its time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food on the stomach. All are tired when night comes. Every muscle of the body is weary, and looks ...

[Continuation of a reader's letter, partly torn:] ...was ... the nicest ... the ... the ... the ... at ... and ... the thermometer has not been below 40 degrees but a few times since the first of December, and much of the time above 50.

It generally rains considerable during the winter, but not as much as usual this winter. (The apple I send does not represent our fruit, but to show our climate this winter; some winters are colder.)

Farms can be bought in Linn county from $10 to $30 per acre, owing to situation from railroad, etc.; $20 to $30 and $40 for the best cow; from $75 to $100 for a good farm horse (the best mare.) When I came to Oregon we were more than four months from where Omaha now stands to this valley; now they come in four days. If any inquiring friend wishes to know more about Linn county, let them ask questions. This is my first letter to an editor about the country. I am with you in "Pulverizing the rum power."

Miscellaneous.

W. C. H., Hoytville, Mich.:

Give the address of John McElroy, who wrote a book on rebel prison life.

Washington, D. C.

M. K. J., Silver Cliff, Col.:

When will the hotels in Yellowstone Park open for the season?

Probably in April or May.

E. P., Mt. Nebe, Kan.:

Is a man living in the District of Columbia eligible to the Presidency?

Yes, if born in this country.

X. Y. Z., Ripley, N. Y.:

Please explain the transition of the horse hair to the hair snake.

No such transition takes place.

O. D. S., Clay City, Ill.:

Do you keep the life of Col. Davy Crockett among your list of books?

No. Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

J. H. R., Central City, Neb.: The charge for advertising for the address of anyone, in the Camp Fire department, is 50 cents. The Question Bureau is prohibited from inserting advertisements.

F. L. W., Milan, Kan.:

1. Is there homestead land in Arkansas? 2. Where are the land offices located?

1. Yes. 2. Little Rock, Camden, Harrison, Dardanelle.

D. M., Wellington, Kansas:

Where are the land offices in Washington Territory located?

Olympia, Vancouver, Walla Walla, Spokane Falls, and Yankton.

J. S. T., Port Sanilac, Mich.:

Does the United States sell and control the sale of liquors in the Soldiers' Home at Dayton?

It rests with the governor of the home to say whether liquor shall be sold to the inmates.

Reader, Rockville, Mo.:

If Missouri should contract a debt with Iowa and refused to pay it, how would Missouri be compelled to settle it?

It would be a difficult matter to "compel" any state to settle a debt.

F. J., Rice, Minn.:

1. Does the tide rise on the Mediterranean sea? 2. If so, how high, and it not, why?

Tidal motions are noticed in several localities, though small and irregular, and modified by the force and direction of the wind.

M. M., Leon, Kan.:

Can Jeff Davis vote, or has he a riget to vote, and does not?

So far as the Bureau is informed, he can vote if he wishes, but cannot hold office until his political disabilities are removed by a two-thirds vote of each branch of Congress. He has never made application for such removal, nor has he ever offered to vote since the "late unpleasantness."

R. M. C., Shell Creek, Tenn.:

How long has the Indian been in America, and from what country did they come?

They were here when Columbus came, but where they came from no one knows.

G. D. B., Evansport, O.:

Did the 7-30 bonds draw 7 or 7 3-10 interest, or did the figures have reference entirely to time?

They were treasury notes; rate of interest, 7.30; payable in three years.

W. W., Freeport, Mich.:

To whom should I apply in order to get the privilege to act as agent for Logan's life as soon as possible?

Watch advertisements in the BLADE. The Bureau cannot advertise the publishers.

R. F., Grafton, W. Va.:

Please tell me what state or states a couple could go to to get married if they are under age and their parents are against it.

The marriage and divorce laws of all the states were given in the BLADE a few weeks ago.

Reader, Island, Kan.:

How shall I proceed to get employment as chain carrier or flagman of a government surveying party?

Apply to your member of Congress, or one of your senators, getting the endorsement of your neighbors.

F. S. D., Buena Vista, (no state.):

Enclosed is a sample of stone picked up in one of our fields. Please state whether it is of meteoric origin or not.

No. It is nodular iron ore. Pebble-like nodules of this ore, very smooth on the surface, are often found.

A. D. R., Hamilton, Ind.:

1. Will you please tell me why the leaves change color in the fall? 2. Would there be a sound if a tree were to fall and no person be where the vibration of air, caused by the tree falling, could touch his ear?

1. Simply a law of nature. 2. Sound is the vibration of the air, which when communicated to the ear gives us the sensation. That vibration exists whether there is anybody to hear it or not.

Will correspondents please remember that the Bureau has no authority to decide legal questions, or questions connected with the entry of public lands? The law can be given, and has been given frequently, governing homestead, pre-emption and timber claims, but questions in dispute must finally be settled by those in authority. We might fill the department every week with this class of questions and answers, without benefiting any one, for the reasons stated.

R. K., Bryan, O.:

Who saw Jeff Davis's bondsmen, and what was the amount?

Horace Greeley and Augustus Schell, New York; Aristides Welsh and David K. Jackman, Philadelphia; W. H. McFarland, R. B. Hoxall, Isaac Davenport, Abraham Warwick, G. A. Myers, W. W. Crump, James Lyons, J. A. Meredith, W. H. Lyons, J. M. Botts, E. W. W. Boswell, and James Thomas, of Virginia. The amount was $100,000.

E. P. S., Lincoln, Kan.:

Have the Chinese a history that runs back beyond the Bible account of creation, and is it published in the English language?

They claim to have, but the works of Confucius appear to be the oldest about which there is no dispute. Confucius was born June 19, 551 B. C. The early annals of China, like those of most other countries, belong rather to mythology than history. Histories of the Chinese empire can be obtained at any bookstore.

W. J. M., Columbia City, Ind.:

1. What is the supposed number of Gypsies in the United States? 2. What is the form of their government? 3. Are they not subject to the laws of the United States?

1. Their number can only be estimated, and no two estimates agree. 2. They have a "queen," who exercises some sort of authority over them, but her powers are not clearly defined. 3. Certainly.

L. M. W., Mogadore, O.:

In selling pools on horse races, what is meant by first choice on Maud S., and $4 on the field?

If there are eight horses, for instance, the auctioneer invites bids, and the highest bid is on Maud S. for first choice. The second and third are then sold to the highest bidder, and some one may offer to take the field, i. e., the remaining horses, for $4, or any other sum he may choose to name, being governed by the selling price of first choice.

The Bureau recently had an inquiry regarding the number of vetoes by the different Presidents, which it was unable at that time to answer. The figures are now at hand, and are as follows: By Washington, 2; by Madison, 6; by Monroe, 1; by Jackson, 12; by Tyler, 9; by Polk, 3; by Pierce, 9; by Buchanan, 4; by Johnson, 17; by Grant, 29; by Hayes, 12; by Arthur, 4. Up to June 24 Cleveland had sent in 73 vetoes, and since that time has probably averaged two a week. He has well earned the title of Veto President.

Tom, Hosford, Kan.: According to official figures the width of the New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge is 85 feet, with a length of 5,989 feet. The cables holding the structure are four in number, each having a diameter of 15¾ inches. These cables consist of 5,300 parallel steel wires, No. 7 gauge, closely wrapped to a solid cylinder. The ultimate strength of each cable is 12,000 tons. The total cost of the bridge, including the land for the towers, was $15,000,000. Construction commenced in January, 1870, and the bridge was opened for travel May 24, 1883.

Reader, Yates Centre, Kan.:

In what year was the Virginius captured by the Spanish vessel Tornado?

October 30, 1873. The Virginius was captured while bearing the United States flag, on the alleged suspicion of being on a filibustering expedition to aid the Cuban insurgents. Fifty-four of her men were shot at a little later day, against the remonstrances of the United States and English consuls. In December, however, the steamer and survivors were given up to the United States authorities. The matter caused considerable negotiation, but Spain finally, in 1875, paid $80,000 as an indemnity fund, and the matter was dropped.

N. L. D., Campbell, Tex.:

Did Washington, as President, ever approve a fugitive slave law? If so, give its provisions.

The first fugitive slave law, entitled "An act respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters," originated in the Senate, passed the House without debate by a vote of 48 to 7, and was approved by President Washington February 12, 1793. It was in four sections. The first two applied to fugitive criminals, and merely specified the manner in which the demand was to be made upon the governor, and made no attempt to enforce a surrender of the criminal, if it should be refused. By the third section, the owner, his agent, or attorney, was empowered to seize his fugitive slave, take him before a Federal court, or before any magistrate of the county, city, or town wherein the arrest should be made, and make proof by affidavit or oral testimony of his ownership, and the certificate thereof was to be sufficient warrant for the removal of the fugitive to the state or territory from which he had fled. By the fourth section the rescue, concealment, or obstruction of the arrest of a fugitive slave were made offenses liable to a fine of $500.

D. F. R., Vancover, Wash. Ter.:

1. How do they make thermometers that only go down as low as 20 above zero, while others that look the same make and material, except the degree marks, go away below? 2. What would become of the railroads if their charters were forfeited? 3. I see in Monteith's geography that there is a lake three miles in circumference in the isle of Trinidad that is remarkable for the amount of pitch contained in its water. It is a mystery to me, as I thought all pitch came from timber. Please tell if it is used for any purpose.

1. By using alcohol instead of mercury. 2. They would pass into other hands, or quit business. 3. It is usually called asphaltum. The inhabitants powder it and drive it by a blast upon burning coals; thus used it gives heat as an equal weight of the best English coal. It is thrown over bagasse or wood fuel in the manufacture of sugar. At various places in South America are similar lakes, where it is used for pitching boats. It occurs in smaller quantities, disseminated through shale and sandstone rocks, and occasionally limestones, in Derbyshire, Cornwall, and the French department of Landes; and at Val de Travers, Neufchatel, where it is used for buildings. Grahamite from West Virginia resembles asphaltum in its pitch-black lustrous appearance. Asphaltum was used by the ancient Egyptians in embalming, and appears to have been employed in the construction of the walls of Babylon.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Stimpson, Rogers Prairie, Tex.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my Lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

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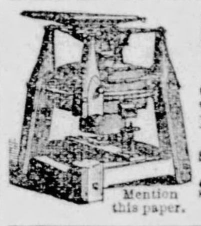

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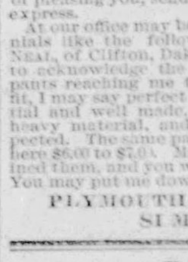

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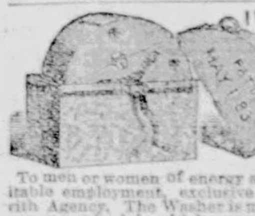

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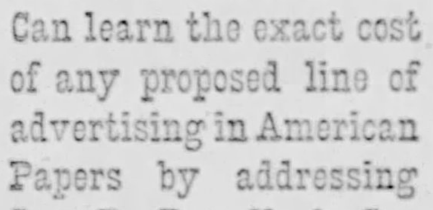

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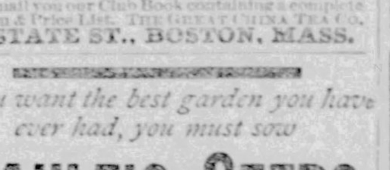

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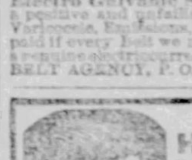

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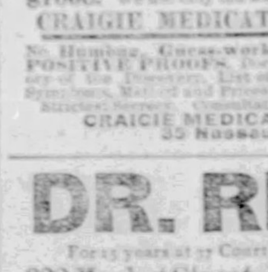

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE trade reports for the past week present no new features of interest. Matters remain about the same. The iron and steel manufacturers are all busy. With the largest visible supply of wheat ever known before the current year, receipts continue large, and markets are chronically weak. There is an average weekly reduction of about one and a quarter million bushels, which, if it holds, will leave visible supplies full until the next harvest. Conjectures of damage to the crop by frosts have been settled by extensive advices from the fields, which show that the crop is in excellent condition. The apathy of foreign markets is without notable change.

THE speculative interest in the great money centers of the country has largely withdrawn from transactions in stocks and bonds, and gone into real estate in the South and West, notably the former.

THE winter wheat crop in certain states is believed to be in some peril, in case of a hard freeze.

THE cotton crop of the United States for the year 1886 is placed at 6,640,000 bales, and is of a very superior quality.

MR. MANNING has resigned his Cabinet position as secretary of the Treasury, and will go into the new national bank in New York. His resignation will take effect as soon as his successor can be appointed and qualified. He went at once to New York, and it is not believed he will return to the treasury. Assistant Secretary FAIRCHILD will be in charge till the new appointment is made, and rumor has it that FAIRCHILD himself will possibly be the man.

THE terribly severe winter is resulting fatally to the cattle on the Montana ranges. Since January 1, storms have been of unprecedented frequency and the temperature has averaged the lowest for fifteen years. It is not possible to accurately estimate the losses, but they have been enormous, in some places amounting to the practical annihilation of whole herds.

THE Democratic House Appropriations committee has absolute control over the measures looking to the protection of our coasts, and any failure to make necessary provision will be solely the fault of the Democratic party. Stick a pin there.

THE protest of the Republican members of the Indiana legislature against the validity of TURPIE's title has been filed in the United States Senate.

THE House voted down the bill to allow each member a clerk, and the Appropriations committee has left out of its bill the sum for the payment of the Senators' private secretaries.

THE President has signed the Indian land severalty bill and the "backbone" land grant forfeiture bill.

WASHINGTON dispatches agree that the last chance for tariff legislation by the present Congress has been lost.

A DECISION in the telephone cases before the United States Supreme court is not expected to be rendered until the May term.

FROM a statement sent to Congress by the secretary of the Treasury, it appears that from 1866 to 1886, $17,153,240 were disbursed on account of volunteer soldiers' homes, while the receipts were $17,335,128, leaving a balance of $181,888 to be accounted for on June 30, 1886.

THE United States Supreme court has decided in the case of LORENZO SNOW, the Mormon apostle, that the cumulative sentence was illegal. SNOW was convicted on three indictments, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and $900 fine, or triple the highest penalty. He was serving the second sentence, but his release is ordered by the Supreme court. There are understood to be many other similar cases.

THE success or failure of the inter-state commerce law depends entirely upon the selection of the five commissioners by the President. He can destroy the efficiency of the law either by making that body up of the tools of the railways, or of cranks and impracticables. The place wants character, brains and independence. Worn out railroad presidents, lobbyists, operators, defeated politicians, and the like, ought all to be dropped out of consideration.

THE bill providing for retaliation which Sec. MANNING has sent to Congress does not meet the approval of all the members of the Cabinet. It is more aggressive in its terms than any document to which the secretary of State would be likely to attach his signature. While the Cabinet have been agreed upon the main principle of the fishery policy, it is a fact that Mr. MANNING has been more pronounced in favor of a vigorous retaliation than his associates.

EIGHT famous war ships of our old navy have been condemned, as the cost of the necessary repairs would exceed the limit allowed by the law—which provides that when they amount to more than 20 per cent. of the cost of new vessels, of the same grade they shall not be repaired—and will be dismantled and sold. Four of these, the Cyane, Lackawanna, Shenandoah and Wachusett, are now lying in the harbor of San Francisco; one, the Pilgrim, is at League Island; the other three, the Tennessee, Powhattan and Ticonderoga, are at the Brooklyn navy yard. The Naval board of Inspection will appraise the hulks after they are stripped, and they will then be offered to the highest private bidder.

THE old rebel feeling crops out every now and then in the South. The Texas legislature has just named a new county "Jeff Davis."

THE deadlock over the United States Senatorship in the West Virginia legislature still continues.

THE great strike at New York was closed Friday night by the action of District Assembly No. 49, declaring it off.

THE Minnesota House has passed the high-license bill, already passed by the Senate, fixing saloon licenses at $1,000 per year in cities of 10,000 population and over, and in all other places at $500. It had previously passed the Senate, and will, it is said, receive the governor's signature at once.

THE joint resolution for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors has passed both branches of the Pennsylvania legislature, and has received the signature of Gov. BEAVER. It has now to run the gauntlet of the next legislature, however, before being submitted to the vote of the people. We wish to call attention to the fact that the Republican party pledged itself, in its state platform, to this action, and has now fulfilled that pledge.

INDIANA, Illinois and Wisconsin have signified their disposition to join Ohio in the proper celebration of the centennial anniversary of the formation of the Northwestern Territory.

THE grounds for the American Exhibition that opens in London, May 2, cover twenty-three acres in the heart of London, and facilities are offered for the exhibition of all American products and inventions.

THE Nevada legislature has passed a bill which disfranchises all Mormons.

THE Supreme court of Louisiana has decided that the Sunday law is constitutional.

GEN. BUCKNER, the rebel general who surrendered Fort Henry to Gen. GRANT, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination as governor of Kentucky. The ex-Confederate leaders come to the front every time a political persimmon is to be raked in.

THE Kansas legislature has petitioned Congress to open the territory of Oklahoma.

THE Kansas legislation has passed a bill conferring municipal suffrage on woman.

THE principal event upon the other side of the water during the past week was the defeat of Mr. PARNELL's amendment to the Queen's speech in the British House of Commons by a majority of 106. Mr. GLADSTONE refrained from speaking as his friends advised, but he will probably speak later. At present there is no move that he can make with advantage, but he is waiting his opportunity. Two of the best speeches made were by Mr. SEXTON in its favor and Mr. MATTHEWS in opposition. The former taunted the government with its inability to rule Ireland, and declared that only an Irish legislature could finally solve the question of dual ownership of land. The Home Secretary in reply said that no sophistry would ever satisfy the nation that a person could at pleasure reduce the rent he contracted to pay, thereby becoming the judge of his own cause; neither was it from want of sympathy for the impoverished tenants that the government condemned the doctrine that pauperism gave a title to property. The latter speech closed the debate. Mr. PARNELL accomplished what he hoped to do and that was to solidify the Home Rule party.

THE substance of the amendment proposed by Mr. PARNELL was as follows: "It calls for "such reform of the law and the system of government as will satisfy the needs and secure the confidence of the Irish people," instead of "increased stringency of criminal procedure" in Ireland, and ascribed the collision between landlord and tenant to the refusal of "such abatements" in rent "as are demanded by the prices of agricultural and pastoral produce." In his speech he disclaimed all responsibility for the "plan of campaign, but refused to see any substantial difference between it and the check put upon evictions by the government's refusal in some cases to aid in them. The one was no more illegal than the other, but the plan was more successful. He challenged the government for the packing of juries in the Sligo cases, and Mr. Gibson, the Irish attorney-general, admitted in his reply that the government had taken precautions to secure a panel of "persons of independent mind."

THE massacre of the Italian army upon the Soudan has caused the fall of the Italian Ministry. This is in accordance with the usual mode of procedure for any failure in foreign matters is never tolerated by the Italian Chamber. The late repulse at Massowah, which has amounted to almost the total destruction of the Italian army in that country, puts an end for the present to Italy's dream of domination in Abyssinia. It is true that reinforcements have been sent from Naples, but they will hardly be able to undo what has been done by King JOHN and his people. King JOHN has offered as a condition of peace that foreign nations shall henceforward confine themselves to Massowah, but it is not likely that Italy will give up her endeavor to extend her power and influence in that direction, unless through the force of absolute necessity.

THE feeling that war in Europe in the early spring is imminent still continues, and it grows constantly stronger with the increase of preparations constantly making by all of the great nations. The following are some of the reasons for believing that there is little doubt of the near approach of a struggle in Europe given by the Washington *Republican:*

(1) The French chamber, in a unanimous vote on Wednesday, granted Boulanger all the money he demanded, a fact which is commented upon by the *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* (controlled by Bismarck) in the words, "The vote, taken yesterday in the French chamber, is an eternal shame for Germany," and, considering the late action of the German parliament, no doubt Bismarck realizes the effect of his failure. (2) Sir James Ferguson, English under-secretary for foreign affairs, says, "The peaceful views expressed by the English government find general recognition to the fullest extent, but the assurance of continuation of this peaceful sentiment is entirely missing from said governmental explanation. Taken all in all the situation is not the least improved, as can be specially noted from the deeply serious meditations of Prince Hohenlohe, the governor of Alsace-Lorraine." (3) After Hohenlohe's speech 600 soldiers left Alsace-Lorraine for Paris, without permission from the governor. (4) The German government has ordered 200,000 grenades from the Krupp factory, and military men know that grenades do not improve "by keeping." (5) The publication in *Figaro* of an article written by Aurelian Scholl, which insists bitterly upon the immorality of German women, has aroused the anger and hatred of the German people throughout Europe. (6) The *Politische Correspondence* of Berlin, inspired by the court says that in the most important circles the view is still maintained that if France would desire peace she could stop the evident and daily continued exertions to reobtain Alsace and Lorraine, and the answer to the question, "Whether peace or war?" must come from France.

SEALSKIN SACQUES FOR WORKINGMEN'S WIVES.

FRANCIS MURPHY, that energetic apostle of temperance, is now conducting a series of meetings in Chicago. It is needless to repeat that Mr. MURPHY's efforts are devoted to the one single end of inducing men to abstain from drinking. Said he, on the occasion of his second meeting in that city:

"If you want to close up all the saloons in the country, just quit buying their goods. That'll do it. The Knights of Labor have what they call the boycott for that purpose. Now, I don't go much on the boycott, but I do believe in saving your money and in a little common sense. I want the women to take hold of this work, because there are sealskin sacques and silk dresses for them."

By which illustration he alluded to the fact so often insisted upon by the BLADE, that if men did not drink, or if it were impossible to obtain Rum, the money which now goes into the coffers of the Rum Power would be spent upon their wives and families; that better clothing, better food, better homes, would be the rule, and the money would be spent more beneficially for its earner and for the commuity than if it were squandered for the vile stuff which brings poverty, ruin, disease and death.

There are those who demur, however, to the assertion, now frequently made, that the workingmen, all things considered, are the largest proportional consumers of Rum—that the wage-workers are the men who most largely support the saloons. It is a common estimate that this class is responsible for one-half the drinking, although they embrace but one-fourth of the total population of the country. Let us examine the facts:

Taking the well-known estimate of Hon. DAVID A. WELLS that the total expenditure in the United States for all kinds of Rum amounts to the appalling sum of $700,000,000 every year, it will readily be granted that but little, if any, of it is consumed by persons under 15 years of age. Deducting the total of these children, this vast total of seven hundred millions represents an average expense, to every person, man or woman, above that age, of $17.50 per year. Nearly one-half of the entire population of the Union is made up of farmers. They, as is well known, are not largely made up of drinking men. Their open-air life, the necessity of industry and economy to make their calling a profitable one, militate against the formation of the drink habit; and, withal, the farming class is largely made up of intelligent, reading, thinking men, who can find better occupation for their leisure hours than loafing among the fetid odors of stale beer and forty-rod whisky, in the dirty purlieus of a corner saloon. They are temperate men—yes, and temperance men, too; for the great bulk of the prohibition sentiment of the country is to be found among the residents of the rural districts. And, still further, the farmers live far away from saloons; they do not have the opportunities nor the temptations for constant and nightly swilling of beer and drinking of body-rot whisky, such as exists in towns and cities, where the open doors of those breathing-holes of hell, the saloons, confront the stroller at every step. It is clear that farmers—men, women, and boys and girls over 15—do not average anything like $17.50 per head for Rum per year. An estimate of $2 each would doubtless be extravagant.

Then, with half the population thus shown clearly to be very small consumers of Rum, it is plain to be seen that the estimate which credits the workingmen with half the drinking in the entire country is, unfortunately, too true. And we are sure that an actual investigation of the facts will show that this is so. Go into the Rum-holes of any city in which you have an extensive acquaintance with people; visit the billiard-rooms, the gilded saloons of the higher and more pretentious sort, and then go on down through all the grades of these hell-holes till you come to the lowest, dirtiest dives of the most squalid quarter, and you will find each and all thronged with the different classes of wage-workers. In the "better" class of saloons (if there is anything "better" about a saloon), you will find the customers largely made up of clerks, salesmen, and the better paid and better dressed class of mechanics. Go on down through the descending scale of saloons, and you will find the proportion of wage-workers just as great, even to the poorest saloon, where you will find the common laborer fuddling his brains over stale beer or firing them with doctored whisky.

The workingmen, we much fear, are to be credited with one-half of this enormous total of $700,000,000 annually spent for Rum. Tcey complain of poor wages, of not receiving the just reward of the profits of their labor, yet they collectively spend $350,000,000 every year for that which profits them not, but reduces their capacity for work, destroys their judgment, ruins their health, and keeps their families in poverty and misery.

With every industrious wage-worker of the better class—those whose occupations require skill, a fair education, and considerable technical training (and this class embraces more than half the gainful occupations pursued by workingmen in this country)—total abstinence from Rum, and due economy with regard to other methods of wasting money, would work an absolute revolution in their homes, style of living, and social condition. Silk dresses and sealskin sacques would be, as Mr. MURPHY says, attainable by their wives, if the homely virtues of industry and economy were added to absolute abstinence from Rum in every one of its myriad forms. Why will not these men see these things in their true light? Why do they not recognize Rum as their one most dangerous enemy? If they but fully realized all this, the workingmen of the nation, instead of being the main stay of the saloon and the bulwark of Rum, would become most potent allies of those whose mission it is to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

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Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLEY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

THE liquor interest of New York is marshalling its forces in order to fight the Crosby High-License bill now before the legislature of that state. The *Tribune* says of the bill, that "it is emphatically one in the common interests of civilization and good government." It sounds the alarm in regard to the movement of the saloon men against its passage. Popular feeling is in favor of the bill, but "efforts will be made to create the impression that the evidences of public feeling are not trustworthy. The most dangerous and demoralizing agency in American politics is beginning to realize that its Armageddon is at hand, and it can be relied upon to fight to the uttermost." Such words as these should be heeded by the people, and if Prohibition is not possible, the next best thing to forward temperance principles should be taken."

LAUS DEO! The news comes from Paris that WORTH is introducing plain clinging garments with an entire absence of anything *bouffant*. Hence the bustle has lived its day, and the newspaper paragraphers can no longer make it the butt of their inane attempts at wit.

CLEVELAND'S LATEST VETO.

It is somewhat interesting to watch the current of newspaper opinion regarding CLEVELAND's veto of the dependent pensioners' bill, and also a matter of astonishment that the merits of the measure itself are so little understood, and the motives of CLEVELAND in vetoing it so little apprehended.

As to the bill itself: It proposes to give $12 per month to all soldiers of the Union, who are dependent upon their own labor for their support, but who are unable, through mental or physical ailment (not the result of their own vicious habits and gross carelessness), to support themselves. There are thousands of broken-down veterans now, to the nation's shame be it said, in poorhouses and hospitals all over the country. The measure was begun in Congress some four years ago. The reason the bill has not passed before has been that there were differences as to matters of detail between the houses. Both were agreed upon the principle of the bill. And it passed by extraordinarily large majorities, both in Senate and House.

Now comes GROVER CLEVELAND, by the grace of the Solid South and certain lucky accidents in the North, President of the United States, and vetoes this measure. The message which he sent to Congress on this occasion is a verbose document, which makes tedious search for reasons and assumptions upon which to base his negation of the bill.

He objects to it because it makes service in the army the ground for granting the beggarly stipend of $12; yet it has been but a few weeks since he signed the Mexican pension bill, which makes service alone the ground for pensions to its beneficiaries. Here is the secret of the inconsistency in CLEVELAND's action. The beneficiaries of the Mexican pension bill are largely Southern men, and many of them served throughout the civil war in the rebel ranks. It afforded a pretext for getting ex-rebels on the pension rolls of the government they fought to destroy, and makes Mr. CLEVELAND "solid" in the South.

Let us explain why the provision of the bill making service alone ground for a pension is a just and proper provision: The human body is not of iron. It can endure hardship, but at the cost of an early breakdown and weakening of the forces of life, which can never be fully restored. There are thousands of men who went through the war, and came out apparently sound, but who are now martyrs to rheumatism, or invalids from other diseases, brought on by those years of hardship and exposure. The effects were not at once visible; the years passed on, but with advancing age came weakness and disease, the results of service in the ranks, which should give these men as just a claim upon the government as a hospital record or a wound would do.

Then, again, it must be remembered that those who patriotically took up arms at the call of the imperiled nation, gave up many of their chances of success in civil life. Four years of battle and campaigning is not the best discipline in the world for eminent success in the arts of peace. These men returned to their homes at the close of the strife to find themselves fallen behind in the race of life. Their companions, with whom they were abreast when they entered the army, were far ahead of them in worldly prospects. They had advanced; they had remained at home and seized the opportunities of getting forward in the world. The places the soldiers left for the hard routine of army life were filled by younger men. Some of the men who wore the blue were so situated that they could push themselves forward. The larger number were not. Practically their chances of success in life were handicapped, and the result is seen to-day in the great number who are living in penury and want.

CLEVELAND objects to the bill on account of its expense. In the first place, the estimates of the annual cost of this measure are grossly exaggerated. Twelve dollars a month is $144 per year. Suppose the number of beneficiaries amounts to 100,000; this will be but $14,400,000 a year. If the number would reach 200,000—and it could not be over that—the annual outlay would be $28,800,000. Yet there are estimates that talk of $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 a year! The nation is able to care for these dependent ones, and it is a burning shame that it is not done.

But there is another point to which we wish to call the attention of our readers, which shows the absolute justice of caring for every man who wore the blue, and who needs help. There are two factors necessary to carry on war—men and money; the men to fight, the money to support and clothe them, and to furnish all the munitions and equipments of war. The money had to be borrowed of the wealthy, and bonds bearing interest given. Since 1861 the United States government has paid, in interest alone, upon the debt created by the war, a grand total of over $2,360,000,000. In that time, the total amount paid in pensions (including, too, the pensioners of former wars) has amounted to only about $750,000,000. If the moneyed men who furnished the cash to carry on the war have received two billions and a third for the use of their money, there is no reason for crying out so long as the soldiers themselves have received less than one-third of that sum.

MR. CLEVELAND has not forgotten his early years in ward politics in Buffalo. His veto is a bid for a renomination. It has been said by Southern politicians at Washington that "CLEVELAND has made the South solid by his veto;" and GROVER sagaciously knows that the South leads the Northern Democracy about by the nose, as it always has, and that if the Southern Bourbons demand his renomination the lickspittle politicians of the party in the North will knuckle down, however much they may dislike him. It is the opening gun of CLEVELAND's campaign for a second term.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

THE defense bills passed by the Senate, appropriating $21,000,000 as a preliminary toward putting the country in a condition to properly defend itself from a foreign foe, are now before the House committee on Appropriations. It is hinted at Washington that they will never be reported. Chairman RANDALL does not feel very favorably disposed to the proposition because it interferes with his notions of economy, and he has always been opposed to anything that tended to make more efficient the army and navy and the fortifications of the country. There are many Democrats who honestly believe that if RANDALL pigeon-holes these two bills their party will be the loser, and they are doing what they can to have the committee take them up, being aided in their efforts, of course, by the Republicans, who are a unit in favor of the proposition.

A BILL was introduced into the New York Legislature on Wednesday, amending the labor law with regard to women and children. Children under 14 years cannot be employed in factories, nor girls less than that age in stores. It provides also that elevators in factories must be inclosed, rails are to be put on stairways, doors are to open outside and suitable fire escapes are to be provided. The bill seems to be a most excellent one and should pass.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

MATTHEWS'S REJECTION.

The resolution of Sen. INGALLS regarding the rejection by the Senate of MATTHEWS, twice nominated by CLEVELAND to be Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, was passed by the Senate by a strict party vote of 26 to 18, and goes to the President along with the rejection. The resolution is a lengthy one. It first quotes the President's attempt to justify his renomination of MATTHEWS, which may be summarized as follows:

1. That the fitness of the nominee has been demonstrated.
2. That the previous opposition to his appointment among the citizens of the District has largely subsided.
3. That he desires in this way to tender just recognition and good faith toward our colored citizens.

The resolution replies to the first two allegations by stating that neither could have been applicable when MATTHEWS was appointed, in August last, immediately after the adjournment of the Senate—for his fitness could not have been demonstrated, nor had the intense local opposition in the District of Columbia had time to subside.

Regarding the third part the resolution declares that the Senate is not aware that the question of "just recognition or good faith to our colored fellow-citizens" was involved in the matter, and that it has never before been urged that a person's nomination for an office should be confirmed or rejected because he was black or because he was white. This classification has been abolished by the suppression of the rebellion and by the amendments to the constitution, and is no longer properly to be recognized in dealing with public affairs. The resolution goes on to remind CLEVELAND, in a rather caustic manner, that, since he has raised the race issue in this matter, that FREDERICK DOUGLASS was requested to resign this very office in order that MATTHEWS might be appointed; that Mr. DOUGLASS is the most distinguished representative of the colored race, not only in this country, but in the world, and that a "just recognition" of the claims of the colored race would have been the retention of this distinguished man in place of removing him to give the position, as a political reward, to an unknown and obscure partisan who had never been a slave, and therefore represented the enfranchised race only by accident of color.

The President is sharply reminded that "just recognition" of the colored race would have been strongly shown by the retention of DOUGLASS in a position whose duties he was discharging to the full satisfaction of the people of the District, unless the President himself wants it understood that "just recognition" is to be tendered only to such colored persons who are Democratic in opinion. In the latter case, the race issue disappears, and the test is purely political. The resolution goes on to give the President the reasons for the rejection—that MATTHEWS is admitted to be a citizen of New York: the office to which he is nominated, is strictly local; the compensation for the performance of its duties is not paid by the government, but mainly by citizens of the District having papers to be recorded therein; and that his confirmation is opposed with substantial unanimity by the citizens of the district without regard to color, politics, or occupation.

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every postoffice. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it.

ONCE in a while a Canadian newspaper has a common-sense interval of thought upon the fisheries question. The following sensible paragraph is from the Montreal *Herald:*

"Here were Canadians at scores of maritime ports with thousands of tons of ice for sale and no other market for it; with tens of thousands of dollars' worth of produce and fish for sale lying useless on their hands. There were the United States vessels ready to buy and pay cash for these supplies. But no trade, no barter, no communication between seller and buyer was permitted. If this was according to treaty it was not in accord with common sense; it was entirely opposed to the commercial spirit of the present day."

THE free traders are in agony lest the nation shall find use for the money now in the treasury. They are willing the country shall lay defenceless at the mercy of any foreign power that has a half-dozen war vessels, they are willing that thousands of the old soldiers of the Union shall eke out their remaining years in county poor-houses; they are willing that patriotism should die, if only the surplus is left alone, to allow them to use it as a text to preach the doctrine that this country should become dependent upon Great Britain for all manufactured goods.

THE suggestion is made that Congress has power to prevent the use of stoves for heating railway coaches, by passing a bill giving the Postmaster General the power to regulate the heating of all trains on which the mails are carried. If this were done, the problem would be solved. The Postmaster General should have the right to protect the mails from danger by fire as well as other causes of destruction, and would thus indirectly save the lives of the passengers who travel upon the same trains.

THE nineteen monuments, to mark the positions of the nineteen Ohio regiments who took part in the battle, will be placed in position on the Gettysburg battle-field on September 14, which will be known as "Ohio day." The sites have been selected, and an effort will be made to have a reunion of all the survivors of the regiments who participated in the great struggle present on that day.

THE Mormon lobby at Washington has thus far been successful in its policy of delay. Another adjournment of the conference has been obtained for the space of eight days, owing, it is said, to the fact that Rep. COLLINS, of Boston, has been obliged to leave the city on important business. Meanwhile every day's delay renders the passage of the Anti-Mormon bill less probable.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTE.

We give in our telegraphic columns to-day the correspondence which has taken place between the state department and the British government with regard to the seizures of American fishing vessels and other flagrant acts committed by the Canadian government. This whole matter is intensely interesting, and should be carefully read by all who desire to keep well informed regarding the fisheries dispute.

In the progress of diplomatic correspondence, we are glad to note that our State department has given the British government to understand that it appreciates fully what the bullying course of the Dominion officials means. It is an attempt to drive the United States into a renewal of the fisheries clause of the treaty of Washington, a provision which was of far more advantage to Canada to us; or, failing that, to compel us to ask for another commission, and a revision of the existing treaties.

The whole ground of dispute lies in the proper construction of the language of the treaty of 1818, between this country and Great Britain, as to our own rights in the fisheries of Canadian waters. Settlements of this dispute were made in 1854, and also by the high joint commission in 1873, which provisions, in each case, were to remain in force for ten years, and thereafter to be terminable at the pleasure of either government upon two years' notice being given. In 1883, after the ten-year limit had expired, our government gave this notice, and the "fisheries clause" expired in 1885, but was continued in force through an unwise extension made by Sec. BAYARD, without the consent or concurence of the Senate. When this expired, the original treaty of 1818 was left in force, and the old dispute at once began again.

This treaty gives to American vessels the right of fishery on the south coast of Newfoundland, between Cape Ray and the Pameau islands; from Cape Ray to the Quirpon islands; on the shores of the Magdalen islands; also on the south coast of Labrador, from Mount Joly to and through the strait of Belle Isle, and thence northward indefinitely along the coast. The United States on their part formally renounced the right of fishing within three marine miles of the British domains in America not included in the above specified limits. The United States fishermen are not only excluded from some of the best fishing territory in Canadian waters by this treaty, but their vessels are prohibited from landing in Canadian ports for any other purpose than wood, water or shelter.

The most serious dispute as to the interpretation of the treaty of 1818 is over the three-mile limit. The Canadian government construes it to exclude our vessels from all gulfs, bays and inlets—even from the bay of Fundy. The Americans declare for the interpretation that it means three miles from the shore at any point, as the Canadian interpretation would shut us out from the best fishing grounds.

The provisions of this treaty have been enforced in the most harsh and offensive manner possible by the Canadian authorities, with the manifest intent to compel us to ask for a re-enactment of the "fisheries clause." To this the American fishermen are bitterly opposed. They ask for decent, fair treatment, such as Canadian vessels receive in our waters.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

HE WOULD, BUT SHE WOULDN'T.

We know not why we have been favored with the following plaint of a harrowed heart, which is realizing, in the bitterness of unsatisfied longing, the truth of the old saw, that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Probably the fact that the BLADE staff has been lately getting married off as rapidly as possible, has given him the belief that these successful ones can solve for him the problem that he propounds:

EDITOR BLADE:—Suppose you were very much in love with a nice young lady, and that she fully reciprocated your feelings, and that she said she would not allow you to kiss her, in fact that she would allow no gentleman to kiss her until she was engaged to him—what would you do? I think too much of her to stop going with her, and I can't engage myself to her as my mother forbids it. I am only 18 years old. D. G.

Toledo, Feb. 2.

Well, is kissing the chief end of life? Is the sweet communion of kindred hearts, the long walks beneath the pale moon and holy stars, the ecstatic delight of going to church and singing from the pages of the same hymn-book, and the thousand and one pleasures of the society of her who is dearest to you of all Eve's daughters,—we repeat it, are all these things to count as nothing when compared with a kiss? For shame, youngster! Life is not all lollipops and taffy. Roast beef and bread and butter are still the staples, although to your vitiated taste a package of gum-drops is preferable. Kissing is all very well in its way, but a surfeit thereof is liable to give Cupid a bad case of indigestion.

In point of fact, we begin to entertain a very high opinion of the sagacity and discretion of the charming young lady who is the *dea ex machina* of the love idyl of which you have given us a glimpse. She has apparently discovered the great secret of keeping a man's fancies constant. There is, it seems, far more delight in the imagined possession of a coveted boon than in its realization when once it becomes our own. Were you given the run of the young lady's lips, were you free to sip honey from from their rosebud prettiness like the roving bee amid the flowers of Hybla, you would soon become satiated, and the lady after a while be left to wear the willow while you wandered afar, with a consuming desire to repeat the pleasing experience of lip-contact with other fair damsels.

Knowing these things, it is much to her credit that she denies you. She is a prudent young lady (we infer that she is older than you, for young boys invariably fall in love with women old enough almost to be their mothers), and we only hope that she has not learned her wisdom in the bitter school of experience. But, however that may be, she is a model of discretion and prudence, and we commend her line of conduct to all our unmarried lady readers. And you have this consolation, dear boy: If she loves you as dearly as you love her, she wants to be kissed just as bad as you want to kiss her. Respect her maiden modesty, and do not aggravate her unsatisfied longings for osculatory pleasures by teasing her about the matter.

You ask, what would the BLADE do in your case? Well, if the BLADE were a boy of 18, and couldn't get engaged because its mamma wouldn't allow it, and the young lady wouldn't let the BLADE kiss her till it was duly engaged to her—why, the BLADE would wait till it was 21, and then it would snap its fingers at its obdurate parent, engage itself to the girl, and kiss her to its heart's content!

MR. POWDERLY writes a most emphatic letter of condemnation of the Anarchists to the Knights of Labor in Chicago, which shows quite conclusively where he stands. His strong terms of reprobation of the sympathy expressed for them and the spending of money in their behalf by members of the order ought to hear some good fruit.

NASBY.

or home till August, 1865. What did we fight for? Why, to preserve the unity of the nation, to put down a most wicked rebellion against the constituted authorities, and against the cause of humanity—we fought for universal freedom and equality of all men before human tribunals, and I would have gone had nothing but the freedom of the slaves been at issue. Is it necessary to inquire how I vote? Hardly. Old issues pass, new ones arrive, but there are no new principles. They began with time, and are as potent now as when first the stars sang together in gladness for truth, honor and justice. I can easily conceive how a person may be honest and yet eroneous, but honesty of conviction, while a mitigating circumstance, will not correct error. Suppression by force of arms, may, but it does carry conviction and conversion to the rebellious. Benedict Arnold died a traitor — dispised and shunned even in England, the place of dishonorable refuge. Aaron Burr was tried for conspiracy and treason, and there is not a reasonable, loyal citizen in the Republic, but knows that if half had been proved against him which stood out in bold relief against Jeff Davis, he would have been hung. Do you ask why the difference? Friction wears, contagion spreads. The promulgation of a doctrine by successive leaders of the people gains favor in the public mind, and, on the other hand, continuity of objection without effective action in the suppression of the growing evil, correspondingly weakens the force of dissension and the fear of danger. In the swift flight of years, and the crowding of great events in rapid succession one upon another, only the personality of the offender, or teacher, is remembered, while individual responsibility and the evil effects of the principles taught, come to be looked upon as the whims of a thwarted and doting politician. The doctrine of "State sovereignty," as propagated by Jefferson, promulgated by Calhoun, and subsequently endeavored to be carried out by Davis and his co-conspirators, lead to the war. Slavery, backed by "King Cotton," was to span the continent. With the abolition of slavery the issue thereof also is gone. But is the doctrine itself gone, or without advocates? If so, why Jefferson's picture on the new postal cards—why our political opponents' devotion to "Jeffersonian" doctrine? Do the "two wings" of Democracy disagree on slavery and "States Rights"—what is there in common between them now? The country has a right to know. Is it free trade, and greed for spoils? If a person professes divergence of sentiment with his neighbor, and yet communes at the same table with him, is he not practically one of them? I suppose a person must think and vote as he pleases, but why not be consistent, and act on the side of safety? At the Presidential election of 1884 there were only three Democrats in my regiment—two deserters from the Confederate army, and the other subsequently deserted. But I grant there were and are many loyal Democrats, but, boys, you answer to the wrong roll call—that of the "Solid South"—"the Confederacy in the saddle." I could submit to confiscation and the loss of my health, but somehow I can not look upon the proposition to vote the Democratic ticket with the least bit of patience; and it makes me gloomy and cross as a sore-headed bear to think we failed in 1884. I was for the "old ticket," but now that Logan is called away, give us Blaine and Sherman. As the *Inter-Ocean* said, just after the election of 1884: "I prefer defeat with such a ticket to success with a mediocre."—H. C., Co. G, 2nd T. V. I., Mt. Pulaski, Ill.

A Gunner's Sketch.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE: I want to give you a little sketch of my army life. It is about my first engagement. We were sent from the state of Ohio early in May, 1862, and were assigned to Fremont's department, and afterwards put in Blenker's division, Col. Shimelfenning's brigade, 11th corps. We were in Bank's retreat from Slaughter mountain to Freeman's Ford on the Rappahanock. Here's where our fight commenced. Our brigade, composed of the 8th W. Virginia, 74th Pennsylvania, 61st O. V. I., was sent across the Rappahannock to reconnoiter Jackson's forces. We crossed the river and threw out a heavy skirmish line, consisting of all our regiment except the two color companies A and C. After having cautiously proceeded some distance through a cornfield, we were getting anxious to know what was going to be done in the near future. And right here I will relate an incident that occurred to Lieut. Bird, who belonged to Co. E, of our regiment. The Lieutenant got anxious to see over the top of a rise above us; so he climed a scrubby little tree to reconnoitre, and had hardly made an observation when a rebel spied him and blazed away. The bullet struck the tree right beside the Lieutenant's head. He let go all holds and dropped to the ground a more scared than hurt man. We did not have to wait very long for a chance to develope our manliness or soldier qualities, as we were ordered forward, and just as soon as we raised the top of high ground we were confronted by Jackson's whole command. The sudden attack of Jackson caused our boys to waver for an instant, and then we went to work in earnest, and to our own astonishment we could whip one side of Jackson's command, but at our, or their, most critical moment the 8th W. Va. and 74th Penn. gave way and went back on a run to the rear, leaving the 61st in a critical situation, with our colonel gone to the rear, demoralized. This left our major in command, our lieutenant colonel being on detached service. Jackson was still advancing on us and we did not want to run. But I will say that when the order did come for us to go, we went, and when we got to the river we found that we were cut off from the ford, and we had to take water or Richmond, or Andersonville, or some other Cleveland camp ground. So we prefered a little swim to going to Hotel de Libby, or some other Democratic institution erected for the benefit of the Union soldiers, via the Southern Confederacy, so we swam to the opposite side of the stream. There our artillery met the Johnnies, and we sent them back somewhat discomfited. They shouted Bull Run as we came away, but when we sent our compliments to them through our batteries they hallowed at the top of voices Fort Donelson, and they knew just what we meant, for they had heard from Grant. This ended our day's work. Gen. Bohlen was killed by his own men.—GUNNER, Co. H, 61st O. V. I.

Peace and Good Will.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

PROHIBITION IN ATLANTA.

Hon. GEORGE HILLYER, who was mayor of Atlanta, Ga., during the prohibition struggle, was in Cincinnati a day or two ago, and while there was interviewed by the *Times-Star* as to the success of the prohibitory law in that city. In reply, he declared that the law is successful, as follows:

"I might say yes. At least as much so as most other laws. Of course it is violated more or less, but it is better enforced to-day than the laws against concealed weapons, lewd houses and other misdemeanors. Our prohibitory law, however, is defective, in that it allows the sale of domestic wines.

"But you can say, and right over my signature, that the people of Atlanta will never go back to the old bar-room nuisance. I tell you they would as soon think of establishing Mormonism with all its barbarous influences as they would of again adopting the bar-room system. The bar-room has gone in Atlanta, and forever. The only question that remains under discussion is whether we shall have absolute prohibition or restrict the sale by a license surprisingly high."

"How did you manage the finances of the city without the liquor fund?"

"That was left to me with some misgivings by a great many, but I was satisfied that it would come out all right. The result was when I stepped down and out less than a year ago the city did not owe a cent and had $225,000 in the bank subject to check and the city was not in partnership with a lot of bar-rooms either."

THE split between the free-trade fanatics and the protectionists of the Democratic Congressmen grows wider. The free-traders who escaped defeat at the hands of their constituents have already begun a campaign of opposition to the reappointment of Mr. RANDALL as chairman of the Appropriations committee of the Fiftieth Congress.

THE volcano of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, is in active eruption, and the island is undergoing almost continuous earthquake shocks.

A COMMITTEE of the New Jersey legislature is making an investigation into the cause of the coal-handlers' strike.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Mrs. Logan is said to be in very poor health.

Two retired United States admirals live in London, Edward Simpson and R. M. Stembel.

William D. Howells' wife is quoted as saying that her husband writes as a man saws wood.

A VEIN of copper ore is reported discovered on the banks of the Merrimac river at and below Indian Orchard Point, Mass.

Real personages are to be introduced under fictitious names in the novel which it is solemnly asserted that Sen. Ingalls writing.

Lawrence Barrett is fond of deviled crabs and crab salad. Baltimore is his favorite city, on account of the way they get up those dishes.

PARIS papers continue to publish details of movements of German troops in Alsace, vouching for the accuracy of their statements.

President Cleveland is partial to "stewed terrapins," and has given positive orders to have them on the bill of fare at all state dinners.

When the Prince of Naples visited Leghorn recently he took pains to call on Manlio Garibaldi, who is a pupil in the naval academy there.

POWDERLY has declared that the expression of sympathy for the Chicago Anarchists is against the principles of the Knights of Labor.

THE Connecticut senate passed a resolution calling on Congress to protect the sea coast and lake-bound states by defensive fortifications.

JOHN WANNAMAKER, of Philadelphia, has purchased M. De Munkacsy's great painting of "Christ Before Pilate" for something over $100,000.

THE bill prohibiting the importation of opium into the United States by any subject of the emperor of China has passed both houses of Congress.

An earnest effort is being made in Philadelphia for the erection of a monumental statue of Gen. McClellan at the east front of the municipal building.

Gen. Sherman acquired a taste for venison in his younger days and has never gotten over it. A haunch of venison or antelope meat is his especial delight.

IN the House of the Pennsylvania legislature the joint resolution providing for the submission of a prohibition amendment to a vote of the people, was passed—130 to 66.

Mr. T. M. Healey, who has just been re-elected to Parliament from Longford, will, it is said, be the successor of Mr. Parnell whenever the necessity for a successor should arise.

THE grand jury at Peoria, Ill., returned twenty indictments against Finlay Hoke. The charge is forgery, and is based on drafts filled out by Hoke that will aggregate $10,000.

BISHOP W. M. GREEN, senior bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in America, and chancellor of the University of the South, died at his house in Sewanee, Tenn., Sunday, aged 89.

Abraham Gould, the brother of Jay Gould, is said to be supply agent of the Missouri Pacific railroad at St. Louis, and is described as a pleasant and unostentatious citizen.

THE Western National bank was organized in New York, Wednesday, by the election of Sec. Manning, president; United States Treas. Jordan, vice-president; and F. Blankenborn, cashier.

IT appears that Big Bear was released owing to ill-health. His malady was more the effect of confinement than a constitutional disease. He is expected to be convalescent in a few weeks.

The contract for making the equestrian statue of Grant for Lincoln park, Chicago, has been awarded to L. T. Rebisso of Cincinnati. The statue will cost $25,000 and the foundation $30,000.

In the absence of any reason for removing Mr. Porch from the Mexican Consulate it can only be conjectured that he saw too much of Envoy Sedgwick when the latter had a surplus of plaque aboard.

Mme. Modjeska says she will not return to Poland to live because she can do nothing there, Russian tyranny is so great. She wants to live where she can take an active interest in whatever is going on about her.

They economize space in Utah. In a three-room house in Ogden live Willard Bingham, two wives, twenty unmarried children, five married sons, with their wives and fifteen children, and two hired men in the attic.

CAPT. F. S. LILLY, a hero of three wars—the Florida, Mexican, and the rebellion—was instantly killed by a street car running over him at Dayton, O., Thursday. He had received his Mexican pension papers Wednesday.

THE investigation of the White River Junction disaster shows 85 persons to have been on the wrecked train, 36 of whom were wounded, 36 of whom were killed, and seventeen of whom returned home. This accounts for all.

BERNARD O'REILLY telegraphs to the New York *Sun* from Glengariff as follows: "Pope Leo's action in Germany secures the peace of Europe. Emperor William will withhold the warlike manifesto he would otherwise have published."

THE Commissioner of Pensions has started requisitions for $18,780,000 with which to make the payment of pensions due March 4 next. This will be the largest payment for current pensions made in any one quarter in the history of the government.

PROF. ASHBURNER, formerly state geologist of Pennsylvania, has been examining the country around St. Louis, to determine whether it is worth the effort to bore for natural gas. So far the signs all point to the existence of plenty of gas under the city of St. Louis.

THE Czar is reported to have said: "The Panslavist agitations are antagonistic to the great Russian policy, and have assisted in entailing the Bulgarian confusion. Panslavism cannot be identified with the monarchial policy, to which it is opposed in many respects."

DR. CORNELIUS A. LOGAN, legal representative of Mrs. John A. Logan, has closed a contract in New York with R. S. Peale, of Chicago, representing the publishing house of R. S. Peale & Co., for a book entitled "The Volunteer Soldier of America," written by the late Gen. Logan.

AT a meeting of the Toronto Ministerial association a memorial was sent to the mayor and city council protesting against the exemption of the Roman Catholic clergy of the city from the payment of municipal taxes on their incomes. The memorial was unanimously adopted.

EX-GOV. FOSTER, in an interview in New York, said that in his opinion the government should assume the entire supervision of the railroads. Gov. Foster, it is said, is a strong Sherman advocate, and will work hard to carry a solid delegation to the national convention for him in 1888.

The Duke of Leinster is about to sell the bulk of his Irish estate to his tenants, including the Manor of Maynooth, which has been in his family almost ever since the Conquest. It was from the splendid old castle there, now in ruins, that a pet monkey rescued the heir of the Fitzgeralds on the occasion of a fire.

THE judiciary committee of the House reported adversely, and without comment, Swinburne's bill for the erection of a United States prison for the confinement of United States prisoners. All the Republican members of the committee, however, unite in presenting a long minority report recommending the passage of the bill.

THE visible supply of grain on February 12, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange, is as follows: Wheat, 61,322,543 bushels; decrease, 447,488. Corn, 16,824,701 bushels; increase, 364,163. Oats, 4,964,720 bushels; increase, 79,518. Rye, 438,730 bushels; increase, 2,347. Barley, 2,121,743 bushels; decrease, 75,741.

THE French minister at Athens has concluded the negotiations commenced by his predecessor, Count de Mouy, who was an enthusiast on the subject of antiquities. As a result of their efforts, Greece has given to France permission to excavate at Delphi for the remains of the temple. M. Montholon had a keen rival in the American representative.

Prince Henry, of Battenberg, has fallen into sad disgrace with Queen Victoria. When he went to Buckingham Palace to represent the Queen at the Iddesleigh memorial services he staid out two nights going one evening to the theater and the other to the circus. The Queen was exceedingly wroth, and the reckless young man will not again be permitted to carry a night key.

AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Princeton College, Pres. McCosh recommended that the institution take on the dignity and title of Princeton University, and the alumni be allowed a representative in the management. The former recommendation was referred to a committee for report; the latter was favorably commented on, but received no direct action.

THE first annual dinner of the Republican club of New York on the anniversary of the birth of Lincoln was given at Delmonico's Saturday night. The governors of several states, including Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, and distinguished politicians from many parts of the country were present. Gov. Foraker responded to the toast, "The Republican Party," in a brilliant oration.

Miss Maud Banks, daughter of Gen. N. P. Banks, is now regularly on the stage. She is playing Parthenia in "Ingomar" this week in the small towns of Pennsylvania. The general, who is now 71 years of age, still holds the office of United States Marshal in Boston, and runs an experimental farm of 60 acres just outside the city. Miss Maud is a pronounced brunette and she wears her hair after Mrs. Cleveland's style. She claims to be delighted with her profession.

THE London *Standard* thinks that the proposal to neutralize Egypt is of doubtful wisdom, "because," says the paper, "neutralization can never insure Egypt against Arab invasion, in the event of which no power would be willing to go to Egypt's rescue. The suggestion is so encumbered with manifest and insuperable objections that we shall require most convincing proof that such a proposal has been made. A more lame and impotent conclusion of our dealing with Egypt cannot well be conceived."

Mrs. Langtry has been telling of some of the freaks of Joaquin Miller, when the poet of the Sierras was at the height of his notoriety in London. He wrote a poem in her honor and called it "The Lily." A few days after its publication Miller approached Mrs. Langtry at a large reception, and, after paying his respects bowed himself backward out of the room, and as he retreated strewed rose leaves, which he had crammed in his trousers pockets, on the floor. At that time Miller, she says, appeared in public in a red flannel shirt and top boots.

THE MEXICAN SCOUT.

Col. Joe Shelly on Border Life—The Young Rebel who Never Surrendered to the United States Government—His Services as a Mexican Scout and Indian Hunter.

Toledo Daily Blade, January 27.

"I never surrendered."

The speaker had just written his name in a cowboy hand across the register at the Merchants' Hotel. It was Mexican Joe.

Mexican Joe, or Col. Joe Shelley, one of the few famous Mexican scouts still living. "I went into the British army," said the scout, "when I was only a little boy. My father, a wealthy planter of Columbus, Ga., sent me to England when I was 10 years old. I was educated at Woolwich Military school, and made a lieutenant in the regular army.

"But I could fight too much for them. I whipped one of my superior officers and then England was too hot for me. The war was raging on this side of the ocean. My father had already been made a general. I was a genuine Southerner and I made up my mind that I must fight for my country. I ran the blockade, and in 1863 found myself in Gen. Johnston's army.

"In almost the first battle I was wounded by a shell. When I recovered I fought until after Lee surrendered to Grant, and Jeff Davis was captured.

"Then I went to Texas. It was inhabited by guerrillas, outlaws, deserters and fugitives. I lived on mescal leaves and organized the Texas Rangers. One bright morning I found myself in the service of the Mexican government.

"What was the closest shave I ever had in my life. Oh I don't know. I remember one day, a few years ago, I started out with two companions on a hunt. We passed down an immense canyon. It was within an hour of sundown. Suddenly, without warning, one of my men fell dead at my side and the other fell seriously wounded. The Indians were on the ledges above us and firing down upon our heads. It was a tight place. I slipped in behind a big rock in under the ledges and kept my eyes open for the red skins. My Winchester had been clogged in one barrel in my hurry and I found to my surprise that the spring of the other wouldn't work. Throwing away my useless gun I grabbed my pistol and held it above my shoulder ready to shoot the first red face that peeped over the ledges. Something attracted my attention in the rear. I turned my head and just at this instant my revolver tumbled out of my hand and over my shoulder. When I picked it up I found a ball in the tube. The redskin who thought he had the drop on me had fired straight into my revolver and the bullet catching in the tube was the only thing that saved my life.

"All that night I expected the Indians would make a raid on me, but they didn't. I don't know whether they were afraid or whether they thought I was dead. Early that next morning I secured one of our horses, placed my wounded companion upon him and rode carefully down the canyon without seeing another Indian.

"I was captured and held eighteen months by the Indians. In turn I captured the big Indian cheif Chihuhua after a search for months in the mountains. We drove him out of the mountains into Arizona and then turned him over to the government troops. He is now in Florida a United States prisoner.

"While I was away the Indian chief Victoria raided my ranch, stole my cattle and horses, the finest in Mexico, burned my buildings and murdered my wife and children. I never rested until I had captured Victoria and exterminated the whole band of Indians. My wife was a Mexican, the daughter of a Castillian coffee planter. My ranch is 18 miles in length and extends along the Rio Grande. It contains about 20,000 acres but I do not cultivate it now. I was captured by the Indians and held for months but finally made my escape. During a revolution in Mexico I happened to be on the under side and was sentenced to the silver mines for life. I staid there just 30 days and was released by Gen. Travino, a personal friend of mine.

"Not a man in my command but would have stopped a ball to save my life. I finally got so I could take a sweat bath with them. The first time I tried it I thought I should die but I shut my teeth together and said 'I can stand it as long as you can, old fellows.' It was at the close of a long march on a hot day. The Indians fixed a tepee until it was air tight, heated a rock and then rolled it into the tepee. One by one we crawled into it after having stripped off our clothing. Some of the Indians didn't have much on, and then we packed together as closely as sardines in a box. I thought I would melt. Every few minutes the lord-high executioner or master of ceremonies, would talk Indian and throw a little water out of a can on the rock. This would fill the room with steam. It seemed an age before they let me go, but I guess it wasn't more than half an hour. Then we all made a rush for the river near by, and a dash of a few minutes made us as fresh as a daisy. No matter how tired we were, the sweat bath made us feel like kings.

"I came east for medical treatment. You remember perhaps about my killing that notorious outlaw and robber Sam Bass, at Round Rock, Tex. I was with the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia during his tour through Mexico. Lord Aylesford, the wild English lord, owned a ranch near mine once. He was one of the most popular men on the border. He would ride miles at the head of his men wherever he thought there would be any fun. When he died he left a handsome daughter about 18 years of age who was the idol of the West. She returned to England, and I have not seen her since. Aylesford was one of the bravest and one of the best men along the border, and there are many who mourns his death like that of a brother."

Jeffersonian Simplicity.

Baltimore American.

The talk to-day has been of the brilliant reception last night at the White House. It is conceded that never before has there been such a display of diamonds. Mrs. Sen. Stanford fairly shone with precious stones, and it is said her diamonds cost $500,000. There never was such a display in the White House except that made by Mrs. John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Frank Leslie was another lady whose diamonds attracted attention. The stones she wore in her ears were the famous diamonds about which so much has been written. They looked the size of birds' eggs. The entire front of her decollete corsage was one blaze of the precious stones. There were other displays of diamonds, but the two spoken of were the most magnificent.

It seems that some of the dressing, or rather the want of it, was carried to extremes. Talk about the Chicago ministers protesting against the American Opera ballet! The display of neck, arms, and busts last night laid way over any ballet show at any theatre. Some of the ladies seemed to try to see how little they could wear and not catch cold. It has been justly said that, like the diamond display, no such a decollete show has been seen in the White House before. The dizzy costumes of the girls in "Evangeline" and Lydia Thompson's troupe seemed to fade into insignificance when compared to the low-back dresses worn last night.

A Sure Proof.

They were telling stories of a domestic and otherwise innocent sort and the parson made this contribution: "A family council was held one evening over the case of our little girl who seemed threatened with some mild distemper or other. The decision that it was chicken-pox was received by the patient with some incredulity and even levity. Early the next morning she came into our room with a serious contenance. Scepticism had vanished and faith reigned triumphant. 'Yes,' said she, 'it *is* chicken-pox, papa; I found a fedder in the bed.'"

Try It and See.

Take the numbers from 1 to 100 inclusive, and you will find that they can be put into the following number of combinations: 12,078,964,075,413,761,420,-179,707,267,058,745,948,772,006,266,-575,175,453,939,866,269,742,075,873,-951,543,679,916,417,457,898,430,850,-130,130,102,907,236,854,045,672,996,-864—to this must be added 24 ciphers. Now try this; and then get somebody that is tolerably expert at figures to tell you how many millions of times you have shifted the numbers.

Why He Stayed.

Charley called upon Lillie one evening recently, and found her suffering from a severe headache. He remained to comfort her, of course, and after about an hour the following dialogue ensued:

Charlie—Darling, when I hug you does your head ache worse?

Lillie—No, I'd feel worse if you didn't.

Charlie remained later.

Every Man's Situation.

The Emperor Augustus, when seated at table between Virgil, who was asthmatic, and Horace, who was blear-eyed, said, laughing, "I am between sighs and tears." Alas! who is not seated between these two table companions at the banquet of life?

To the Ladies.

Kallodyn is an absolutely certain remedy for pimples, blotches, comedones, acne, freckles, roughness, etc., on face, neck, hands or arms. Send for circular. Toledo Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, O.

My Trouble was Dyspepsia, impure blood and inactivity of the Kidneys and Liver. My disordered stomach loathed food. Darting pains in the back and shoulders made it almost impossible for me to rest. I was advised to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Presently my appetite improved and I felt strong. The poison and disease had been entirely

Driven Out of Me.

My stomach was less sour, the pain and soreness left my back and side. I have not felt a sign of the trouble since. For all complaints of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys there is no medicine equal to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—Wm. Halstead, of Seaman's Express, 53 Harrison St., New York. $1; 6 for $5.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The publishers of Logan's book are pushed to keep up with orders.

Sam Small has abandoned the pulpit and returned to journalism.—*New York Graphic.*

Nilsson writes to friends that her marriage to Count d'Amaranda will take place next month.

Hon. George H. Pendleton, United States Minister to Germany, has started from Berlin for New York.

A fund has been started at Lewiston, Me., for the relief of Solon Chase, the once influential Greenbacker, who has been left homeless by fire.

The expenses of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, for the last year, amounted to $36,-684, of which $20,000 was for Mr. Beecher's salary.

Ex-Congressman John S. Wise, of Virginia, says the Republicans of the Old Dominion never felt more hopeful than they do at present.

Joseph W. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who has retired from business and lives comfortably on his accumulated fortune, began life on a salary of $1 a week.

The remains of California's noble benefactor, Lick, have been deposited in a niche in the foundation on which the great Lick telescope is to be placed.

The baby king of Spain is a fine, handsome child, who enjoys robust health, and does credit to the immense amount of care with which he is surrounded.

Mrs. Langtry recently said that she was engaged to be married to Mr. Gebhard, and that as soon as she obtained her divorce the ceremony would be celebrated.

Miss Elaine Goodale has left the school at Hampton, Va., where she has taught for the past three years, to be a teacher at the Lower Brule Agency, Dakota.

John Good, of Brooklyn, who worked in a cordage factory ten or twelve years ago at $3.50 a day, has since perfected inventions which pay him an annual royalty of $150,000.

With all the multiplicity of royal authors, royal journalists are rare. The present Czar, however, before his father's death, used often to contribute to the columns of Mr. Katkoff's *Moscow Gazette.*

Prof. Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst college, has given to the Connecticut Valley Historical society a piece of the rock from which the soldiers of the Shay rebellion made their flints 110 years ago.

Lord Tennyson's health has not been in a robust condition since the death of his son. A severe cold weakened him still more, and he has been ordered to spend the winter and spring in the south of France.

A Vermont farmer spent the holidays in New York city, and wrote home to his wife: "Every one here seems to be hard up for money. You can't go into a store without hearing somebody yelling for 'cash.'"

The ex-Empress Eugenie does not expect to return to England until about the end of April. The Farmborough mausoleum will then be dedicated and the remains of her dead husband and son will be removed thither.

The New York *Tribune* says there is a story extant to the effect that Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster loves a grate fire, but hates black coal, and accordingly has his servant whitewash the coal before it is brought into his room.

The string of pearls worn at the opera in New York by Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt attracted great attention. It consists of 346 oriental pearls, set in a golden chain, which belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and was recently purchased for $130,000.

A Washington letter says: "One of the great jokes of the town is the employment of a private dancing master by the postmaster general. You hear of this wherever you go. Some of the enthusiastic musical writers are talking of composing a Vilas waltz."

Among the congratulatory messages received by Sen.-elect Farwell, of Illinois, was one from his grand-daughter, a young lady of broad political views, aged one year. It read: "The family and I congratulate you.

ETHEL DE KOVEN."

Mr. Farwell affirms that it was the most sincere and satisfactory of all the missives he received.

How to Eat Wisely

As a universal rule in health, and with very rare exceptions in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons rarely err in the quality of the food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest regulators in this respect. The great sources of mischief from eating are three—quantity, frequency, rapidity, and from these come the horrible dyspepsia which make a human life a burden, a torture, a living death. By eating fast the stomach, like a bottle, being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are the sooner they are dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for, even if it is well chewed, the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating. It requires about five hours for a common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within less than a five-hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one third of its time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food on the stomach. All are tired when night comes. Every muscle of the body is weary and looks to the bed; but just as we lie down to rest every other part of the body, if we by a hearty meal give the stomach five hours' work, which in its weak state requires a much longer time to perform than at an earlier hour of the day, it is like imposing upon a servant a full day's labor just at the close of a hard day's work.

Hence the unwisdom of eating heartily late in the day or evening: and no wonder it has cost many a man his life. Always breakfast before work or exercise. No laborers or active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the midday meal. Persons of sedentary habits or who are at all ailing should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold stale bread and butter, or a ship biscuit, with a single cup of warm drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep and prepare for a heartier breakfast with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

He Made An X.

A bright little boy who is attending school, but whose father has not been blest with educational advantages, rather innocently exposed the paternal deficiency the other day. The teacher was showing him how to write his name, having set a copy for him to follow. "Must I write it all alone?" he inquired. "Of course," was the teacher's answer. "Pa don't write that way," the youngster remonstrated. "How does he write?" asked the teacher. "Oh, ma takes the pen and writes some, and then pa makes a big letter X."—*Boston Budget.*

An Unpleasant Revelation.

Though married to a most charming woman, the manager of the West End shop is "mashed" on a *ballerine* living over the way. Last week he intrusted to the chamber-maid the carrying of a *billet-doux* to his fair inamorata. "And remember, Kate, not a word." "You can rely upon me, sir. In such matters I am as discreet as the tomb. Ask missus."—*London Letter.*

—A correspondent asks; "Where can we send to get Peck's Patent Ear Drums, an invention for ennabling people to hear who are deaf, slightly or otherwise?" Write to F. Hiscox, 849 Broadway, N. Y., stating cause and particulars of your deafness, and he will give you all the points desired. Read the following from the *Medical Record:* "A lecturer in one of our hospitals, while illustrating progress in medical science, introduced a deaf patient whose case baffled all medical skill and was considered hopeless. But an invention belonging to F. Hiscox, New York, having been recommended, it was used with very satisfactory results, as it fully restored the hearing. It was tested in other cases and found to be more successful than any known device for the relief of deafness, as hearing lost for many years was fully restored by it. This invention is all the more satisfactory as it is out of sight and does not require to be held in position. And while it can be readily removed or inserted by the patients themselves it is withal curative in action and comfortable to wear.

DROP HAMMERS FOR FRANCE.

America Furnishing Machinery for Manufacture of Guns.

NEW YORK, February 15.—Kent avenue, in the eastern district of Brooylyn, is at all times a busy thoroughfare, lined as it is with sugar houses, machine shops and the immense factories generally located along the river front. For the past few weeks, however, unusual activity has reigned in the neighborhood of Kent avenue and South Eleventh street, at the machine shop located there. A large force of workmen have been engaged during the day, and even night work has prevailed to a large extent. The firm is mainly engaged in the manufacture of drop-hammers, and a rumor to the effect that it is filling a large order for the French government has been investigated and found to be true.

The workmen, even the boys, employed in the factory are very reticent as to the matter, claiming that they did not know what the order was on which the firm was so busily engaged. The reporter ascertained, however, that the firm had received an order from the French government, through Louis de Bebian, agent of the Steamship Campagnie Generale Transatlantique, for a large number of drop-hammers to be used in the government arsenal for the manufacture of guns.

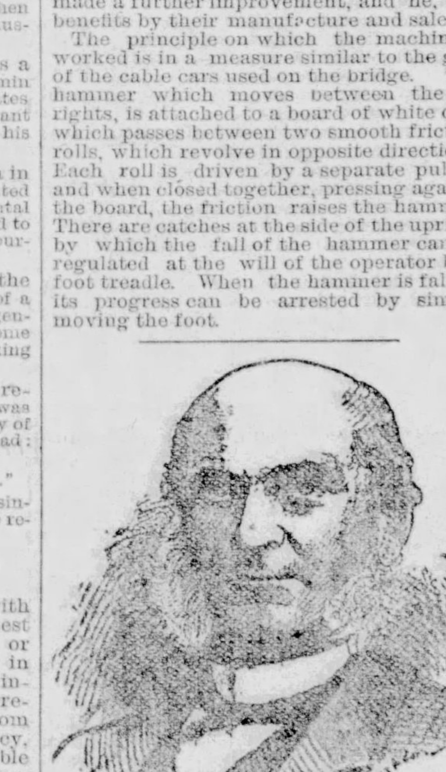
E. W. Merrill, one of the firm which is executing the order for the French government, was seen and asked to tell about the drop hammer to be shipped on the 16th of the present month. The gentleman appeared to be a little confused, and would neither deny nor affirm the truth of the rumors. Finally he said: "Yes, we are making a large number of these drop hammers; that is our business. I decline to state whether, we have a contract with the French government or any one else. Mercantile firms are not usually in the habit of conversing about the affairs of their customers."

One informant stated the order was for eighty of the machines, one of which is being shipped each week, and that thirty had already been shipped. In another quarter it was learned that the next shipment would be made on Wednesday next, the 16th, and that the firm was now working night and day on the order. The machines being made cost about $2,000, and are paid for by Mr. de Bebian. This is not the first occasion on which the same firm has been applied to by European powers for machinery. During the winter of 1872 and 1873 it made drop-hammers, costing $20,000, for the Providence Tool company, which firm supplied the Turkish government with a large amount of arms. During the same time a number of machines were shipped direct to the government arsenal in Germany, with which many of the guns carried by the victors in the Franco-Prussian war were made.

A practical machinist said the drop-hammer was purely an American invention. It is a contrivance by which a heavy hammer, ranging in weight from 300 to 1,800 pounds, can be lifted in varying heights from three feet ten inches to six feet. All the power thus represented can be governed by the simple movement of a treadle. The hammer has attached to it dies in shapes of whatever is desired to be made. The machine is invaluable in the making of interchangeable parts, which can be cast in any quantity and all uniform. Its advantage in the manufacture of firearms, where the time taken in construction is an important one, makes the machine in great demand.

The reporter's informant further stated that the machines now being manufactured for the French government were made from the invention of a colored man, who receives a royalty thereon. One of the employes of the establishment had made a further improvement, and he, too, benefits by their manufacture and sale.

The principle on which the machine is worked is in a measure similar to the grip of the cable cars used on the bridge. The hammer which moves between the uprights, is attached to a board of white oak, which passes between two smooth friction rolls, which revolve in opposite directions. Each roll is driven by a separate pulley, and when closed together, pressing against the board, the friction raises the hammer. There are catches at the side of the upright by which the fall of the hammer can be regulated at the will of the operator by a foot treadle. When the hammer is falling its progress can be arrested by simply moving the foot.



Dr. Robert Hunter, of Chicago, the Eminent Specialist and Expert in Throat and Lung Diseases.

Dr. Hunter is a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and has been in practice over forty years, thirty-five of which has been devoted exclusively to Bronchial and Lung Complaints. He is the author of various works on the Lungs, among which is "*Chronological Epitome of the theories and practice of the profession in Lung cases for more than 2,000 years.* He it was who introduced in this country the local treatment of Lung diseases by medicated air and vapor, and invented the Inhaling Instrument and Catarrh Syringe in general use. It is not too much to say that by his researches and skill Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Consumption (diseases formerly supposed to be incurable) have been rendered amenable to curative treatment. His experience in Lung cases is probably greater than that of any living physician, and his reputation for success such that he is consulted from all quarters of the Union, and even from Europe.—*Saturday Evening Herald.*

Publishers' Column.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent of his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

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50	"	500	25,000
100	"	300	30,000
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IN CONCLUSION.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

II.

It was a pleasant home—away from the noise and confusion, the smoke, the dust and the bustle of the town, away too as well from the pleasures and conveniences to be found in the latter. There are always compensations you know, if one will only look for them, and then give them their true value when discovered. In this case it was the beauty and glory of the surroundings which Nature had so lavishly created that made this country residence a place in which the gaieties and attractions of city life were lost sight of or forgotten. You have all seen such homes, not elegant, but with an all pervading tone of comfort, a sort of *heart*-iness in the air, which gives such a sense of welcome when once inside the door that you settle down forthwith to a restful enjoyment that satisfies the whole mental and physical being, no matter how world or work-weary you may be. It is a pity there are not more such homes in our fair land.

People often wondered just where the charm of the place lay. It was, to be sure, as I said in the beginning, bountifully favored by Nature, but no more so than hundreds of other houses I have visited, which were not pervaded by that atmosphere of peace and contentment. I think, in fact I know, that it radiated from the mistress of the household, who, steadfast and serene under the constant and nerve-wearing perplexities that a family such as hers must bring, had won the power to make all around feel the influence of her self-controlled spirit. Of course it would not be possible for all women to acquire this in the same degree, but an approach to it could be attained, always by the right effort.

I was to spend a summer with her in this country home. In some ways the prospect had its shadowed side. She had four rollicking boys, irrepressible, she said, in their love of fun, and full of all sorts of mischievous pranks. I remembered her as possessing the same spirit, and knew well that her sympathies for them in this direction would be very strong, so strong perhaps as to make her lack in government. I knew also that their control rested entirely in her own hands, as their father was unavoidably absent from his home a large share of the time. It was, therefore, with some fear and trembling that I journeyed thither for a summer's rest and recreation. How things turned out I am going to tell you, and also of some of the lessons I learned, which I hope may do you as much good as they did me.

I said there were four boys, the oldest a manly lad of eleven whose predominating characteristic was an almost worshiping love for his mother. He was Ned for his father. Then came Jack, an eight year old, followed by Ted, six, and the row ending with little Willie, or Bill as he persisted in calling himself after the man-of-all-work around the premises, for whom he had a most intense admiration. He was but four, a sturdy, daring child who was always running into danger, but coming out again right side up, in spite of the numerous prophecies that he would certainly be killed in some of his numerous exploits.

I wish I could tell you of the beauty and serenity of those summer months, away from all of the exhausting cares and labor which had exhausted my vitality. The youngsters soon had a warm place in my heart, for they were in the main tractable and loveable, and during the first few weeks of my stay, when my nerves were weak and quivering, they were never allowed for a long time in my presence. How their mother managed it, I do not know, but she did that, as every thing else with a quiet that seemed born of a naturally calm temperament, and yet I remembered her as a girl who went from the heights of extreme and uncontrolled gaiety to its very opposite within a few hours.

"Tell me how you reduced yourself," I said to her one day, after watching her through an exceedingly trying scene, when it seemed to me she must be aggravated beyond control. "Here you have kept your temper and come out ahead, of course, but I should have flown into ten thousand pieces, and it would have taken me a week to pick them up and get myself together again. I'd like to know how you managed to make yourself over from the April girl that I remember, into a woman whose nerves and temper never get ahead of her."

"It was the direst necessity, dear, that gave me my lessons in self-control," she replied, smiling at my vehemence; "necessity combined with the most earnest desire to make home a happy one. My father was a very irritable man, made so by suffering. I soon found after I went home from school that my extremes of temperament put him into a state of excitement that was the worse for his health, and I was obliged to bring them under subjection. Then I married, and I quickly learned that evenness of temper would stand me in good stead in my wedded life. My husband respects me more and I can govern my children better than would be possible, if they did not know that I am mistress of myself. It has been a hard struggle though, how hard no one knows save myself. I have always remembered in all my trials,—for I have had some severe ones,—something my mother once said, that nothing is given us in life greater than we *can* bear, and that the test of our character is the effect which, not only great sorrows have upon us, but the little everyday pin-pricks of life that grow deeper and deeper if we think of and dwell upon them as the days go by."

Long before the summer was over I had the opportunity to see what this self-training had given to her of quick judgment, courage, and decision.

One beautiful morning we were sitting together in her cozy library, she busy with some household sewing, while I had a book which I was reading aloud. Bright-eyed Ted had just gone out of the room and we heard his voice in the kitchen, begging some favor of the girl who was busy with preparations for dinner. Suddenly there was a loud scream, followed by calls for "mistress." "Before I could rise from my chair my friend had passed swiftly from the room, and in a moment I heard her voice in a brief, quick exclamation, "Oh my boy! My darling Ted!"

When I reached her she held the child, screaming with pain, in her arms, her face blanched deathly white, but her voice calm as usual uttering tender, soothing words while she rapidly cut away the sleeve of his apron, doing it with a light, quick touch that gave the least pain but was most effective. He had pulled a pan of boiling water from the table upon his arm, which was scalded from the shoulder to the hand, in a way which made me heart sick even though I only gave it one quick glance.

"Go to the Emergency drawer, please," she said to me, speaking rapidly, but in her usual tone of voice, "and bring me the bundle of cotton batting which you will find there, and also the roll of wide bandages—you may bring the vaseline, too, though I may not use it, and a fine needle."

I flew to the drawer, the situation of which had been made known to me the very first day of my arrival, and as everything there was in perfect order, I found no difficulty in seizing the articles needed at once, and was back again immediately. She had placed Ted in a reclining position upon the large soft pillows of the lounge, calling him her brave boy as she dexterously fixed him in an easy posture, and turned to me for what she needed. The cloth had been removed without breaking the skin, and showed a deep red surface, with a large blister above the elbow where it had clung most firmly, but none below.

"The needle first," she said after taking a quick survey. Ted watched her with the great tears rolling down his little face, while he bravely tried to repress his sobs that he might not distress his mother, for young as he was he had already been taught that she loved him best when he forgot himself for others.

"Mother will not hurt Ted," she said tenderly, and the child, trusting to her word, never flinched as she proceeded to prick the blister at its lowest point, permitting the water to pass off quickly and entirely. Even at the moment I could not but admire the wise forethought which told her to open the blister there rather than above, for in the one case the water passed out of its own volition, while in the other she would have been obliged to force a part of it out by pressure. A little thing it was, but important to notice.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be Continued.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A Pretty Scarf.—Get a yard of the quaintly figured Japanese silk. Upon the ends put a border of plain surah satin of some light color, as shell pink or Nile green. That must be determined by the body of the scarf. Either paint a pretty design upon these ends, or put on a row of tinsel work of some handsome pattern. Finish with handsome balls or tassels.

To Cover an Old Chair.—Many people have old upholstered chairs which they do not think is of sufficient value to go to much expense in covering. A very inexpensive cover can be made. First get some dark red Canton flannel and nail it over the solid cushions. Then with coarse Macrame cord crotchet in a shell pattern a piece large enough to come from the top of the back down across the seat and hanging part way to the floor. Finish this end with a fringe. Draw gay colored ribbons through the stripes, fasten it on the chair and you have indeed a thing of beauty.—ED.

Wax Fruit.—To make wax fruit the molds must be made first. Get plaster of Paris as fresh as possible, old plaster of Paris is almost useless. To make the mould, the object to be imitated must first be procured. An egg boiled hard will do very well to begin with. Fill a bowl or pan two-thirds full of fine damp sand, lay the egg in so that half will be above and half below in the sand, and have it as smooth as possible around the egg. Then prepare your plaster in another dish, be careful to neither get it too thick or too thin. Stir a minute, then pour it over the egg in the sand, carefully smooth it a little, and leave it to harden. While it is hardening wash every particle of plaster from spoon and dish. In five minutes the mould will be hardened and fit to remove. Be very careful not to loose the sand in moving the egg and be very careful to not break the mold. The egg being removed the mold must be trimmed and the sand brushed off, then take a knife and very carefully cut out four niches about as near as the four corners as possible, for a guide for the next half mold, and the edge of the mold and niches very thoroughly brushed with sweet oil, or the mold would not separate. Then lay your mold with egg upon the sand and mix some fresh plaster of Paris and pour upon egg and mold; smooth a little with spoon the same as first half; in a few minutes remove and they will readily separate. Remove your egg and your mold is ready to work with.

For the first experiment common yellow wax will do. In several hours after molds are made they can be cast in. Soak the two pieces of plaster of Paris in hot water ten minutes. Melt your wax in a tin can bent spout shape; do not allow your wax to boil, as it discolors it. A lump of wax half the size of the object to be imitated is sufficient. As soon as wax is well melted take your molds from the hot water, very carefully wipe them dry with a soft cloth. Lay them so they will fit, pour the wax in one-half, and quickly fit on the other half. Squeeze them tightly together, continue to hold them thus and turn round in every possible motion, so that the wax will be the same thickness all over. After turning about five minutes you can dip in cold water to hasten process. As soon as the mold is completely cool you can turn the egg out. It will only require a little trimming on the edge.

In the same manner I make molds for lemon, orange, peach, pickles, etc., with the addition of thoroughly brushing each article with sweet oil, so they will readily come out.

To color your wax, stir in the color while at the fire, and be very careful that the coloring matter does not settle. To make grapes, take wire and cotton batting, and wrap balls in imitation of the bunch of grapes, then dip in wax till sufficiently done. I hope the inquirer will be benefitted by these simple directions.—MARY L. COCHLEY, Logansport, Ind.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Child's Turkish Cap, (Knitted).—Use Lady Grey yarn. Cast on 180 stitches, on three needles. Knit a band one and a half inches deep in ribs of 2 plain, 2 seam, after knitting to depth required, then knit plain for 1 inch; then narrow every 18th stitch for 1 round. Now knit 17 plain rounds—narrow every 17th stitch; knit 16 plain rounds, narrow every 15th stitch for 1 round; knit plain for 14 rounds, continue narrowing in the same proportion until there is a long point measuring 13 inches from band to end of point. Fasten a tassel on point and let point hang over side or back as preferred.

Child's Turkish Cap — Crotcheted.—Use Starlight Scotch yarn, red and white, ½ skein of each. Double crochet stitch is used, and is worked in rows and each stripe has 6 rows of the same color, or one shade can be used if preferred. Make a chain of 4 stitches with red yarn, join and work 12 d. c. into the ring; 2nd row, 2 stitches into each stitch; 3rd row, 2 stitches into every other stitch; 4th row, 2 stitches into every third stitch; 5th and 6th rows, like 4th row. Now with white increase 4 stitches in each row. Increase gradually so as to make the work pointed-shape for 6 stripes; there should be 96 stitches. The rest of the cap for 8 rows is not increased. Now turn cap round and work the other way for 32 rows. Turn up half of this length and press flat. Finish point with tassel.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco, Ore.

Open-Pointed Lace.—Cast on 24 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—*o—n—repeat 9 times and k 2. 2d row—sl 1—o—k 10—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1. 3d row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 4th—like 2d row, instead of k 10, k 11. 5th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 2—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 6th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 12. 7th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 3—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 8th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 13. 9th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 4—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 10th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 14. 11th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 5—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 12th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 15. 13th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 6—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 14th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 16. 15th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat four times—k 7—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 16th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 17. 17th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 8—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 18th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 18. 19th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 9—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 20th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 19. 21st row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 10—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 22d row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 20. 23d row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 11—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 24th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 21. 25th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 12—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 26th row—like 2d, instead of k 10, k 22. 27th row—sl 1—k 1—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 13—*o—n—repeat 4 times—k 1. 28th row—bind off 12—k 11—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1. This lace is beautiful for curtains, sheets, pillow-shams, or, in fact, for nearly everything.—ISADORE.

Correspondence.

ABOUT CALIFORNIA.—"Deeply interested" and others who have asked us for more about California, if you [illegible] the amount of time, stamps and [illegible] we have gratuitously expended [illegible] letters of inquiry since our last letter to the BLADE, you would readily excuse us for hesitating about risking another deluge by writing another descriptive letter. While a few have generously remembered us with stamps, or some pretty gift or memento, the majority, after asking a score or two of questions and a sample copy of our local papers, would demand that we reply by "return mail," and enclose not even a solitary stamp for postage. We have patiently toiled on, trying to give all an answer, hoping an end would come in time, though it seemed long on the way.

Could we but have the assurance we were really benefitting any working brother or sister of the HOUSEHOLD, we would feel in some measure rewarded, but probably not one in a dozen, either from lack of means or other reasons had serious thought of coming when they wrote, but of course we cannot discern between those who would profit by our letters and those who wrote from idle curiosity. A number have come here and are highly pleased with Riverside and say we did not praise it enough.

To those who desire a mild, healthful climate where both summer heat and winter's cold is felt less than in the East; where there is a good demand for labor at higher wages than can be obtained in the East, and where the best of schools and other social privileges are to be found, we know of no place combining so many advantages as does Riverside, California, and have tried Florida, Virginia and other Southern states before coming here. If patients suffering from consumption, catarrh, asthma, etc., can be benefited by any change of climate, they will find it here. Meg is not a real estate agent, nor am I in any way peculiarly interested in inducing people to come here.

She is a busy housekeeper, doing her own work on a fruit ranche. (All fruits are grown here but oranges and raisins; grapes take the lead because most profitable.) Her only motive in writing has been the hope of aiding some invalid or toiling brother or sister of the BLADE fraternity to a chance of bettering themselves without the loss of time and means she expended ere she found a place that filled all the requirements I have named.

We notice frequent letters from Texas and Arizona inviting settlers there. If any who are thinking of going to either place could first converse with some who have come here from there we think they would hesitate a long while before going. Many have come here from those states, and think they have found an Eden in comparison, and hundreds more would come if they could sell their land there for enough to get here with.—MEG MERRILES, Riverside, Cal.

It is always an imposition to write letters which demand answers, and which only concern the writer, without enclosing a stamp, and if a number of questions are asked of a stranger as in the above case, more than one in courtesy should be enclosed to pay for time and trouble. "Meg" is perfectly right in the position she takes in regard to the matter.—ED.

THE SILK INDUSTRY IN THE UNITED STATES.—Perhaps many who are interested in the production of silk are not aware that the department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., have the long-promised filature in full operation; they have in use the automatic silk reel, recently invented by one of our own countrymen, Mr. Serrell, for reeling silk from the cocoon. The results are most satisfactory. The report received a few days since from Special Agent Hon. Philip Welker, says: "We have thus far been working entirely on Osage orange stock and the results are surprising, our average last week being a production of one pound of silk to each 365 pounds of dry cocoons consumed."

"A less favorable result than that lately called forth expressions of surprise from experts in France. We are ready to purchase all cocoons offered sooner or later." The department have made the generous offer of free transportation through the mail for all told, not exceeding four pounds. Upon application, a franking label will be sent.

In the schedule of prices published last fall $1.15 is the highest price offered per pound for cocoons that will produce one pound of silk from four pounds of dried cocoons. The remark is then made "that at this stage of the industry it is probable very few have been raised that came up to that standard, but all will be paid for according to the yield of silk per pound. Hence the surprise created at home and abroad.

An article in the *Silk Journal*, from Lyons, France, says: "Silk reeling is in general carried on to-day in France and Italy in the same manner as it was thousands of years ago, and up to a very recent date the possibility of performing it by automatic machinery was not admitted. Previous to Mr. Serrell's inventions, a mechanical automatic silk reel was considered by everybody as chimerical as a practical flying machine is thought to be by the general public to-day." These reels are fast displacing the old-time hand reels in all silk-producing countries, even China and Japan.

The article closes with these pertinent remarks: "Ever since colonial times it has been admitted that the want of automatic machinery for reeling silk from the cocoon was the only serious obstacle to the successful introduction of silk raising and reeling in America. That this want is now supplied, there is no possible doubt, and we may look forward with confidence to a day in the near future when the United States shall have triumphed over another and apparently insurmountable difficulty and shall have added one more to her varied lists of industrial successes through the labor and skill of her inventors." This is surely good encouragement from one of the oldest silk producing and manufacturing nations, and a deserved compliment to one of our inventors, who has solved the problem of silk reeling and received the highest honors from the "Academy of *Belle lettres*, Science and Arts" of Lyons, France. France is sending over colonies to the southern portions of our country to engage in silk culture, the climate being better adapted to the silk worm with a view of drawing their supplies of silk from this country. But we have an ever increasing home market to supply. The number of silk factories in the United States is 420; 25 new ones were created during the past year. Many have been enlarged and improved, and all run on full—and many over time, to supply the immense demand. In one day the past year, the Baldings' shipped from their mill in Rockport, Con., over nine tons of sewing silk. The finest grades of silk goods are manufactured in this country, but we import largely. The value of silk manufactured goods for the last year being $28,000,000, and of raw silk, (free of duty) $24,000,000. Increased value after manufacturing, $65,000,000.

The largest of these mills employ 2,000 operators. We may, with confidence in the near future, look for such industries to progress westward. There is a bill before the legislature of Kansas, praying for a silk station and filature with good hopes that it will pass. Silk culture will then be assured in this state. We need a protective tariff on all reeled silk imported into this country. It is a manufactured article, as well as piece goods.

Our government will no doubt see the importance of protecting our silk industry in the future.—MARY M. DAVIDSON, Silk Culturist, Junction City, Kan.

RENOVATING FEATHER BEDS.—I will tell Mrs. J. E. Reed how I treated my feather beds, which I think is much better than washing, as washing makes them soggy, and if not dried properly will taint. Take an old thin sheet, fold the two ends together and sew it all around, leaving it open about six inches at one corner. Then take two old pillow cases and sew the ends up, leaving them open about six inches. Rip a hole in your feather tick large enough to take out a handful of feathers. Fill the pillow cases about two-thirds full, and baste up with a needle and thread you can have ready for that purpose. In the meantime, have on your stove a boiler with water to about the depth of an inch and a half heating; and when it boils put in something to keep the feathers from touching the water. Put one sack of feathers in and steam from 15 to 20 minutes. Then take out and while you are emptying them into the sheet and refilling, the others will be steamed. The boiler should be covered, but not too close, as much of the foul matter goes out in the steam. The feathers should be laid in the sun to dry, (so this operation cannot be performed until spring.) When the feathers are all out of the tick you can wash it and by the time it is dry the feathers will be dry enough to sleep on. Do not crowd your tick too full. If your feathers are not too much worn they will be as soft as down, and will remain so for a long time. I hope I have made this plain. I think "Zinna's" way of washing a very good one.—A. L. H., Sugar Run, Pa.

Inquiries

Will some one give directions for making buckwheat cakes, to be made from the pure buckwheat, not that which is put up in packages and sold as "self-raising?" Will some one be kind enough to explain how to make "snow-ball" lace?—MAMIE CAROL.

What will rid canaries of lice? I have tried almost everything but the right one, I guess.—MRS. M. CUNNINGHAM.

Will some one tell how to make good, old-fashioned pound cake, such as our grandmothers used to make? Give the exact amount of ingredients, how to commence and how to fix the butter; how long to beat the eggs, and especially how to bake and how long? From some cause I always fail.—CONTENTED SIS.

Will some one give me a recipe to color a hair switch brown, one that has faded?—A SUBSCRIBER.

To "Wandering Pilgrim"—Will you please give the address of some who are wanting the help of women and girls in the Western states? There are a number of good honest girls who will do good work. I would like to know the address of "Wandering Buckeye;" will correspond in order to find a good home and get the wages spoken of; will do good work.—MISS R. A. R.

Will some of the readers of the Household tell me what to do for a canary that plucks and eats its feathers? Also would like to know how to make flowers of fish scales, if some one would be kind enough to give instructions through the BLADE—PINKIE.

If any of the members of the Household have ever been cured of the morphine habit, brought on by use in time of sickness, they will confer a great favor by writing to "Prudence," Box 93, Johnsonburg, N. Y.

Will Mrs. J. L. C. please explain more exactly how to make those hair flowers? She says to number it to the left. When the board is lying on the jar before you, are you to begin at the side towards you or at the side from you? And then where you move the hair are you to place both locks at the left of both the opposite locks? And when you return the opposite locks which way do you move them?—L. H. K.

Answers to Inquiries.

I would like to know how to clean type as I have a press.—"TIA."

Wash in benzine or in potash dissolved in water, rinsing well in clear water in both cases.—ED.

Mrs. Olive E. Newman, Clinton, Ill., will accept thanks of BLADE for the pretty gift made from the product of the silk worm. It shows both enterprise and skill in this department of industry, to which she says the BLADE first introduced her. The silk used was grown from the Osage orange. The BLADE congratulates Mrs. Newman upon her success.—ED.

I have about 300 trimmed, classified and labeled geological and lithological specimens that I don't want any more. I don't like to throw them away, so I will give them away to members of the HOUSEHOLD for the postage on such quantities as they want. Or will send one or more samples to those sending stamp.—W. H. WINKLEY, Box 111, Clearfield, Iowa.

It is useless to send for old songs to appear in the BLADE. It would be an utter impossibility to print a tenth part of those asked for.—ED.

Mrs. L. W., Clearfield, Ia.: The book "Social Etiquette" gives full instructions, with examples of different kinds, for writing the different kinds of letters, invitations, answers to invitations, etc. Send $1 to the Locke Publishing Company, and get one.—ED.

Will some kind sister of the BLADE please tell us of a good boy between the age of 9 and 10 desiring a home on the farm? Also will some one tell a pretty way to make a tidy for the "sitting room rocker," something that will wash?—M. E. R., Amis, Kans.

Will some of the painters of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what colors to mix to paint tea-roses? I would like also to have some one who knows, tell me when to plant the seeds of the ground-cherry.—FANNY.

Will some of your readers inform me as to what hair restorative I can use that will give gray hairs their natural color without taking out the natural curl of the hair and that will also leave the hair free from grease, which has a tendency to make the hair sticky and disagreeable.—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please send some kind of games to the HOUSEHOLD that would be interesting for an evening party of young ladies and gentlemen of 20 or 24 in number?—ELMA.

Mrs. J. W. R. would like to know what will remove a grease spot from her silk dress. Please try this: Take flour and water, make a thick batter, turn the dress wrong side out, cover the spot thick with batter, hang it by the stove where it will dry slowly. If the grease is not out when dry, pick off the dry paste and put on more. Repeat till it comes out. I never knew it to fail, and it leaves no stain.

I have seen a number of requests for a cure for chilblains. Please let me recommend this: Make a strong solution of alum water, bathe the frosted parts every night for two weeks. It cured me, and my feet were so badly frosted I could hardly walk.

If Lulu will send stamp to C. V., West Shawnee, Ferry county, O., she will send her samples of narrow crocheted lace. I have a great many pretty patterns, and am willing to share them with the sisters of HOUSEHOLD.—MIDGET.

An invalid girl, Miss M. H. Minerd, Ohio Pyle, Fayette Co. Pa., who has been confined to her bed for nine years, is very anxious to get an invalid chair but is not able to do so. If any one of the HOUSEHOLD desire to help her to help herself, they will find out how to do so by writing to her.—ED.

If Mrs. F. Benjamin will add 1 head of house leek, or what is called hen-and-chickens with the lard and elder bark, cook them all together and strain them, when it is cold it is fit for use, she will find it good for salt rheum. I use it a good deal and find it very good.—MRS. B. F. SMITH.

"Subscriber".—I had a friend cured of drunkenness. His wife went to the druggist and told him she wanted some ipecac to make her husband sick. He told her how much to give at a time. She gave it to him in his coffee and in his liquor, but only when he was drunk, and it cured him, but it took quite a while to do it. You must never tell him what you give him.—S.

I would say to the one inquiring about mistletoe, I live where it grows in abundance. If the person wants to know something about it through the BLADE or by letter, my address is—MRS. M. S. TILMAM, Solon, Monterey Co., Cal.

Recipes.

To Pickle Apples.—Miss A. D. wishes a recipe for pickling apples. Take sweet apples and if small leave whole. If large, quarter and core. Stick a clove in each large quarter, steam until you can pierce through with a splint, place in a jar, pour over them boiling hot vinegar; I take 1 qt. of vinegar to 1 lb. of sugar. Break in some stick cinnamon; cover while hot. They will be ready for use in a few days.—MRS. J. N. WILLETT.

Fried Cakes.—Here is my recipe for fried cakes, which we consider good: 1 pt. sour cream, 3 eggs, 2 cupfuls of sugar, ½ teaspoonful of salt, season to suit, add flour to roll out very soft and fry in nice hot lard. I usually double or treble the recipe, and by keeping in a stone jar in a cool place they keep moist and good, while they last.—ELDER'S WIFE.

To Make Rye Bread.—I will send reply to the lady that wanted a recipe for making rye bread. In the first place put yeast to soak in warm water in the afternoon. In about one hour stir in flour to make a thin batter, and set in a warm place to raise. At night take a common stove kettle that will hold two or more gallons; fill one-third full of as hot water as you can bear the hand in without scalding. Stir in with a long wooden paddle or mush stick enough flour to cool it considerably, then put in yeast and salt sufficient for your bread. Stir it thoroughly and then put in more flour until it is so stiff that you cannot stir in any more. Sprinkle a handful of flour over the top, cover up tight and set in a warm place until morning, when, if your yeast is good, it will be very light. In the morning put flour in your bread pan, add this sponge to it and knead it into a tolerable stiff dough; set in a warm place to raise; knead it into as many loaves as you wish; let raise again and if the loaves crack a little on the top you are sure to have good bread if you get it baked just right; bake slowly for two hours. It takes more yeast for rye than wheat. The best way is when you bake to save a piece of dough, sink it down in your flour, and when you want to bake next time use the same as yeast, only it will require a little more water. This is rather a lengthy recipe, but I know it to be good, either for bolted rye or rye Graham.

Sure Way to Destroy Cabbage Worms.—Take mackerel brine, mix two-thirds water and sprinkle as soon as the worms make their appearance. A lady in Ohio saved her cabbage eight years in succession with this. It has to be mackerel brine. Other salt fish brine will do no good.—MRS. M. MILLER, De Soto, Wash county, Neb.

For Thick Neck.—Hydrate of potash, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz.; thoroughly mix and rub on the neck twice a day. It will cure if not of too long standing, and will prevent it's getting larger.—D. GOODENOUGH, Neosho.

To Prevent Discoloration of the Skin.—Take a little dry starch or arrowroot and nicely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. However, it may be applied some hours afterward with good effect.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GIRARD, KAN.	NEW MILFORD, PA.
George Young	Nellie McConnell
Lola May Deckard	Rose Smith
Ida M A Semple	Grace Skillin
Wilbert Cobler	EAST BRIDGEWATER, PA.
MAPLE GROVE, KAN.	Mina Button
Etta Prouty	Mamie Button
Grace Prouty	Edgar Button
Allie Prouty	Arthur Underhill
Bertha Prouty	MAZEPPA, MINN.
Vella Prouty	Cora Morgan
Linna Prouty	Libbie Morgan
Fred Prouty	Charlie Morgan
Bly Prouty	Olive Morgan
Johnnie Rapp	PLEASANTON, KAN.
Robert Rapp	Ira Hammer
Arthur Prouty	Lawrence Hammer
Nita Prouty	Fred Cox
Nina Streeter	John W Simmons
Retta Reeves	Albert Simmons
Hattie Rapp	Mary Patterson
Julia Youngs	May Simmons
Charlie Dingman	Frank Cox
Sidney Yokely	Joseph Johnson
Joe Beman	GEORGETOWN, ILL.
George Miller	Lucius T Braselton
Bess Prouty	Lura M Braselton
Bert Prouty	Orrin F Braselton
WILLIAMSTON, PA.	Mary J Ross
Wilbur F Coble	BROADWAY, O.
Chas B Coble	Alice Goff
Arthur B Coble	Hattie Disbennett
PULLMAN, WASH. TER.	RIDGE, O.
Katie Shirk	Mina Mincks
MOLINE, KAN.	Otto Mincks
Ida F Crump	Eucrette Mincks
Wilbur E Broadie	Arza C Mincks
DIXON, ILL.	GROVETON, TEX.
Carrie Bunnell	Daisy M Dennison
Gertie C Bunnell	Vada Ida Dennison
Fred C Bunnell	ANDERSON, IND.
MORTON, KAN.	Alda E Bosworth
E S Robertson	I G Bosworth

Names this week, 71. Total, 18,080.

The above embraces all names received up to February 10.

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I wants a piece of talito
To make my doll a dress;
I doesn't want a big piece,
A yard 'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fimble, too.
I has such heaps o' sewing
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tored her apron
A tumin' down the stair,
And Cæsar lost his pantaloons
And needs anozer pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket,
His uzzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's
You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me,
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wash the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
Wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some new mittens;
I wish you'd knit me some.
'Cause most my fingers freezes,
They leak so in the thumb.

I wored it out last summer
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cooky,
I'm hungry's I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.

—*Anonymous.*

THE CHILD MARTYRS.

By the side of a brawling mountain stream stood a bonnie Scotch lassie, with glinting hair and brown legs and laughing eyes. Poised on one foot, she touched the water lightly with the other, and then drew back with an affectation of alarm.

"It's cauld, Donald, and it's deep," she cried with a merry laugh. "Winna ye lift me across."

"'Deed, noe; gin ye canna come yersel', ye maun gang hame," answered Donald, from the opposite bank.

"Weel, gin I maun, I maun," and with a dash and splash the little lassie crossed the stream and stood by her brother's side.

"Donald, luid!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on the boy's arm. "Canna ye see—" But the boy's hand was on her mouth, and the words arrested.

"Whis, Mysie, it's the sodgers!"

Up the mountain pass came the glittering bayonets, and before the children could gain the shelter of the underwood, the open space by the stream was filled with armed men.

"Min' ye dinna tell them onything; be a brave lassie, Mysie," whispered the lad, putting on a bold front. "They winna hurt ye."

"Here boy," cried one of the foremost men, in a tone of authority, "have you seen anybody pass this way this morning?"

"No mony folks pass this way," answered Donald, evasively.

"No, perhaps not," said the soldier, significantly; "but one has passed, and that not an hour ago. Bring the boy here," he added, turning to the men. And two of them seized the lad and forced him to the horse's side. "Have you seen the man I speak of, boy?"

"What like was he?" asked the boy, with a warning glance at Mysie.

"The cub knows him," said one of the men behind. "Robert Brock has been at his father's house often enough."

"Do you know Robert Brock?" inquired the officer.

"I ken him for a gude man, who never did onybody harm," replied the boy bravely.

"Well, then, which road did he take when he passed here?"

"I canna tell."

"Did you see him?"

"Ay, I saw him."

"Then which road did he take?"

"What for do you want him?"

"To send a bullet through his head, as I will send one through yours if you don't answer," was the brutal answer.

"You may send a bullet through my head, gin you like, but I'll not tell ye which way Robert Brock went. He's the Lord's servant."

"Try the girl; she'll tell us fast enough," suggested one who had not spoken before.

A soldier grasped the child's delicate wrist, and drew her forward.

"Dinna ye tell them, Mysie," cried Donald, as she passed him; but a heavy hand fell on his mouth with cruel force and checked the words.

"Now, child," said the officer, slowly, "which way went this saintly man of God?"

She cast a frightened look at Donald, and answered with a cheering smile, while he wiped the blood from his swollen lips,—

"I canna tell ye, sir."

"Will not, you mean. Did he take the right or left road?"

"I dinna ken—I mean I ken, but I winna tell."

"Then I must find a way to make you tell."

Slowly the man's strong fingers closed around the little wrist till the child screamed with pain.

"Now will you tell?"

"Donald, Donald, what maun I do?" sobbed Mysie.

"Let her be!" cried the boy, fiercely. "Let her be, ye black-hearted coward!"

"I'll let her be when she has answered my question."

"Dinna ye answer, Mysie."

"Silence!" said a soldier, savagely. "Leave the child alone."

"Donald, he hurts me sair," sobbed Mysie.

"Will you tell?"

"I canna."

Again the brutal hold tightened on the delicate arm, and the tortured child sank on the green sward in an agony of pain and fear.

Wresting himself from the grasp of the soldier, Donald sprang forward and lifted her up, his eyes blazing with indignant wrath.

"It's brave work for men," he cried with bitter contempt, "to hurt such a wee bit of a lassie? My bonny, brave Mysie! Dinna greet, I'll tak' ye hame!"

The child clung to him convulsively.

"Dinna let them touch me, Donald! Tak' me hame to me mither."

"Ay, that I will, Mysie; dinna greet," said the boy, soothingly.

"Not just yet, my lad," said the officer, with a smile. "I'm going to know which way Robert Brock went first."

"Then ye maun gang to them as'll tell ye, for I winna," was the brave reply.

"Take the child away from him," said the officer, peremptorily.

"Nae, nae, Donald! Dinna let them tak' me awa'!" screamed Mysie.

But what was the strength of the boy against that of the stalwart men? Roughly they unclasped the child's hands and dragged her way.

"Is she your sister?" asked the officer of Donald.

"Ay, my ain sister, an' gin ye let her be, I dinna care what ye do till me."

"Will you let her tell me what I ask, or will you tell me yourself?"

"I will not help ye to find Robert Brock."

"Set the child against that stump."

With his heart beating almost to suffocation, Donald watched them. What were they going to do to Mysie? Surely they would not hurt sech a wee bairn! They were men, not fiends!

"Now, my boy, once more. Which way went the godly Robert Brock?"

"Gin ye tear my tongue out I winna tell ye."

"Fire!"

A wreath of blue smoke floating away toward the heanens. A mass of fair hair dabbled in blood. A little white face on the green grass.

With a cry of horror the boy threw himself beside the still little form.

"Mysie! Mysie! Speak! It's yer ain brither, Donald!"

But the life had gone forever from the happy blue eyes; the silence of death was on the parted lips.

"Throw the child into the stream!" came the cold, inexorable command, and in a moment the pure waters blushed in God's sunlight with the blood of an innocent life.

"For the last time—which way went Robert Brock?"

"Find out," replied the dauntless boy. "Ye have shot my bonny wee sister, and now ye may shoot me; but I'll never help ye wi' your black work! God will tak' care o' Robert Brock."

"It's an easy thing to talk of dying, boy," said the officer.

"I'd rather gang to heaven wi' clean han's than stain them wi' the blood of one of God's servants and live."

"Once!"

Steadfast and calm was the brave young face, silent and firm the young lips.

"Speak, thou young fool!" cried one of the soldiers, roughly. "Dost think we shall not catch Robert Brock? Thy silence does but delay his death an hour or so. Save thy life and speak!"

"I canna stain my han' wi' blood."

"Twice!"

The fair, green, smiling earth below, the high arched heaven above, the broad stream murmuring over its rocky bed, all nature bright and pure and beautiful, speaking of goodness and love to the ears that heard not, to scarred and cruel hearts.

"Thrice! Fire!"

Once more the curling smoke! Once more the blood-stained turf! Down the mountain side pressed the soldiers, eager for their prey, and the waters flowed calmly on over the silent dead. Up toward the clear blue sky was turned the proud young face of the murdered boy, and the fair hair of his "bonny wee sister" floated over his bare brown breast, and only the crimsoned wave and deep-dyed turf bore witness to the cruel deed; but God and his angels watched over the lonely resting-place of the little Scottish martyrs.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Kathleen Gray as she dropped her book. "I wish I were like other girls."

"What a dismal sigh, little daughter," said mother's cheery voice. "And what other girls do you wish you were like, and in what way?"

"Why, the girls you read about, mother—their hands. They always have such beautiful hands, you know. Now here's the girl in this book; it calls her hands 'tiny,' or 'white,' or 'dimpled,' or 'dainty,' or some such things every time it speaks of them. And didn't I read in one of your housekeeping papers how a lady's hands should be fair and pink-tipped, and have oval nails with white half-moons at their base, and all that? And just look at my great paws." And she cast a look of contempt at the the offending members.

"Bring the 'great paws' here, and let me see them, Kathie," said her mother.

Kathie threw herself on the floor at her mother's feet, and spread out her hands for inspection.

Her mother studied them. "Well," she said at last, "what is the matter with those hands, dear? I call them beautiful hands."

"Why—Mother—Gray!" Kathie fairly gasped in astonishment. "Beautiful! Why, just look at them."

"I am looking," said her mother. "What is wrong about them?"

"Why, they are big and brown and scratched, and here's a burn, and there's a cut, and there are needle-pricks, and the nails have no half-moons, and, why, mother, how can you say they are beautiful?"

"'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder,' and in my eyes they are beautiful, daughter. Let us examine them critically. 'Big,' you say. Yes, I am very glad to see that my little girl is framed to grow into a woman of large and noble proportions, and that her hands go symmetrically with such a body. What does a large woman want of 'tiny' hands, Kathie? Far better these, which are large and yet shapely, which have power in them, and remind one that the clothing of a truly gracious woman is strength as well as honor. So much for usefulness, which is true beauty. And you have art in your favor too. The beautiful ideals which the Greeks have given us have generous-sized hands and feet. Just try to imagine the Venus de Milo with 'tiny' hands!"

Kathie began to look comforted.

"But see how brown they are," she said.

"I do see, with great pleasure," said her mother. "That brown comes from the kiss of the sun and caress of the wind. It tells of out-door life, of botanizing expeditions, of nutting and and fishing excursions, of the wise garnering of health. To me it is beautiful. The hands are clean and neatly kept, Kathleen, and that is all that any sensible person should ask from a girl of your age. On you, white hands would look sadly out of place, and 'half-moons' are a nonsensical and arbitrary demand of fashion. In some countries fashion decrees that the nails shall be dyed black; in others, that they must be trimmed to a sharp point. Is that, then, beauty?"

"Well, but see all these scars and things," persisted Kathleen.

"Beauty spots in my eyes, dear," said her mother, drawing the hands fondly to her lips. "I know that these needle-pricks were put there last night, when you hemmed the sails for Jack's new boat, though you did want to finish that splendid book. That burn is the reminder of the night when Nora had her bad head-ache, and my helpful daughter got the supper. These scratches—do I not remember how I longed for some wild blackberries, and how a dear girl spent all her half-holiday in picking them for me? And this cut I think came because your skill was not equal to your good will, when you helped little Harold transform his shingle into a big ship. You have beautiful, helpful hands, dear daughter, and I thank God for it."

Kathie looked at her hands soberly and humbly, but with a happy light in her eyes.

"You've got tip-top hands, Kate, and you needn't run 'em down," broke in Jack, who had come in unnoticed. "I always say that, for a girl, commend you to me, because you aren't always afraid of spoiling your hands, like some girls that wont go anywhere or do anything. You're a boss girl, Kate, and I don't mind saying so. Come along and help me dig worms."

Mother laughed as Kathie gave her a kiss and followed Jack to the haunts of the poor earthworms. That same night Kathie found pinned to her cushion a slip from a newspaper.

"Just like mother," she smiled. "She always finds something to fit in." And this is what mother had found, in a very old paper, to "fit in:"—

"I saw a pair of hands,—beautiful hands, the world called them. Small and shapely and fair, with nestling dimples and taper fingers. Hands too delicate to bear any burden heavier than flashing jewels. 'Beautiful hands,' whispered gentlemen, as they bent over them in courtly gallantry. 'Beautiful hands,' pouted ladies, as they envied their possessor. But they were hands that never lifted to help bear mother's load; that were never raised to wipe away the mourner's tear; that were unroughened by any work performed for others; that were never folded together in prayer; that daintily held the dress aside, lest it should touch a beggar in the street. Beautiful hands, the world called them. God and the angels called them ugly.

"I saw another pair of hands,—ugly hands the world called them. Not small nor comely nor white, and wearing no jewels but tears from grateful hearts whose loads they had lightened. Hands the possessor of which none would envy; over which no one would bend, calling them beautiful. But they were hands often folded in humble devotion; hands which had carried blessings to many a home; which hath smoothed many a dying pillow, and wiped away many a falling tear; which were never lifted to push away the children or to brush away the poor; which were weary, misshapen, and hard with toiling and doing for others. Ugly hands the world called them. God and the angels called them beautiful."—*Lucy Palmer, in Christian at Work.*

TWO HEATHENS.

Freddy, having always lived in the city, was very much interested in all the farming operations at his uncle's, where he spent the summer. He very much admired the cows, and the two little heifers. But the names of things were hard to remember.

One night, the men being all away late, his aunt did the milking. When his uncle came home, a little later, Freddy ran out and told him,—

"Uncle John, auntie has done all the milking! She milked the two little *heathens* and all!"

—Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

The Sunday School.

Destruction of Sodom.

LESSON 9, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1887.

Golden Text—Escape for thy life.—Gen. 10: 17.

LESSON TEXT

Gen. 19: 15-26.

15. And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.

16. And while they lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him; and they brought him forth and set him without the city.

17. And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay not in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.

18. And Lot said, Oh, not so, my Lord:

19. Behold now, thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou shast showed unto me in saving my life, and I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me, and I die.

20. Behold, now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one; O, let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live.

21. And he said unto him, See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also, that I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken.

22. Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do anything till thou be come hither. Therefore the name of the city was called Zoar.

23. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar.

24. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven;

25. And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.

26. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city (v. 15.) He would be saved, must avail himself of the proffer of salvation. To sit still when God's call is to rise up, is to refuse salvation, and be lost. And no man ought to be willing to be saved alone. He should feel a responsibility for his loved ones as surely as for himself. The salvation which is for him is for those who are included in his loving faith. They should be taken by him away from the influences of evil which would prove their destruction. God's grace can be counted on confidently for this loving endeavor.

But he lingered; and the men laid hold; the Lord being merciful (v. 16.) God's goodness is shown in the pressure he brings to make us leave the places of danger where we linger when we ought to run. A mother's love sometimes prompts her to rap her child's finger's smartly, to make him let go instantly of something that it would risk his life to hold on to. We have reason to thank God for many a disappointment, or failure, or accident, or hindrance, which kept us from sure destruction. Yet how prone we are to feel that God is good, not because of this kind of pressure on us, but—in spite of it. If we linger in a place we have no business to stay in, may the Lord be merciful, to lay hold to drive us out!

I cannot escape to the mountain, lest evil overtake me (v. 19.) Lot felt safe in Sodom with neighbors—such neighbors—all around him; but to go all alone into the mountains, with only God to call on—that was more than he dared do. There are persons of that sort nowadays. There are those who count themselves followers of the Lord, who would shrink from depending only on the Lord. If God should call on them to quit an ungodly business, with no apparent prospect of a living outside of it; or to live from hand to mouth by faith, or to break away from all the more fashionable customs of their neighborhood; or to be absolutely singular in their beliefs and practices—they would say, "We cannot do that, lest evil overtake us." How very strange such distrust must seem to the Lord, however it must seem to us!

Is is not a little one? (v. 20.) How prone we are to measure God by our standards! That which is little or large to us, seems as if it must be little or large to God. We shape our prayers by our ideas of magnitude. We ask for spiritual blessings confidently because they are worthy of God's notice; but the little wants of our everyday life—they are too petty to trouble God about. We can ask God to take care of us during the night, he can do that so easily but to ask him to remove a mountain of difficulty, or opposition, or doubt, which bars our progress—that is too much to expect of him. Away with our little measuring-rods of judgment! There is nothing too little for God's notice. There is nothing too great for his power and love.

I have accepted thee concerning this thing also (v. 21.) How patient the Lord is with our follies; and how tender our weaknesses! Who of us can bear with one another as the Lord bears with all of us? The Lord never tires of hearing our prayers. Whenever he can grant one of them without harming us thereby, he is ready and glad to do so. This truth ought to encourage us, but we ought not to presume on it. God may grant a prayer that we had better not have offered. He may let us choose Sodom or Zoar for a home, when it would have been a gain to us to go into the mountain or the desert at his lead. Letting the Lord choose for us, is better than having the Lord grant us that which we ourselves choose.

His wife looked back, and she became a pillar of salt (v. 26.) We have got to choose sharply in this world. There is no use trying to go in two directions; to hold on and to let go at the same time. One thing or the other must be settled on and attended to. And whenever the time of choice comes self-denial is indispensable to safety. A man, or woman, who has lived in Sodom any length of time, and decides to quit it, will have to leave some things behind which have peculiar attractions. The only hope of getting out of that place in season is by turning the back squarely on it, and then pushing ahead for dear life, no matter what is left. If you make a start, and then look back longingly, you may indeed escape the shower of brimstone, but you are in great danger of becoming a pillar of salt.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

—There is no reason why any man, woman or child living in a Malarious region should suffer in health more than those who live in the mountains. The poison is only active during the summer and fall months, and it would have no power to harm if a dose of Shallenberger's Antidote were taken once a week, as a preventive. If you have neglected to do this, and are sick, take it and be cured.

Flirting on the Streets.

The Chicago *Journal* preaches this sermon to girls on the dangers of flirtation: A young girl flirts with a stranger upon the street. The result is something disagreeable, and streightway comes the excuse: "Why, I meant no harm. I never thought of doing anything wrong! I simply wanted to have a little fun!" Now, look me straight in the eye, young gossamer-head, while I tell you what I know. The girl who will indulge in flirtation with strange young men in public places, however harmless and innocent it may appear, places herself in that estimation upon a level with the most abandoned of her sex, and courts the same vile regard. Strong language for a mild-mannered Amber to make use of, but, I tell you, I become a furious old grandmother the moment I see a blessed young girl tiptoeing her thoughtless way upon this road that leads direct to death and destruction! The boat that dances like a feather on the tide a few miles above the commencement of Niagara rapids is just as much lost as when it enters the swirling, swinging water of waters, unless a strong hand keeps it up stream and out of danger. A flirtation to-day is a ripple merely, but to-morrow it will be a breaker, and then a whirl pool, and after that comes hopeless loss of character.

His Lack of Courage.

This story originated in another locality, but they localize it in Georgia now: A fair and buxom widow, who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman who in his younger years had paid her marked attention, to inspect the graves of her dead departed. After contemplating them in mournful silence she murmured to her companion: "Ah, James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage."

A Short Cut Suggested.

Miss Maud Howe thinks that women ought to be permitted to vote for superintendent of streets in order to protect their skirts from a mud bath. In the meantime, however, it might be in the line of common sense to shorten the skirts a little.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Invaluable as a Tonic.
Dr. J. L. PRATT, Greenfield, Ill., says: "It is all that it claims to be—invaluable as a tonic in any case where an acid tone is indicated."

MOST PERFECT MADE
Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

NOTED AND ODD PEOPLE.

John B. Du Bay, whose death is announced, was the founder of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Col. Noah E. Smith, of Laconia, N. H., who piloted Gen. Scott's army into the City of Mexico, is critically ill.

Mr. Gladstone showed his faith in himself by offering to bet ten to one that his political predictions will be verified.

Mrs. Boulanger, of Branch county, Michigan, gave birth to twins, then to a trio, and now she has produced a quartet.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly will be the poet at the forthcoming 150th anniversary of the Charitable Irish society of Boston.

Queen Victoria will receive a Jubilee address from the thirty or more survivors of the famous Light Brigade of Balaklava.

Henry Ward Beecher has been elected a member of the Young Men's Hebrew association of Brooklyn, though no one seems to know exactly why.

Mrs. George Sage, of Harlan, Iowa, traveled 14,000 miles in pursuit of her husband, who ran off with a servant girl, and found him at last in Oregon.

Mrs. Fisher, a brunette, with good features, fine eyes and a ready tongue, runs an 80-horse power Harris-Corliss engine in Providence, and does it well.

A number of Detroit young ladies have organized a brass band, with Miss Carrie Lewis as President. They have not yet found a candidate for the bass horn.

Archbishop Ryan has put his veto on the fine operatic music sung at St. John's church, Philadelphia. All secular music is prohibited in the Catholic churches.

It is said that Mrs. Sawyer, a copyist in the Interior department office, is "the very counterpart" of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and has on numerous occasions been mistaken for her.

James G. Blaine has given free right of way through his property for a mile to the McKeesport & Bellevernon railroad. The other land-owners are kicking, and want big damages.

The man who gave Mr. Halstead the name of "Crazy Horse" has been given a good position on the *Commercial Gazette*. Halstead is like Mayor Harrison in his appreciation of abuse as an advertising medium.

A syndicate has been formed in Kansas to remove the capital from Topeka to McPherson county, nearer the center of the state. They are prepared to offer $2,000,000 worth of property to the state at the new location.

Mrs. H. C. Meredith, of Cambridge City, Indiana, is known as the "cattle queen" of that state. She took up the business of her husband, Gen. Meredith, at his death, and now has one of the finest thoroughbred herds in the country.

Sec. Manning, it is positively asserted, will shortly resign and accept the presidency of a bank in New York. Unfortunately there is no confirmation of the rumor that Mr. Garland will resign to accept the presidency of a telephone company.

Seven-Mule Barnum makes an iron at his Salisbury works "so tough that bars an inch square have sustained a pressure of 30,000 pounds without breaking." Mr. Barnum's alleged political conscience is supposed to be made of the same material.

The Reno and Renault heirs who claim 120,000 acres of land in Illinois and Missouri will meet in Pittsburg, Feb. 5, to prepare the papers for a suit in ejectment. Sixty heirs will be present. The Illinois land is on the site of Peoria, and is valued at $40,000,000.

—Two great enemies—Hood's Sarsaparilla and impure blood. The latter is utterly defeated by the peculiar medicine.

Communion Table Wine.

We think the solution is easy and very simple, and it is this: Do as Christ and his disciples did. Now what did they do at that Last Supper? Did they drink "reinforced" sherry, drank in so many churches at communion? No. Or port? No. Or the body wines of Europe? No. They drank a light claret mixed one-half with water. But just this our churches do not do now. Now let any one take a half pint of claret and mix it with the same quantity of water—he would with his eyes closed scarcely be able to distinguish the character of the draught. In that communion wine of Christ's memorial supper there was nothing inducing the participant to resort to strong liquor. Let our churches use any cheap, light [and pure] claret made in this state and Ohio, and California, and mix it with an equal quantity of water, and the harrowing fears of some perturbed brother will be allayed, and the temperance cause can be left to its "marching on" by the double-quick. Try it.—*Christian at Work.*

A Submarine Forest in Lake Michigan.

"The submarine forest off our port," said a man from Kenosha, Wis., "is being broken up by the grinding of the ice. This forest extends about a mile and a half into the lake. The grain and bark of the trees are entirely dissimilar from anything found in the forests of the present day, thus showing almost conclusively that the buried forest was swallowed up by the sea ages and ages ago. Fishermen who cast their nets near these leafless and petrified trees often bring up whole branches and twigs, and once in a great while a heavy sea washes a gnarled trunk ashore. There are scientific men who hold that the sunken forest proves that the earth has been paying tribute to the lake ever since the birth of time. The vast amount of ice in the lake this winter has had the effect of demolishing many of the trees, portions of which have been cast upon the anchor ice during the severe easterly gales."—*Chicago Herald.*

—The family of Hon. W. B. Hoke, Judge of the Jefferson County, Ky., Court, used St. Jacobs Oil with signal success.

Valuable Wall Paper.

In the town of Jackson, Tenn., there is a shabby looking house occupied by negroes, one of the rooms of which was until recently embellished with paper representing real estate now worth more than $2,000,000. The four sides were covered with land grants belonging to one of the volumes of the land office for West Tennessee, that has been missing since the war. Mr. John W. Gates, register of the land office, has carefully gathered up these valuable documents and will soon have them in shape for future reference and preservation.

Another Nationality.

It is a blinding snow storm. The cold wind sweeps the icy particles along with pitiless fury. The people whom you meet are muffled to the eyes in wraps and furs. Ah, here comes a young man. He is clad in a suit of pale gray with a little black check in it. It looks very summery. His coat is very short. He wears light kid gloves and carries a cane somewhat larger than himself. He scorns an overcoat or a muffler. "Ah! yes," you say; "is he an Englishman?" No, simple one, not exactly. He is only an ass.—*Burdette.*

—"Hope on, hope ever." How many delicate ladies there are who, while they attend to their daily duties, do so with aching heads, a sense of fullness, pain in the back and depressed spirits, who are "only keeping about," as the phrase is. Some day they "go into a decline," and leave their children motherless. To such we would say, "Cheer up." Timely use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" corrects all female irregularities, weaknesses, and kindred affections easily, pleasantly and quickly.

One of the Old Girls.

There were few of the women of Connecticut in the last century who did not keep some sort of diary. An entry in one of the diaries show what events were recorded, and also how witty some of the girls of the period were:

"1790. We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S—, who carved held up a rib on his fork, and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.'

"'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction at *home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

JOHN MARTIN, Kansas—If the one has been affected by the poll evil in your horse, a cure will be almost impossible. An opening should be made sufficiently large to permit all the pus to escape. If you have succeeded in breaking up the pipes and removing part of them, a cure may be effected by syringing the parts with carbolic acid and rainwater—fifty drops of the former to a pint of the latter. If this does not cure, take of copperas one drachm, blue vitriol, 2 drachms; common salt, 2 drachms; white vitriol, 1 drachm. Mix, and powder fine. Fill a goose quill with the powder and push it to the bottom of the pipe with a stick. Repeat in about four days. When the pipe is removed, inject the part with 2 drachms of zinc in a quart of water. Constitutional treatment is also necessary. Give as a laxative, raw linseed oil, 16 ounces, oil of aniseed, 2 drachms, spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ounces. —ED.]

S. Omar, W. T.—Law's Veterinary Adviser. Any book store. To cure the the distemper in your horse, take of hops, two ounces; carbolic acid, 30 drops; boiling water, two gallons. Mix the hops and acid with the boiling water. Take a bag open at both ends. Place one end over the bucket in which you place the water and ingredients, and the other over the horse's nose. Let him inhale the steam for several minutes. Repeat three times a day. Apply a strong mustard paste to the throat, and place a warm poultice over the paste. Feed warm mashes and boiled vegetables. Give the horse pure air and comfortably warm quarters. Give these powders once a day: Peruvian bark, two ounces; powdered gentian, one ounce; powdered copperas, one ounce. Mix and divide into eight powders.—ED.]

C. T., Booth, W. T.: For your horse that is slightly hide-bound, first give him this laxative ball: Linseed meal, one ounce; aloes, half an ounce; castile soap, half an ounce; mix. Follow this with nitrate of potassa, four ounces; crude antimony, one ounce; sulphur three ounces. The nitrate of potassa and antimony should be finely pulverized, then add the sulphur, and mix the whole well together. Dose, a tablespoonful in a bran mash daily. Stop giving copperas. Give the stallion a liberal amount of salt at which to nibble. Give no corn for some time to come. Feed at regular hours. As to the young horse with the puff on his knee-cap, if it does not make him stiff, do not endeavor to remove it. But if it becomes bothersome, you will have to give a physic, and low diet, and reduce inflammation by hot fomentations. Then apply this plaster: Powdered catharides, two and one-half ounces; resin and lard, of each, eight ounces; oil of origanum, half an ounce. Melt the resin and lard, and when nearly cold, stir in the flies and oil thoroughly. The blister should cover only the part affected. At least two of these should be put on, one after the other. Cut the hair off the part to be blistered. Smear the leg below the blister with lard to protect the leg from any blister that may run down. The head of the horse should be checked while the blister is on, so that he cannot get his mouth down to it. Wash with soap after blistering and rub the blistered part with lard.—ED.]

J. E. L., Dakota.—Rheumatism in the horse is a common complaint. It mostly affects the joints, shoulders, and hips, but frequently the chest also. It follows cold and chest affections. Driving a horse into a pond when heated, exposure to cold wind or rain, excessive exertion, and sudden changes are all causes of rheumatism. It is more likely to attack a high-conditioned horse than a lean one. The symptoms are the same as in cramps, but more marked; the limbs swell, it flies from one part to another, and sometimes to the heart, where it proves fatal. Sometimes it settles in the feet, and becomes founder; again, it settles in the chest, and the horse is said to be chest-foundered. Rub the legs with salt and water, as hot as the horse will have it. The bowels may be relieved by an injection of the same. Give two or three doses of "jimson weed," sometimes known as thorn-apple. A dose is a teaspoonful.

W. F., Indiana: Mercurial salve is made as follows: Quicksilver, the size of a pea; corrosive sublimate, one ounce. Mix with two tablespoonfuls of lard. To be rubbed in with a rag on the end of a stick. —ED.

RECEIVED.

The *Southern Planter* for February, devoted to agriculture, horticulture, live stock, and the household. A good number.

J. B. Root & Co.'s illustrated catalogue and garden manual of seeds, bulbs, plants, etc., for 1887. Rockford, Ill.

Livingston's Seed Annual for 1887, A. W. Livingston's Sons, Columbus, Ohio. Illustrated cover and colored plates of vegetables, flowers, etc.

Seed Annual, 1887, D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan. Has a handy index. Contains information regarding almost every variety of seed.

Horses and Their Care.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have seen considerable about horses and their care in your valuable department, and I feel like saying a few words myself about the care of this, the most valuable stock the farmer keeps.

My neighbor said to me, "Your colts look better than mine. How do you feed them?" I was surprised, for he was a farmer of ample means, but as his colts were close by, I saw that he told the truth. I then told him my plan, which is as follows:

I am a small farmer on 80 acres of land. My main crops are corn and oats, for I am a breeder of choice swine. I thrash my wheat and oats from the field, putting the straw into the barn. I cut my corn up from the ground soon as it is fit. I hire help enough to husk the corn out quickly, then the stocks are fresh and green. I stack them in small stacks, salting them liberally. Instead of selling my second class apples for 10 or 15 cents per bushel, I put them with the cider apples in the cellar, 50 or 60 and sometimes 100 bushels, russets, Baldwins, anything that is not too sour, saving the hardest till towards spring. I feed a pan full three times a week to each horse and colt, not forgetting the pigs.

These apples are better than any condition powders that can be bought and colts thrive on them wonderfully. I feed of grain, oats, corn and rye ground together, and mixed with bran, twice each day. Of corn-stalks nearly all they will eat. Straw in the barn at night with a plenty under them. If I had to buy straw I would bed them plentifully and feed them light of it, in fact the more under them and the less into them, the better. No one need be afraid of a liberal feed of a mixed ground rye, corn and oats with bran, but look out for hard corn on the cob. Colts teeth are growing and tender.

If every farmer would feed his second-class, and cider apples to his young stock, it would be a temperance movement in the right direction.—N. J. THOMPSON, Keelersville, Mich.

How the Hot-Bed is Built.

The manure having been thrown together, so as to reach a fermenting state, it is now in condition to build into the hot-bed. A place is marked off on the surface, one or two feet larger than the frame which is to be used. Over this space, the manure is evenly spread. It should not be in masses, but well shaken up with the fork, so that there is an equal quantity of long and short ones the entire space. The object of this care is to secure an even heat in all parts, and an uniform sinking of the mass as it heats. As the building up proceeds, it should also be compacted either by occasionally treading, or a deft use of the fork, which is acquired from long practice by old hands at the business. When finished, the back may be slightly higher than the front, always facing the south. A depth, ranging from two to three feet will be sufficient for starting seeds, etc. The frames are then placed on, and the tights kept closed for two or three days, when the heat should manifest itself. Soil is then placed on to the depth of nine inches or so, well pressed down with the rake, and again left until it is well warmed through. If the heat is too rank, it may be known by thrusting a stick into the manure. If comfortably warm to the touch, it is all right and the seed may bee sown. This should be done in rows, alloting a certain space to each kind in accordance with future wants. A good watering to settle the soil is all that will be required until the seed is up. If there are any indications of extreme heat, or if the bed appears to fill with steam, a little air should be given until this subsides. In case of severe freezing weather, the bed will have to be well covered at night with mats, hay, or other material to keep in the heat, opening again when the sun begins to have effect on the glass. Except in extremely cold spells, a trifle of air will be beneficial from the time the young plants are up. It is a common practice with market gardeners before beginning the hot-beds, to excavate the soil in part where the manure is to go. This saves the heat from being forced out by piercing winds. Two feet depth of manure will be ample for starting any kinds of vegetables, or for raising lettuce, radishes, etc.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Feeding, Watering and Driving.

The *National Stockman* says:

"A horse is often supposed to be out of condition in some important particular when he is simply suffering from bad driving. Instances are not infrequent in which a fine horse is practically ruined by a careless or reckless driver, within a comparatively short time. The owner of a valuable animal can no more afford to place it in the hands of one of these horse ruiners than the railways can afford to place boys in charge of their engines. We find the following points, evidently the production of a practical horseman, afloat in the press: Bad driving will often fatally injure a horse in a few miles, while skillful driving would make the journey in less time and leave the horse as fresh as when he started. Drive slow when the animal is full of food and water, but after the muscles are limbered and the system emptied, increase the speed. Then check up and let the horse cool off before stopping, and there will be less danger of taking cold and of stiff muscles and necessity of rubbing down; and make good time on level ground and on moderate descents. Never keep the same gate and speed for a long time, for a change of gait is equivalent to a rest. Feed moderately in morning or before work. Parthians and Arabs prepare their horses for hard drives by fasting rather than by faasting. More horses are injured by hard driving on an empty stomach than by any other process. Never let a horse eat or drink much when it is hot from work."

Winter Onions.

To raise onions for winter the best plan would be to procure seed of the Danvers Yellow onion for yellow, or the white or red variety if that color is preferred. The red is the best to yield, and is the best keeper the yellow next, while the white is very hard to keep over winter. The most popular and best market variety in Western Massachusetts is the Yellow Danvers. The seed is planted in drills a foot apart, six pounds to the acre, as early in the spring as the ground will work dry and fine; usually May 1 to 15. In this locality if hoed and weeded during the summer the tops die down in September, when they are pulled. They are dried some on the ground and the tops are cut off, and the bulbs dried under cover till the weather becomes severe, after which they are kept at a temperature of 40°; usually in a cellar.

Onions from sets are obtained by placing the small onions sold in market as "onion sets" in the ground as early as the seed is planted, when they will grow rapidly and make onions for boiling in eight weeks from planting. If left in the ground they will ripen and can be kept over winter in the same manner as onions from seed. If sets are used, the best ones are grown about Philadelphia. If seed is grown, the Boston seedmen will furnish the best strain of Danvers Yellow onion seed.—W. H. BULL in *N. E. Homestead.*

Feeding Calves.

An English breeder who raises superior calves from fall and winter dropped, upon the subject of raising says:

"We let the calves suck the mothers for about ten days; then give them about two quarts of new milk twice a day until they drink freely—generally about three days, then about the same quantity, or three quarts of skim milk; but as I only keep Sunday's milk at home (my milk going to Aylesbury six days a week), I have to boil it on Monday, and unless the weather is mild, it keeps nearly till Sunday again. But if it does not keep we give two quarts of new milk and one quart of water; then in a month or six weeks they get about half the quantity of milk and some calf meal. They get a little oil cake or old beans, and a little malt as soon as they can eat it, and good hay, *ad libitum*, littered with wheat or oat-straw and a little nice oat-straw for them to pull at when at hand. Milk and meal are kept on about three or four months. When put to grass they get from one and one-half to two pounds of oil-cake each the first summer."

They Will Not Lay.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I just want to write to you to tell you about those hens of mine. There are about 50 of them. They are last year's and year before last's chicks. They are as healthy as can be, not a sign of disease among them, and hasn't been for several years. But they won't lay. Now, don't all you poultry breeders rise up and exclaim with one voice, Did you shelter them from the storm, or do they roost in the trees and fences? Did they have fresh water when confined, or when they could not find it otherwise? Did they have any pounded bones, shells or sand? Did they have any warm feed on cold mornings? Did they have any meat? Did they have any green feed or boiled potatoes? Yes they did. They had a good house and everything that the poultry books claim they ought to have. But what bores me the worst is, that a few hens which have roosted in the barn and had very little care (only all the corn they wanted), have laid what eggs I have got. My hens are Wyandotts, White and Brown Leghorns, Partridge and Buff Cochins and mixed breeds. One neighbor suggested that I had too many roosters in the flock. Well, I had a dozen or more till a few days ago, when I sold them all off but five. Now, says I to myself, I'll get plenty of eggs before long. A day or two later, however, I met my neighbor on the other side, carrying a basket of eggs to market. "You don't keep enough of roosters," says he. "We have about twenty roosters with our hens." Well, all I have to say further is, if anybody can explain these things (which I don't believe they can) I shall be truly thankful.—JOHN THOMAS.

Minneapolis Mills.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 10.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: Notwithstanding the fact that the water is available for power, it seems to grow less, and the mills seem to have a faculty for keeping the flour production considerably above 100,000 barrels per week, last weeks' operations well illustrating this. The production for the week ending February 5 was 110,900 barrels, against 111,820 barrels the preceding week, and 89,450 barrels for the corresponding time in 1886. Millers claim to be holding up the price of flour, the local prices of wheat making this necessary, but as buyers expect to get orders filled at lower quotations, there is comparatively little flour being sold.

THE CATTLE LOSS

In Dakota and Montana—Snow on the Ground for Three Months.

BISMARCK, Dak., Feb. 10.—Reports are coming in daily from the ranges near Blunt of losses of cattle, owing to scarcity of feed and insufficient protection from the severe winter weather. There has been snow on the ground continuously since the middle of November, and it has been necessary to feed during that time; consequently feed is getting very scarce. All the straw-piles, one, two or three years old, have been bought by the cattlemen, and $1 per load is readily paid, where it can be bought on the ground, for wheat straw. The losses already reach from 8 to 20 per cent. Where sufficient shelter and hay have been provided, the loss is quite insignificant.

Stockmen heretofore have not been compelled to feed but very little hay during the winter, the stock generally "rustling" for themselves; but the unprecedented fall of snow this winter and the length of time it has lain on the ground puts a new phase on the matter of stock-growing, and hereafter there will be more provision made for such an emergency.

BUTTE, Mont., Feb. 10.—The cattle loss in Montana near Fort Assinaboine, is estimated at 75 per cent. Sixty dollars is refused for a ton of coal, and green willow poles are selling at $14 a load. Flour and oil are also scarce. An Englishman, named Elliot, left Fort Assinaboine with a wagon and team for his home at Maple Creek, Northwestern Territory, 23 days ago, and is supposed to have met death in the snow, as he never reached his destination.

MAY LEAD TO AN INDIAN WAR.

A Bloody Fight in New Mexico—Several White Men Killed.

ALBUQUERQUE, Feb. 10.—A bloody fight occurred Monday between a sheriff's posse and a band of Navajo Indians, that may lead to an Indian outbreak. George Lockhart, deputy sheriff of Navajo Springs, accompanied by Ed Palmer and Tom King, started Monday morning for the Navajo reserve, to arrest an Indian for horse-stealing. They found him in the most thickly settled part of the reservation, surrounded by a large party of his own tribe.

The Indian resisted arrest, and Lockhart shot and killed him, whereupon other Indians opened fire on the three men, and a general battle took place. Lockhart, Palmen and King were killed, and left lying where they fell. The sheriff's posse killed two Indians, and wounded two others, but the odds were too great against them.

The Indians then rode off to Bennett's store, near Manuelito Station, on the Atlantic & Pacific road, and stole all the provisions they could carry off. Excitement is high, and people living around the reservation say they will have ten Indians for every white man killed.

George Larwood, of New York, and Frank Stirk, of Philadelphia, fought with skin gloves near Chicago, Sunday, for $300. After twelve rounds of terrific fighting, Stirk was compelled to throw up the sponge.

TALMAGE PREACHES ON "VAPOR."

An Indication of the Suffering Which the Church Has Endured—A Divine Symbol of the Beauty of the Church.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 6.—To-day was moving day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, as the annual pew-letting has just occurred and many have changed places. This church combines the two plans of pew rental and free church. The rented pews this year yield an advance on all previous years, so that the income will be about $32,000. But about two thousand sittings are always kept free, so that no one may complain that he cannot worship here for lack of means. The subject of the sermon was "Pillars of Smoke," and the text was taken from Solomon's Song, ch. iii, v. 6: "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?" Dr. Talmage said:—

The architecture of the smoke is wondrous, whether God with his finger curls it into a cloud, or rounds it into a dome, or points it in a spire, or spreads it in a wing, or, as in the text, hoists it in a pillar. Watch it winding up from the country farm-house in the early morning, showing that the pastoral industries have begun; or see it ascending from the chimneys of the city, telling of the homes fed, the factories turning out valuable fabric, the printing presses preparing book and newspaper, and all the ten thousand wheels of work in motion. On a clear day this vapor spoken of mounts with such buoyancy, and spreads such a delicate veil across the sky, and traces such graceful lines of circle and semi-circle, and waves, and tosses, and sinks, and soars, and scatters with such affluence of shape, and color, and suggestiveness, that if you have never noticed it you are like a man who has all his life lived in Paris and yet never seen the Luxembourg, and all his life in Rome and never seen the Vatican, and all his life at Lockport and never seen Niagara. Forty-four times the Bible speaks of the smoke, and it is about time that somebody preaches a sermon recognizing that strange, weird, beautiful, elastic, charming, terrific, and fascinating vapor. Across the Bible sky floats the smoke of Sinai, the smoke of Sodom, the smoke of Ai, the smoke of the pit, the smoke of the volcanic hills when God touches them, and in my text the glorious Church of God coming up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke.

In the first place these pillars of smoke in my text indicate the suffering the Church of God has endured. What do I mean by the church? I mean not a building, not a sect, but those who in all ages and all lands, and of all beliefs, love God and are trying to do right. For many centuries the heavens have been black with the smoke of martyrdom. If set side by side you could girdle the earth with the fires of persecution. Rowland Taylor, burned at Hadleigh; Latimer, burned at Oxford; John Rogers, burned at Smithfield; John Hooper, burned at Gloucester; John Huss, burned at Constance; Lawrence Saunders, burned at Coventry; Joan of Arc, burned at Rouen. Protestants have sometimes pointed to the Catholics as persecutors, but both Protestant and Catholic have practiced infamous cruelties. The Catholics, during the reign of Hunneric, were by Protestants put to the worst tortures, stripped of their clothing, hoisted in the air by pulleys with weights suspended from their feet, then let down, and ears, and eyes, and nose, and red-hot plates of iron were put against the tenderest part of their bodies.

George Bancroft, the historian, says of the state of Maryland: "In the land which Catholics had opened to Protestants mass might not be said publicly; no Catholic priest or bishop might utter his faith in a voice of persuasion; no Catholic might teach the young. If a wayward child of a Papist would but become an apostate, the law wrested for him from his parents a share of his property. Such were the methods adopted to prevent the growth of popery." Speaking of Ireland, Bancroft, the historian, says: "Such priests as were permitted to reside in Ireland were required to be registered, and were kept like prisoners at large within prescribed limits. All Papists exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction, all monks, friars and regular priests, not then actually in parishes and to be registered, were banished from Ireland under pain of transportation, and, on return, of being hanged, drawn and quartered."

Catholicism as well as Protestantism has had its martyrs. It does seem as if when any one sect got complete dominancy in any land the devil of persecution and cruelty took possession of that sect. Then see the Catholics after the Huguenots. See the Gentiles after the Jews in Touraine, where a great pit was dug and a fire lighted at the bottom of the pit, and the Jewish victims were consumed. See the Presbyterian Parliament of England, more tyrannical in their treatment of opponents than had been the criminal courts. Persecution against the Baptists by Pedo-Baptists. Persecution of the Established Church against the Methodist church. Persecution against the Quakers. Persecution against the Presbyterians. Under Emperor Diocletian 144,000 Christians were massacred, and 700,000 more of them died from banishment and exposure. Witness the sufferings of the wilderness, of Albigenses, of the Nestorians. Witness St. Bartholomew's massacre. Witness the Duke of Alva driving out of life 18,000 Christians. Witness Herod and Nero, and Decius, and Hildebrand, and Torquemada, and Earl of Montfort, and Lord Claverhouse, who, when told that he must give account for his cruelties, said: "I have no need to account to man, and as for God I will take him in my own hands." A red line runs through the church history of 1600 years, a line of blood. Not by the hundreds of thousands, but by the millions, must we count those slain for Christ's sake. No wonder John Milton put the groans of the martyrs to an immortal tune, writing:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

The smoke of martyrs' homes and martyrs' bodies, if rolling up all at once, would have eclipsed the noonday sun and turned the brightest day the world ever saw into a midnight. "Who is she that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?"

Has the persecution ceased? Ask that young man who is trying to be a Christian in a store or factory, where from morning to night he is the butt of all the mean witticisms of unbelieving employes. Ask that wife whose husband makes her fondness for the house of God and even her kneeling prayer by the bedside a derision, and is no more fit for her holy companionship than a filthy crow would be fit companion for a robin or a golden oriole. Compromise with the world and surrender to its conventionalities and it may let you alone, but all who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Be a theater-going, card-playing, wine-drinking, round-dancing Christian and you may escape criticism and social pressure. But be an up and down, out and out follower of Christ and worldling will wink to worldling as he speaks your name, and you will be put in many a doggerel and snubbed by those not worthy to blacken your oldest shoes.

When the bridge at Ashtabula broke and let down the most of the carload of passengers to instant death Mr. P. P. Bliss was seated on one side of the aisle of the car writing down a Christian song which he was composing, and on the other side a group of men were playing cards. Whose landing-place in eternity do you prefer—that of P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, or of the card players?

A great complaint comes from the theaters about the ladies' high hats because they obstruct the view of the stage, and a lady reporter asked me the other day what I thought about it, and I told her if the indecent pictures of actresses in the show widows of Brooklyn and New York were accurate pictures of what goes on in many of the theaters night by night, then it would be well if the ladies' hats were a mile high so as to completely obstruct the vision. If professed Christians go to such places during the week, no one will ever persecute them for their religion, for they have none and they are the joke of hell. But let them live a consecrated and Christian life and they will soon run against sneering opposition. For a compromise Christian character an easy time now, but for consecrated behavior, grimace and caricature. For the body, thanks to the God of free America, there are now no swords or fiery stakes, but for the souls of the thousands of the good, in a figurative sense, rack and gibbet and Torquemada. The symbol of the domestic and social and private and public suffering of a great multitude of God's dear children, pillars of smoke.

What an exciting scene in India when, during the Sepoy rebellion, a regiment of Highlanders come up and found the dead body of one of Gen. Wheeler's daughters, who had been insulted and mauled and slain by the Sepoys. So great was the wrath against these murderers that the Scotch regiment sat down, and cutting off the hair of this dead daughter of Gen. Wheeler, they divided it among them, and each one counted the number of the hairs given him, and each took an oath, which was executed, that for each hair of the murdered daughter they would dash out the life of a miserable Sepoy. But as we look over the story of those who in all ages have suffered for the truth, while we leave vengeance to the Lord, let us band together in one solemn vow, one tremendous oath, after having counted the host of the martyrs, that for each one of those glorious men and women who died for the truth, an immortal soul shall live, live with God, and live forever.

But, as I already hinted in the first sentence of this sermon, nothing can be more beautiful than the figures of smoke on a clear sky. You can see what you will in the contour of this volatile vapor, now enchanted castles, now troops of horsemen, now bannered procession, now winged couriers, now a black angel of wrath under a spear of the sunshine turned to an angel of light, and now from horizon to horizon the air is a picture gallery filled with masterpieces, of which God is the artist, morning clouds of smoke born in the sunrise, and evening clouds of smoke laid in the burnished sepulchres of the sunset.

The beauty of the transfigured smoke is a divine symbol of the beauty of the church. The fairest of all the fair is she. Do not call those persecutors of whom I spoke the church. They are the parasites of the church, not the church itself. Her mission is to cover the earth with a supernatural gladness, to open all the prison doors, to balsam all the wounds, to moss all the graves, to burn up the night in the fireplace of a great morning, to change iron handcuffs into diamonded wristlets, to turn the whole race around, and whereas it faced death, commanding it "Right about for heaven!" According to the number of the spires of the churches in all our cities, towns, and neighborhoods, are the good homes, the worldly prosperities, and the pure morals, and the happy souls.

Meet me at any depot the world over, and with my eyes closed take me by the hand and lead me so that my feet will not stumble, and without my once looking down, or looking on the level, take me to some high roof or tower and let me see the tops of the churches, and I will tell you the proportion of suicide, of arsons, of murders, of thefts. According as the churches are numerous are the crimes few. According as the churches are few the crimes are numerous. The most beautiful organization the world ever saw or ever will see is the much-maligned church, the friend of all good, the foe of all evil, "fair as the moon and clear as the sun." Beautiful in her author, beautiful in her mission, the heroine of the centuries, the bride of Christ, the queen of the nations. There are hundreds of kindly institutions, some caring for inebriates, some for the crippled, some for the imbecile, some for the misled, some for the blind, but the church is the mother of all these kindly institutions. There are asylums, American, or English, or Scotch, or Irish, or French, or German, or Italian, but the Church spreads her mantle over all these, and will yet spread it over all nations. Her gates are beautiful, her prayers are beautiful, her convocations are beautiful, her work is beautiful. All kings and warriors will yet bow down at her altars, all chains of serfdom be shattered against her doorstep, all nations will yet follow her leading. How amiable are thy tabernacles! How sacred thy altars! How glorious thy auditorium! So graceful, so aspiring, so grand, and rolling on, and rolling up, we cry out in regard to her: "Who is she that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?"

Men may desecrate it, as Cromwell when he stabled his cavalry horses in St. Paul's cathedral; or break off the image of Christ, as did the iconoclasts in York Minster; or hurl against it august literary antipathies, as did Gibbon; or plot its overthrow, as do some in every community whose pride, and hate, and debauchery are reproved by the Ten Commandments which it thunders, and the sermon on the Mount which it breathes. But it will stand as long as the earth stands, the same unique, and wonder-working, and beatific, and miraculous thing for which God decreed it. Small wits tax their brain to say things that will put her at disadvantage, but many of them will send for its condolence when dying, and their children will be gathered up under its benedictions after the parental curse has been removed. Through her gates will march all the influences for good that shall ever reach the world. Take her membership as a mass, not speaking of the acknowledged exceptions, they are the noblest, grandest, kindest, best men and women of the ages. But for them the earth would long ago have been a burned-out volcano. They have been the salt that has kept the human race from putrefaction insufferable either to human or angelic olfactories. You lying and hypocritical world, shut up those slanders about the Church of Christ, an institution which, far from being what it ought to be and never pretending to be perfect, is five hundred times better than any other institution that the world ever saw or ever dreamed of. The highest honor I ever had, and the highest honor I shall ever receive, and the highest honor I ever want is to have my name on her records as a member.

At her altars I repented. At her sacraments I believed. In her service let me die. From her doors let me be buried. O, Church of God! Thou home of the righteous! Thou harbor from tempest! Thou refuge for the weary! Thou lighthouse of many nations! Thou type of heaven! I could kiss the very dust with ecstacy of affection.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my toils and cares be given
Till toils and cares shall end."

"Perfumed smoke," says Solomon in the words following my text. Not like the fumes coughed up from the throat of a steam pipe, or poisoned with the gases of chemical factories, or floating in black wrath from the conflagration of homesteads, or sulphurous from blazing batteries, but sweet as a burning grove of cinnamon or jungle of sassafras, or the odors of a temple censer. "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense?" Hear it, men and women everywhere, that the advance of the genuine church of Christ means peace for all nations.

Victor Hugo in his book entitled "Ninety-Three" says: "Nothing calmer than smoke, but nothing more startling. There are peaceful smokes and there are evil ones. The thickness and color of a line of smoke make the whole difference between war and peace, between fraternity and hatred. The whole happiness of man or his complete misery is sometimes expressed in this thin vapor which the windscatters at will." The great Frenchman was right, but I go further and say that as the kingdom of God advances like pillars of smoke, the black volumes belching from batteries of war and pouring out from portholes of ships will vanish from the sky.

A distinguished gentleman of the late war told me recently that Abraham Lincoln proposed to avoid our civil conflict by purchase of all the slaves of the south, and setting them free. He calculated what would be a reasonable price for them, and, when the number of millions of dollars that would be required for such a purpose was announced, the proposition was scouted, and the North would not have made the offer, and the South would not have accepted it if made. "But," said my military friend, "the war went on, and just the number of millions of dollars that Mr. Lincoln calculated would have been enough to make a reasonable purchase of all the slaves, were spent in war, besides all the precious lives that were hurled away in the 250 battles." In other words, there ought to be some other way for men to settle their controversies without wholesale butchery.

The church of God will yet become the arbiter of nations. Is the world would allow it, it could to-day step in between Germany and France and settle the trouble about Alsace and Lorraine, and between Russia and Bulgaria, and between England and her antagonists, and between all the other nations that are flying at each other's throats, and command peace, and disband armies, and harness for the plow the war horses now being hitched to ammunition wagons, or saddled for cavalry charge. That time must come, or through the increased facility for shooting men and blowing up cities and whelming hosts to instant death, so that we can kill a regiment easier than we could once kill a company, and kill a brigade easier than we could once kill a regiment, the patent offices of the world are more busy than ever in recognizing new enginery of destruction, the human race will after awhile go fighting with one arm, and hobbling with one foot, and stumbling along with one eye, and some ingenious inventor, inspired of the archangel of all mischief will contrive a machine that will bore a hole to the earth's center, and some desperate nation will throw into that hole enough dynamite to blow this hulk of a planet into fragments, dropping like meteoric stones on surrounding stellar habitations.

But this shall not be, for whatever else I let go, I hang on to my Bible, which tells me that the blacksmith's shop shall yet come to its grandest use when the warrior and the husbandman shall enter it side by side, and the soldier shall throw into its bank of fires his sword, and the farmer shall pick it up a plowshare, and the straightest spear shall be bent into a crook at each end, and then cut in two, and what was one spear shall be two pruning forks. Down with Moloch and up with Christ! Let no more war-horses eat out of the manger where Jesus was born.

Peace! Forever roll off the sky the black pillars of smoke from the Marengos and Salamancas and Borodinos and Sedans and Gettysburgs of earth! And right after them, roll into the heavens the peaceful vapors from the chimneys of farmhouses, and asylums, and churches, and capitals of Christian nations, and, as the sunlight strikes through these vapors they will write in letters of jet and gold all over the sky from horizon to zenith: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!" Then let all the men-of-war fire a broadside, and all the forts thunder forth a resounding volley, and the earth be girdled with the cannonade over the final victory of the truth.

While thinking of these things I looked out from my window, and the wind was violently blowing. And I saw from my chimneys the smoke tossed in the air and whirled in great velocity, volume after volume, fold after fold, and carried on the swift wind were the great pillars of smoke. And helped by Solomon in the text I saw the speed of the church symbolized. Do you realize the momentum the church of God is under? Why, the smoke of the chimney on the top of Mount Washington when the wind is blowing 60 miles the hour, is slow as compared with the celerity of good influences. For 59 centuries the devil had it his own way among the nations. Nearly all the great missionary movements have been started within the century, and see what one century has done to recover the world from 59 centuries of devastation. What great revivals! What mighty churches! What saved millions! What advancing civilization! In all the United States, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, full freedom to worship God according to conscience. Along the coasts of China, Japan and Africa the batteries are planted which are to take all these empires for God and civilization. From the ruins of Babylon and Assyria and Nineveh, and the valleys of the Nile confirmations have been exhumed proving to all fair-minded men that the Bible is the truest book ever written. The mythologies of Egypt were found to have embodied in them the knowledge of man's expulsion from Paris, and the sacrifice of a great emancipator. Moses' account of the creation, corroborated by the hammer of Christian geologists; the oldest profane writers like Hiromus, Helanicus, and Berosus, confirming the Bible account of ancient longevity; Tacitus and Pliny confirming the Bible accounts of destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah; Tacitus and Porphyry telling the same story of Christ as Matthew and Luke told; Macrobius telling of the massacre of children in Bethlehem, and Phlegon sketching the darkness at the crucifixion. It is demonstrated to all honest men that it is not so certain that William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis," or Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha," as that God, by the hand of prophet and apostle, wrote the Bible. All the wise men in science, and law, and medicine, and literature, and merchandise are gradually coming to believe in Christianity, and soon there will be no people who disbelieve in it except those conspicuous for lack of brain or men with two families, who do not like the Bible because it rebukes their swinish propensities.

The time is hastening when there will be no infidels left except libertines and harlots and murderers. Millions of Christians where once there were thousands, and thousands where once there were hundreds. What a bright evening this, the evening of the nineteenth century; and the twentieth century, which will dawn in thirteen years from now, will, in my opinion, bring universal victory for Christ and the church, that now is marching on with step double-quick, or if you prefer the figure of the text, is being swept on in the mighty gales of blessing, imposing, and grand, and majestic, and swift, like pillars of smoke.

Oh, come into the Church through Christ the door, a door more glorious than that of the Temple of Hercules, which had two pillars, and one was gold and the other emerald! Come in to-day! Come in and be one of the eternal victors! The world you leave behind is a poor world, and it will burn and pass off like pillars of smoke. Whether the conflagration will start in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, which, in some places, have for many years been burning and eating into the heart of the mountains, or whether it shall begin near the California geysers, or whether from out the furnaces of Cotopaxi, and Vesuvius, and Stromboli, it shall burst forth upon the astonished nations.

I make no prophecy, but all geologists tell us that we stand on the lid of a world the heart of which is a raging, roaring, awful flame, and some day God will let the red monsters out of their imprisonment of centuries, and New York on fire in 1835, and Charleston on fire in 1865, and Chicago on fire in 1872, add Boston on fire in 1873, were only like one spark from a blacksmith's forge as compared with that last universal blaze which will be seen in other worlds. But gradually the flames will lessen and the world will become a great living coal, and that will take on ashen hue, and then our ruined planet will begin to smoke, and the mountains will smoke, and the valleys will smoke, and the islands will smoke, and the seas will smoke, and the cities will smoke, and the five continents will be five pillars of smoke. But the black vapors will begin to lessen in height in density, and then will become hardly visible to those who look upon it from the sky galleries, and after awhile from just one point there will curl up a thin solitary vapor, and then even that will vanish, and there will be nothing left except the charred ruins of a burned-out world, the corpse of a dead star, the ashes of an extinguished planet, a fallen pillar of smoke.

But that will not interfere with your investments if you have taken Christ as your Saviour. Secure Heaven as your eternal home, you can look down upon a dismantled, disrupted, and demolished earth without any perturbation.

"When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shake the earth below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile."

News of the Week.

A FEMALE PICKPOCKET.

When Finally Caught, She Fought Like an Enraged Tigress.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—The police have been watching for some weeks for a female pickpocket and shop-lifter of international reputation, who is wanted in Montreal. She is a handsome woman of 30, and her name is Mary Ann Grady, or Gray. Yesterday she was recognized by two detectives while walking through the crowd at a South Side dry goods store. She was closely watched, and seen to steal several small articles. The detectives followed her to several different stores, where she was seen to steal valuable goods. She finally boarded a Madison street car, the detectives following.

When she reached La Salle street Detective Palmer quietly asked her to alight, at the same time showing his badge of authority. She indignantly refused to do so, and when Detective Baer informed her that her various stealings had been observed he was struck violently in the face. She fought desperately, and the two men had a severe struggle getting her to the Central station. The matron examined her clothing, and found $300 in money, besides a quantity of silk hosiery, kid gloves, etc., and three well-filled pocketbooks, which she had taken from ladies in stores during her afternoon excursion. Officers in Montreal have been notified of her capture.

POSTOFFICE ROBBERS.

They Come to Grief at Bound Brook—One Drowned and One Captured.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., Feb. 10.—During thieves entered the postoffice here last night. They were discovered by the railroad agent, and he at once opened fire on them. One thief was shot, but he managed to get to the Raritan river, where he jumped in, hoping to escape by swimming to the other side. The loss of blood weakened him greatly, and the icy water numbed him. When but a few feet from the shore he sank, with a despairing cry, and was drowned. Efforts are now being made to get his body.

The pal of the drowned thief made a desperate struggle for freedom. He fought like a tiger, but was overpowered and taken into custody.

It is supposed that others were with them, but they got away. Beyond doubt the robbers were members of the same gang who entered the Jersey City postoffice, a few days ago, bound the watchman and janitor, and tried to rob the safe.

The town is in a terrible state of excitement. The captured burglar was taken to the jail at Summerville this morning. He is sullen and morose, refusing to tell who he is or give the name of the dead thief.

Cleveland Right, for Once.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—Several Democratic members of the House committee on Foreign Affairs had an interview with the President to-day in connection with the retaliatory fisheries legislation now pending in Congress. The interview was strictly confidential. The President sought to impress upon the members of the committee the necessity of making very clear and free from ambiguity any measure relating to the subject of the fisheries, which Congress might see fit to pass. If there was to be any legislation on the subject, he said, it should state definitely whether railroads and all other carriers were to be included in the prohibition. While the President did not commit himself to any legislation on the subject, the gentlemen present gathered from his remarks that as between the two bills he favored the House bill, for the reason that it is mora explicit and mandatory in its character.

During a quarrel at Yosemite Station, on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, G. M. Holland shot and fatally wounded Abe Munks.

A LETTER WITH A MORAL.

When Will Our Eyes be Opened to This Great National Calamity?

The year 1886 played sad havoc with many prominent men of our country.

Many of them died without warning, passing away apparently in the full flush of life.

Others were sick but a comparatively short time. We turn to our files and are astonished to find that most of them died of apoplexy, of paralysis, of nervous prostration, of malignant blood humor, of Bright's disease, of heart disease, of kidney disease, of rheumatism or of pneumonia.

It is singular that most of our prominent men die of these disorders. Any journalist who watches the telegraph reports, will be astonished at the number of prominent victims of these disorders.

Many statements have appeared in our paper with others to the effect that the diseases that carried off so many prominent men in 1886, are really one disease, taking different names according to the location of the fatal effects.

When a valuable horse perishes, it becomes the nine days' talk of the sporting world, and yet thousands of ordinary horses are dying every day, their aggregate loss is enormous, and yet their death creates no comment.

So it is with individuals. The cause of death of prominent men creates comment, especially when it can be shown that one unsuspected disease carries off most of them, and yet "vast numbers of ordinary men and women die before their time every year from the same cause."

It is said if the blood is kept free from uric acid, that heart disease, paralysis, nervous prostration, pneumonia, rheumatism, and many cases of consumption, would never be known. This uric acid, we are told, is the waste of the system, and it is the duty of the kidneys to remove this waste.

We are told that if the kidneys are maintained in perfect health, the uric, kidney, acid is kept out of the blood, and these sudden and universal diseases caused by uric acid, will, in a large measure, disappear.

But how shall this be done? It is folly to treat effects. If there is any known way of getting at the cause, that way should be known to the public. We believe that Warner's safe cure, of which so much has been written, and so much talked of by the public generally, is now recognized by impartial physicians and the public as the one specific for such diseases.

Because public attention has been directed to this great remedy by means of advertising, some persons have not believed in the remedy. We cannot see how Mr. Warner could immediately benefit the public in any other way, and his valuable specific should not be condemned because some nostrums have come before the public in the same way, any more than that all doctors should be condemned because so many of them are incompetent.

It is astonishing what good opinions you hear on every side of that great remedy, and public opinion thus based upon an actual experience, has all the weight and importance of absolute truth.

At this time of the year, the uric acid in the blood invites pneumonia and rheumatism, and there is not a man who does not dread these monsters of disease; but he need have no fear of them we are told, if he rid the blood of the uric acid cause.

These words are strong, and may sound like an advertisement, and be rejected as such by unthinking people, but we believe they are the truth, and as such should be spoken by every truth-loving newspaper.

DEFAULTER FOR OVER $200,000.

The Clerk of the Boston Criminal Court Has Been Stealing for 19 Years.

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—It has been learned that John C. Leighton, for 19 years clerk of the municipal criminal court in this city, is short in his accounts to a large amount. The exact sum of the defalcation will not be known until the expert now engaged on the books completes his labors. It is stated, however, by City Auditor Dodge that the total will be perhaps $200,000 or more.

Leighton was appointed in 1867, and held the office to within a short time ago. In the court in which he served thousands of criminal cases are tried annually, and the money received for fines and costs is all turned over to the clerk, who is supposed to deposit it with the city treasurer of Boston, who is also county treasurer. It is said that the present auditor's predecessors have not audited accounts of this court for years, as implicit confidence seems to have been placed in Clerk Leighton.

Beginning with 1870 published reports of the city auditor respecting this department show curious figures. From 1870 to 1875, Clerk Leighton's receipts for fines, costs, fees, etc., were the greatest—the total being $429,937—or an average of over $71,000 a year. From 1875 to 1880, he is credited in the books of the city auditor with having turned in $80,239, or an average of little more than $16,000 a year. From 1880 to 1886, the last years of his administration, he is credited with having turned into the city treasury $147,013, or an average of little more than $24,517.

During Mr. Leighton's clerkship, the "drunks" alone will average 50 a day, and the fines in such cases are seldom less than $5 each, to say nothing of the large number of cases of assault and battery and other minor offenses. The term of Clerk Leighton expired a short time ago, but he was reappointed by Gov. Robinson, and shortly after his reappointment he resigned. Whether or not the fact that he was an embezzler of the county's funds was known previous to his resigning has not been learned.

For many years he has been known only as an honored and respected citizen, and the blow will be a severe one. What he did with all the money he has taken is a mystery to his friends. His habits of life were not extravagant, and he has no family. His salary was $3,000. His property is assessed for $45,000, but it is said to be worth more than is represented in the assessor's books.

LATER.—City Auditor Dodge this morning emphatically denied making the statement attributed to him by a morning paper, that Mr. Leighton's accounts were probably $200,000 short. Mr. Dodge said he has no authority to see the books of the clerk of the court, and therefore could not make such a statement as he is credited with. The city auditor, he said, has nothing whatever to do with the clerk's accounts or with the financial business of the court beyond approving all expense bills before they can be paid. In Mr. Leighton's case, the judges of the Municipal court were the ones to audit the accounts. The present investigation of his books is being made under their direction, and any proceedings against Mr. Leighton must be inaugurated by them.

WHY JOSEPH TOOK A TRIP.

He Speculated, Lost, Swindled the Brokers, and Robbed His Father.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Joseph I. Falk, of the clothing firm of I. L. Falk & Co., left town, last week, and has not since been heard from. Much alarm was felt by his friends when he was first missed, but subsequent inquiries served to allay the fears for his safety. It was against the rule of the firm for members to speculate, but Joseph took "flyers" last fall, and was unsuccessful. He said nothing about it, put the brokers to whom he owed money off with promises, and passed December and January traveling in the South.

One of the brokerage houses with which he did business was that of Washington Seligman & Co, 80 Wall street, and when his account was closed he owed them $5,556.74. They pressed him for the money, and he wrote promising to pay on February 3. He returned from the south week before last, and finding that his creditors were pressing him, confessed to his father that he had been speculating and was in difficulty. The latter was very angry at first, but finally relented, and told the young man to make up a list of his debts and he would pay them, on condition that he would solemnly swear never to speculate again. While preparing the list his courage failed him. The amount was so large that he feared another quarrel with his father.

Last Wednesday he went to the two banks in which the firm had its cash account and drew out $16,000—the exact amount of his interest in the firm. He could, if he wished, have drawn double that amount. He did not return home that night, nor the following day. No tidings of him arrived until a letter came to his mother on Saturday. In it he expressed sorrow for causing her pain, hoped she would forgive him, and said he would return after a time and set matters right.

On Saturday the remaining members of the firm dissolved the old partnership, and left Joseph out. Washington, Seligman & Co. on Monday took out an attachment against the firm for the money due them.

Sleet and Snow—Telegraph Service Demoralized.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.—The rain which had been falling in this city yesterday turned into a drizzling sleet and snow storm last evening, and continued to prevail all of last night. This morning the temperature is 20 degrees above zero, with a strong wind prevailing. The telegraph wires are working badly in all directions, and local telephone service is entirely crippled over certain portions of the city. The telegraph service is such that only a few wires are working either to the east or northwest.

THE BEST WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL WASHER" to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

THE CORRESPONDENCE

Between Uncle Sam and J. Bull in Regard to the Seizure of American Vessels, Customs Laws, Fishermen's Rights—The Position of Canada, and What It Means.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The President has sent to the House, in answer to a resolution introduced by Mr. Belmont, copies of the correspondence which has taken place since December 8 last between the department of state and the government of Great Britain. Minister West, on January 28 last, sent to Mr. Bayard a communication from Gov.-Gen. Lansdowne in regard to the cases of Everett, Steel and Pearl Nelson, detained at Shelburne and Archat, N. S., for non-compliance with the customs regulations of the Dominion.

Lord Lansdowne says that in the case of Steel, the master made no explanation where his vessel was seized, and that he was released as soon as he did so. In the case of Nelson, the crew landed before the master reported at the custom house, a thing which would, if allowed, admit of smuggling. Nevertheless, when the master said it was inadvertence, his vessel was released and his fine remitted.

The communication emphasises the statement that the British government does not desire to curtail any privileges enjoyed by the United States fishermen in Canadian waters, but it observes that there were just grounds for action taken in respect to Nelson and Steel.

On December 16 Lord Iddlesleigh, in a communication to Minister Phelps, transmits an apology of the Canadian government for having hauled down the flag of the Marion Grimes.

Alluding to the seizure of Everett Steel, Lord Iddlesleigh says: "Her majesty's government greatly regrets that the incidents alluded to should occur, and they can only renew assurances conveyed to you in my note of the 30th ult., that whilst firmly resolved to uphold undoubted treaty rights of Her Majesty's North American subjects in regard to the fisheries, they will also equally maintain the undoubted rights of United States fishermen to obtain shelter in Canadian ports, under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their abusing privileges reserved to them by the treaty."

He continues by saying that Mr. Bayard raises a point which he (the writer) thought was settled by the two governments in 1815, to-wit: that the right to the common enjoyment of the fisheries by Great Britain and the United States was recognized by the treaty of 1783, although the exercise of that right was made subject to certain restrictions. His lordship observes that the views of Great Britain "have not modified in any way on the subject since 1815."

On January 26, Minister Phelps writes to Lord Salisbury as follows: "It seems now very important that before the commencement of another fishing season, a distinct understanding should be reached between the United States government and that of Her Majesty relative to the course to be pursued by Canadian authorities toward American vessels. It is not without surprise that I have read Lord Iddesleigh's remarks in the note above mentioned, referring to the treaty of 1818, that her majesty's government have not as yet been informed in what respect the construction placed upon that instrument by the government of the United States differs from their own. Had his lordship perused more attentively my note to his predecessor in office, (Lord Rosebury), under date of June 2, 1861, to which reference was made in my note to Lord Iddesleigh of September, 1886, I think he could not have failed to apprehend distinctly the construction of that treaty for which the government of the United States contended, and the reasons and arguments upon which it is founded. I have again to respectfully refer your lordship to my note to Lord Rosebery of June 2, 1886, for a very full, and, I hope, clear exposition of the ground taken by the United States government on that point. It is unnecessary to repeat it, and I am unable to add to it.

"It is true beyond question that when a private vessel is seized for alleged infraction of the laws of the country in which the seizure takes place, and the fact of infraction and the exact legal construction of the local statutes claimed to be transgressed is not disputed, and in process of determination by the proper tribunal, the government to which the vessel belongs will not interfere in advance of such determination, and before acquiring information on which it depends; and especially when it is not yet informed whether the conduct of the officers making the seizure will not be repudiated by the government under which he acts, so that interference will not be necessary. But in the present case the facts constituting the alleged infraction by vessels seized are not in dispute, except some circumstances of alleged aggravation not material to the validity of the seizure.

"The original ground of seizure was the purchase by the master of the vessel of a small quantity of bait from inhabitants of Nova Scotia, to be used in fishing. This purchase is not denied by the owners of the vessel; and the United States government insist, first, that such an act is not in violation of the treaty of 1818; and, second, that no then existing statute in Great Britain or Canada authorized any proceedings against the vessel for such an act, even if it could be regarded as in violation of the terms of the treaty. And no such statute has been as yet produced.

"In response to the charge brought against Adams, and upon which many other vessels have been seized, that of technical violation of the customs act in omitting to report to the customs house, though having no business at the port, and in some instances where the vessel seized was not within several miles of the port, the United States government claim, whilst not admitting that the omission to report was a technical transgression of the act, that even if it were, no harm having been done or intended; proceedings against the vessel for inadvertence of that sort were in a high degree harsh, unreasonable and unfriendly, especially as for many years no such effort had been given to the act in respect to fishing vessels and no previous notice of change in its construction has been promulgated.

"It seems apparent, therefore, that the cases in question, as they are to be considered between the two governments, present no points upon which decisions of the court of Nova Scotia need to be awaited or would be material. Nor is it any longer open to the United States government to expect that cases complained of will be repudiated as pretensions of overzealous officers of Canadian vessels. Because they have been so many times repeated as to constitute a regular system of proceedure, have been directed and approved by the Canadian government, and have been in no wise disapproved or restrained by Her Majesty's government, though repeatedly and earnestly protested against on the part of the United States government. It is, therefore, to Her Majesty's government alone that the United States government can look for consideration and redress. It cannot consent to become, directly or indirectly, a party to the proceedings complained of, nor to await their termination before questions involved between the two governments have been dealt with.

"So soon as Her Majesty's government consents to enter upon the consideration of the points involved, any suggestion it may advance will receive immediate and respectful attention on the part of the United States. Until then further argument on this subject would seem to be neither consistent or proper, still less can the United States government consent to be drawn at any time into a discussion of the subject with the Colonial government of Canada. The treaty in question and all international relations arising out of it exist only between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, and between those governments only can they be dealt with.

"The United States government is not able to concur in the favorable view taken by Lord Iddesleigh of the efforts of the Canadian government to promote a friendly negotiation.

"That the conduct of that government has been directed to obtaining a revision of the existing treaty cannot be doubted. But its efforts have been of such a nature as to preclude the prospect of successful negotiation, so long as they continue, and seriously to endanger the friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain.

"Aside from the question as to the right of American vessels to purchase bait in Canadian ports, such construction has been given to the treaty between the United States and Great Britain as to amount almost to a declaration of complete non-intercourse; and, quite aside from any questions arising from the construction of the treaty provisions of the custom house act and regulations, have been systematically enforced against American vessels for alleged petty technical violations of legal requirements in a measure so unreasonable, unfriendly and unjust, as to render the privileges conferred by the treaty practically nugatory.

"Whether in any one of these cases a technical violation of some requirement of law had, upon close and severe construction, taken place, it is not easy to determine. But if such rules were generally enforced in such manner in the ports of the world, no vessel could sail in safety without carrying a solicitor versed in the intricacies of revenue and port regulations. It will be for Her Majesty's government to determine how far its sanction and support will be given to further proceedings, such as the United States government have now repeatedly complained of, and have just ground to apprehend, may be continued by Canadian authorities.

"It is with an earnest desire of obviating impending difficulties and of preventing collisions and dispute until such time as a permanent understanding between the two governments could be reached, that I suggested on the part of the United States, in my note to Lord Iddesleigh of September 11, 1886, that an *ad interim* construction of the terms of the treaty might be agreed on, to be carried out by instructions to be given on both sides without prejudice to the ultimate claims of either, and terminable at the pleasure of either. In an interview I had the honor to have with his lordship, in which the suggestion was discussed, I derived the impression that he regarded it with favor.

"The outline of such an arrangement was therefore subsequently prepared by the United States government, which, at the request of Lord Iddesleigh, was submitted to him.

"But I observe with some surprise that in his note of November 30 last, his lordship refers to his proposal made in my note of September 11, as a proposition that her majesty's government would temporarily abandon the exercise of the treaty rights which they claim, and which they conceive to be indisputable. In view of the very grave questions which exist as to the extent of those rights in respect to which the views of the United States government differ so widely from those insisted upon by Her Majesty's government, it does not seem to me an unreasonable proposal that the two governments, by temporary and mutual concession, without prejudice, should endeavor to reach some mutual ground of *ad interim* construction by which existing friendly relations may be preserved until some permanent treaty arrangement can be made."

MADE A CONFESSION.

Sensational Developments and Wholesale Arrests of Train Robbers.

CHICAGO, Feb 10.—The *Inter-Ocean* says that rumors of a sensational character were going the rounds last night. They had for their base a story of the wholesale arrest of all the participants in the robbery last June of the express car of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific train, in the defense of which Messenger Kellog Nichols gave up his life after a hard struggle. During the month just closed Henry Schwartz, who had just been released on a bond on the charge of bigamy, was arrested for alleged complicity in the robbery.

The sensational stories afloat yesterday traced Mrs. Mayhew, alias Schwartz, to Morris, whither she had gone to be present at the trial of her husband. Previous to undertaking her journey, it was said, at the hands of a skillful detective, she had been induced to promise that she would do her utmost with her husband to the end of obtaining a full confession from him concerning the whole matter. After a long conversation with her incarcerated husband, in which the wife's power of persuasion were urged to their limit, Henry Schwartz made a confession, implicating a half dozen other men, all being connected with the management of railroad trains. Accordingly it is said, Monday night witnessed the arrest of all of those found in Chicago, among these being a man named Whitehall, and another who goes under the common name of "Bill." The names of the others could not be learned, although a vigorous investigation was made.

Mrs. Mayhew has also disappeared from her usual haunts in Chicago. Taking into consideration her mysterious movements and disappearance, together with other circumstances, the chances are very strong these arrests have been made under the circumstances related above.

Straight vs. Crooked Whisky.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 9.—Referring to the sweet wine bill now before Congress, the passage of which is so important to California, the *Examiner* editorially says: "The grain alcohol producers may yet strike a snag, as it appears that a movement is on foot in this state, as a measure of retaliation, to pass a bill prohibiting the sale in saloons and other places of public resort of any liquor compounded from grain alcohol, and restricting the public sale of spirits to straight goods under genuine distillers' stamp, at least three years old. The genuine Kentucky, Maryland and Tennessee whisky and California brandy distillers would be benefitted, as there are about one million gallons of high proof alcohol imported from the states which fight our wine bills, which are converted into so-called whisky, and even compounded with more or less grape spirits and flavoring matters and sold also as brandy. The Kentucky distillers are in favor of genuine products, and are the friends of our wine industry. The wine men are trusting to the merits of their own cause, and are willing to let the public poison themselves with bogus whisky if they prefer to do so; but they do intend to have something to say when it is attempted to make our vineyards the appendages of grain alcohol distilleries."

Attempt to Blow Up a Theater.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—The bomb which exploded prematurely in the hands of the crank at the Grand opera house last night was made of a can filled with powder, in the center of which was a bottle. The can was wrapped in pieces of cloth soaked in inflammable oil, and it is believed that the intention was not only to kill Patti and those near the stage, but also to set fire to the building.

It was arranged to explode by a number of friction matches which connected with a fuse inserted in the powder. The theory is that the fuse burned too quickly for the crank.

Though Patti performed her part in the evening's programme, it was noticeable that the occurrence had considerable effect upon her, and somewhat subdued her usual vivacity.

At Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. Thompson, proprietress of a shooting gallery, while firing at a target by looking in a mirror and aiming over her shoulder, shot and killed Willie Finley, a 16-year-old boy, who was employed as marker in the gallery. Mrs. Thompson was not arrested.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

WASHINGTON.

ANOTHER VETO MESSAGE.

The Dependent Soldiers' Bill Criticised and Vetoed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Pres. Cleveland's message vetoing the dependent soldiers' bill contains about 5,000 words. It treats the subject exhaustively, and gives a summary of the pension legislation since the organization of the country. One of his main objections to the bill is its vagueness. In confirmation of his opinion as to the uncertainty of its provisions and the difficulty to construe positively, he says:

"The chairman of the committee on Pensions in the House of Representatives, who reported the bill, has declared that there was in it no provision for pensioning any one who has less disability than total disability to labor and that it was a charity measure. The chairman of the committee on Pensions in the Senate, having charge of the bill in that body, dissented from the construction of the bill announced in the House of Representatives, and declared that it not only embraced all soldiers totally disabled, but in his judgment all who are disabled to any considerable extent, and such construction was substantially given to the bill by another distinguished senator who, as a former secretary of the Interior, had imposed upon him the duty of executing pension laws and determining their intent and meaning."

The President also criticises the bill on account of its failure to provide for the grading of pensions according to the degree of disability, and says:

"If there is a lack in any degree, great or small, of ability to earn such support as the government determines the claimant shall have, and by the application of the rule secondly suggested if there is a reduction in any degree of the support which he might earn if sound, he is entitled to a pension of $12."

He alludes to the difficulty of carrying out the provisions of the bill without doing injustice, in the following words:

"If in an effort to carry out the proposed law the degree of disability, as related to earnings, be considered for the purpose of discovering if in any way it curtails the support which the applicant, if entirely sound, would earn, and to which he is entitled, we enter a broad field, long occupied by the pension bureau, and we recognize as the only difference between the proposed legislation and the previous laws passed for the benefit of surviving soldiers of the civil war the fact in one case of disabilities existing, but in no way connected with or resulting from such service."

Another weak point in the bill is pointed out as follows by the President:

"In the execution of this proposed law, under any interpretation, a wide field of inquiry would be opened for the establishment of facts largely within the knowledge of claimants alone, and there can be no doubt that the race after pensions ordered by this bill would not only stimulate a weakness and pretended incapacity for labor, but put a further premium on dishonesty and mendacity."

Reference is also made to the fact that $75,000,000 has been appropriated for the payment of pensions during the current year and to the fact that $800,000,000 has been paid for this purpose since 1861.

BOURBON FACTIONS.

Randall and His Friends After Carlisl With a Sharp Stick.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—A letter signed by Samuel J. Randall, George D. Wise and John S. Henderson was sent to Speaker Carlisle to-day. It says in part:

"We regret exceedingly that you could not see your way clear to give recognition on yesterday to some Democrat to enable him to move to suspend the rules for the purpose of giving the House an opportunity of considering the question of a total repeal of the internal revenue tax on tobacco.

"Your refusal to give this recognition, together with your letter of the 7th inst., deserves more than passing notice. If two-thirds or more of the House are in favor of such a repeal it was a grave responsibility for you to oppose such a large majority of the people. Assuming, however, for the sake of argument, that the friends of the proposition constitute a less number than two-thirds, their strength is certainly such that they ought to have been allowed to test the sense of the House upon the question, especially since the country is watching with intense interest the action of the House in respect thereto, and the constituents of a large number of members of the House have been urging them to obtain, if possible, consideration of this subject."

It concludes as follows: "A caucus ought not now to be invoked to justify the policy of delay and non-action on this subject. We sincerely hope with you 'that some plan may yet be devised which will enable the House to consider the whole subject of revenue reduction and revision' in a spirit of fairness to all interests, and in accordance with the letter and spirit of the platform of the national Democratic party adopted at the convention held at Chicago in the year 1884, and we assure you that we are ready to meet any of our Democratic associates who are prepared to treat with us on such a basis."

LAND FRAUDS.

What Commissioner Sparks Has to Say On the Subject.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—Referring to the failure of the conference committee of the Senate and House to agree upon the bill to repeal the pre-emption, timber culture and desert land laws, and the commutation section of the homestead, Commissioner Sparks said that this result was a misfortune if an agreement upon a proper bill was possible.

"The repeal of these laws," he said, "has been urged by past and present commissioners of the General Land office and by past and present secretaries of the Interior, and a bill for their repeal has passed the House under a suspension of the rules by an almost unanimous vote. But the Senate has loaded the bill with amendments which, in the opinion of the House committee and in my opinion, would leave the law in worse state than if the acts mentioned remained as they now are.

The Senate bill condones fraudulent entries, and opens the door to new frauds which were practically confirmed in advance by the provisions of the Senate amendment. The House conferees proposed that the two Houses unite in a simple repeal of these pernicious laws, leaving other propositions of the Senate committee to come up for deliberation as independent measures, to be acted upon by both houses on their merits. This fair proposition the Senate conferees declined, refusing to unite in the repeal except upon conditions which can have no other meaning than that the objects sought by the repeal, namely, the protection of the public lands and their preservation for actual settlement, should be thwarted by amendments calculated to achieve precisely the opposite results.

"The principal contest in the committee of conference was over the eighth section of the Senate amendment, which I regarded as a nullification of all the guards and restrictions in the public land laws; as a reversal of the whole policy of legislation in respect to the acquisition of individual titles to public land; as a repudiation of the pledges of political parties and conventions to preserve the public domain for actual settlement, and, in short, as the destruction of the public land system of the United States. And I perceive that this radical change can have no other effect than to promote the interests of speculation and monopoly."

The commissioner added: "If Congress would repeal these laws, under which about nine million acres of land have been entered during the last calendar year, and of which fully two-thirds are undoubtedly fraudulent, and give the Land department means to properly enforce the remainder, then what is left of our public lands might be protected and saved for homes for actual settlers. But," said he, "the Senate conferees, it seems, would not consent to this. Under these circumstances it is better to do nothing than to do worse."

THE TRADE DOLLAR BILL.

A Wrangle in the House Over the Question of Consideration.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Immediately after the reading of the journal in the House, Mr. Scott (Pa.) demanded the regular order, and called up the Senate bill for the retirement and recoinage of the trade dollar.

Mr. O'Neill (Miss.) raised the point of order that the committee on labor was entitled to the floor under a prior special order made in May last; that special order had been made under a suspension of the rules in May last by a two-thirds vote and he contended it could not be set aside by a majority vote of the House, upon a resolution reported by the committee on Rules. Such a course would turn the making of a special order for a two-thirds vote into a farce. The committee on Rules could nullify the action of the House, and to-morrow report a resolution setting aside the remainder of the session for the consideration of one particular job, to the exclusion of every prior special order.

The Speaker stated that the awarding the floor one day to the committee on Labor had been made in May last, and was a continuing order. Subsequently the House—not the committee on Rules—had set aside a particular day for the consideration of the trade dollar bill, to the exclusion of all other business. He overruled the point of order.

Mr. O'Neill then raised the question of consideration, and the House decided—yeas 142, nays 101—to consider the trade dollar bill.

Grover Is Mad.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Rep. Weaver, of Iowa, states that he has received word from the President that he had directed Sec. Manning to obey the law concerning one and two dollar United States notes, and to issue the same. That order was emphatic, and given to Mr. Manning orally, but would be reduced to writing and delivered to the secretary to-day.

No information in regard to the foregoing is obtainable at the White House, except that the President has "written no such letter to the secretary." Beyond this statement the President remarked that he did not care to say anything on the subject. Sec. Manning said that nothing had been said or sent to him by the President on the above mentioned subject.

Status of Appropriation Bills.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Following is the status of the appropriation bills: The army bill is a law. The Indian, sundry civil, pensions, and postoffice bills have passed both houses and now await concurrence by the House in Senate amendments or adjustment of differences by conference. The river and harbor, military academy, District of Columbia, and agricultural bills have passed the House and are in the hands of Senate committees. The legislative, diplomatic and consular and naval bills await the action of the House. The deficiency and fortification (this year's) are yet to be reported by the House. Last year's fortifications bill is still in conference, with little prospect of agreement.

Congress Behind With Its Work.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—Nineteen working days yet remain to the present Congress. Thirteen of the fourteen annual appropriation bills (including the river and harbor bill) are not yet ready to go the President. Ten remain to be acted upon by the Senate; nine require action of the Senate committees; five have not yet passed the House, and two have yet to make their initial step from House committees. In addition to these, last year's fortification bill yet lingers in conference.

"Jeffersonian Simplicity."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—The President's reception to the army and navy last night was more largely attended than any of those which have preceded it. The President and Mrs. Cleveland were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Endicott, and Mr. Vilas, while Miss Cleveland, Miss Van Vechten, and a number of others occupied the space immediately behind the receiving party. Mrs. Cleveland was charmingly attired in blue silk.

The Retaliatory Bill Debated in the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The sub-committee of the House committee on foreign affairs, consisting of Messrs. Belmont, Clements, and Rice, yesterday presented a report on the retaliatory bills. A substitute bill is recommended for the Senate bill and the Clement bill. It provides that when the President is satisfied that American vessels are denied treaty rights, or reasonable privileges, he may, by proclamation, prohibit the entry into American ports of vessels owned wholly or in part by British subjects, or arriving from Canada or Newfoundland, except when in distress, and may forbid the importation of any goods, wares or merchandise from Canada or Newfoundland, or any locomotive, car or other vehicle.

A violation of this provision is made punishable by fine and imprisonment.

A section of the bill authorizes the creation of a commission to take testimony with respect to damages inflicted upon American citizens and American vessels. The substitute bill was debated at length, but no action was taken.

Sec. Manning's Resignation Handed In.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Sec. Manning called at the White House this afternoon and placed his resignation in the hands of the President, to take effect on the appointment and qualification of his successor. This action is taken in order to allow Mr. Manning to accept the presidency of the Western National bank, of New York. It is stated at the White House that no immediate appointment will be made and that Mr. Manning will continue to act as secretary for several weeks.

For Reciprocity with Canada.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—Rep. Butterworth has introduced a bill to provide for complete reciprocity with Canada. The intention of the measure is to have absolute reciprocity of trade between the two countries as to all articles of whatever nature produced by them.

Hungry and Thirsty Democrats.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—Between two and three hundred Democrats have already applied for positions on the Inter-State Commerce commission, and the President has not yet decided upon a single one of his appointees. Of course the list will only keep on increasing, and add to his embarrassment. It is said by those who are watching the matter closely that he will not be able to select any one before next week, and possibly it will be a longer time before he can make up his mind what to do.

FOR PRESIDENT.

A Poll of Members of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 14.—A Presidential poll of the Pennsylvania Legislature shows Gov. Hill to be the favorite of the Democrats, and Blaine the choice of a large majority of the Republicans. There is a particularly strong sentiment favorable to Hill's nomination for the Presidency among the Democratic members of the House from the anthracite mining regions, who maintain that Cleveland would not command the full Democratic labor vote, while Hill would cut into the Republican labor vote.

Twenty-eight Democrats in the House declare for Hill, while twelve express themselves in favor of Cleveland's renomination. Those who committed themselves to Cleveland generally spoke well of Hill. Among the supporters of the latter are ex-Speaker Faunce, of Philadelphia, and Burns, of Erie, two of the ablest men in the House. The latter is a close friend of William L. Scott. Three of the Democratic members favor ex-Speaker Randall. Seventeen declined to express a preference. Very few Democratic Senators could be induced to indicate the favorite for the Presidency.

Among the Republican members of the legislature, Blaine is away ahead of all the candidates named for President, and many of his supporters appear confident that his nomination will result in his election, especially if Cleveland should again be his opponent. There are 135 Republicans in the House, and of this number 100 are outspoken for Blaine, six for John Sherman, one for George W. Childs, one for United States Senator Quay, three are for Senator Cameron, two for Senator Hawley, one for Conkling and three for Robert T. Lincoln. The Republican Senators, as a rule, are favorable for Blaine. Three of them think Sherman would make the best candidate, one wants Quay nominated, and one would be pleased with the success of Sen. Cameron.

AFTER BEN BUTLER.

A Virginian Brings Suit to Recover $100,000 Damages.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The suit of John H. Lester against Gen. B. F. Butler for $100,000 for false imprisonment and damages is on trial in the United States Circuit court. The complaint alleges that on January 25, 1864, Lester, who was living in Richmond, Va., came across the lines and took the oath of allegiance at Martinsburg, Va. He there made arrangements with Gen. Butler that his wife and child should be brought to him on a flag of truce boat. Lester then went to Washington, and while there, it is claimed, Gen. Butler became possessed of the idea that he had $186,000 in his possession and that he had violated his oath and was helping the enemy. When accused of this, Lester, who had returned to Butler's headquarters, denied it, but was thrown into prison. Mrs. Lester and the child were searched, and in her possession, it is alleged, was found $12,000, which Gen. Butler took and gave her a receipt for $6,000, which amount was afterward returned. Gen Butler never let Lester know that his wife and family had arrived at Fortress Monroe, and it was only by chance that Mrs. Lester learned that her husband had been court-martialed and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor with a chain about his leg. Lester was released after he had served one year, one month and seventeen days.

What a Saloonkeeper Can Do.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 14.—Charles Klose, of Schleisingerville, Wis., a saloonkeeper, loaded two shot guns and unloaded the contents of one into his wife's head as she was kneading bread, killing her instantly. He then tried to shoot himself, but merely blew away one cheek. He locked the doors, poured kerosene over the furniture, and set the house on fire. When the neighbors tried to interfere he loaded one of the guns and blew his brains out.

A FURIOUS BLIZZARD.

Eight Feet of Snow in Montana—Hundreds in Danger of Perishing—The Same Condition of Affairs in Dakota and Minnesota—A Cyclone at Shelbyville, Ind.

LIVINGSTON, Mont., Feb. 12.—There is serious apprehension that there will be an appalling loss of human lives in Montana. Snow began falling the middle of November, and there is now more of it on the ground than for ten years. Most of the stage roads are entirely closed up, and trains are running at irregular intervals, some being four and five days apart, and the supply of fuel is almost exhausted. Three days ago coal was selling at $60 a ton at Fort Benton, and now it can hardly be purchased at any price. The snow is drifted to enormous depths, and people living at mountain bases are in imminent danger of meeting a horrible death beneath an avalanche, or freezing to death.

Should another protracted storm occur, it is believed hundreds would succumb to its terrors. As it is, more people have been frozen to death this winter than for a quarter of a century. The snow will be a long time disappearing even with favorable winds, as a solid sheet of ice an inch thick formed over over it late in January, and since that time nearly two feet have fallen. The cold has been intense, varying from 49 below zero at Livingston and Helena to 60 below at Forts Shaw and Assinaboine. In the vicinity of the Little Jennie and Grand Central mines on Bald Mountain, the snow is eight feet deep on the level, and travel is impossible except in snow-shoes.

YANKTON, Dak., Feb. 12.—The unusually severe winter and the large amount of snow which has fallen in the Missouri slope from the Yellowstone country to Omaha are the cause for grave apprehensions of overflows and inundations of the bottom-lands along the river for 200 miles above and below this city. The river is very low, and where there is no current the ice measures five feet in thickness. In the channel four feet is the average. Indians who make their home in the Missouri bottoms above this city are moving to the hills, claiming that the water will be higher than at any time since 1881, when the water covered the lowlands for 35 days.

PIPESTONE, Minn., Feb. 12.—One of the worst blizzards of the season has been raging here for the last 36 hours. All trains on the Burlington road were abandoned yesterday. It is thought there must be considerable suffering in the country.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Feb. 12.—A cyclone visited the southern part of this place yesterday morning. It was preceded by a wind that was long-continued, peals of thunder, then of a sudden, in one spot of the sky, was a rushing, twisting, whirling motion, a sound like the explosion of a bomb was heard, the heavens were illuminated, and at the instant the two-story brick barn of Isom Wray was almost completely demolished. The roof was torn off and hurled away, and the second-story walls were all pushed out, but not a thing inside was injured. With this freak of fury the elements subsided, and not another piece of property was touched. People living in the vicinity say the light was so vivid that they thought the stable was on fire.

CANTON, O., Feb. 12.—A severe wind and rain storm visited Louisville, five miles east, yesterday. The root of the Convent school, adjoining, was lifted off. The damage done to the town will amount to between $7,000 and $8,000.

MONTREAL, Feb. 12.—Owing to the very heavy snow storm yesterday, outgoing trains were all cancelled, and many visitors were forced to remain another day.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—The temperature dropped to zero this morning, the weather having grown cold steadily throughout the night. The trees, shrubbery and telegraph wires are covered with a thick coating of frozen sleet, and the telegraph service is badly crippled again, in consequence, the wires in some instances having been borne down under their heavy load. At various points south and west of this city the ice is so thick and heavy on the telegraph wires as to not only snap and carry down the wires, but in many cases the poles have also been broken and carried down. The cold weather has checked the floods in the southwestern and northwestern portions of the city, and the water in the Chicago river and the streams which feed it is falling rapidly.

THE CATTLE RANGES.

Terrible Losses in Montana—Favorable Reports from Indian Territory.

FT. KEOGH, Mont., Feb. 14.—In round numbers, there were, on January 1, 200,000 head of cattle and 25,000 sheep on the ranges north and south of the Yellowstone river, within a radius of 100 miles of this point. Up to that date stock had not suffered much from the severity of the winter, but during January and the half of February just closing, storms have been of unprecedented frequency, and the temperature has averaged the lowest for fifteen years. It is not possible to accurately estimate the losses, but they have been enormous, in some places amounting to the practical annihilation of whole herds.

A Tongue river stockman, who has just returned from an examination of his herd, said to a correspondent: "At Lignite, where my herd is located, I saw a piteous sight. As far as I could see up and down the river cattle were standing knee-deep in the snow, unable to obtain a blade of grass for sustenance, and gnawing the wood of the willows as a last resort. In a space of 50 yards square I counted 25 dead beasts, and a cow boy told me there were fully 1,000 dead between Lignite and Moon creek, a few miles above. The living cattle are almost unable to move, as their feet and ankles are but raw masses of bleeding flesh from having been cut at every step by the crusted snow. They occasionally go upon the ice in search of water, and finding an air-hole, tumble into the river. Men cutting ice saw 30 cattle drowned in two hours. They could not be driven away, as they were mad with thirst."

LITTLE ROCK, Feb. 14.—An Indian territory special says that reports from all parts of Indian territory show that stock has wintered well, and is in fair condition. The winter has been mild throughout, and at no time have cattle suffered for either water or food, grass affording sustenance, and the streams remaining open. On the Cherokee strip there has been little or no loss from severe weather, and stockmen say that the present has been the mildest winter in the past five years. Recent rains have caused the young grass to grow, and indications point to an early spring. Managers of companies running from ten to twenty thousand head of cattle say the loss will range from 2 to 4 per cent. this year as against 10 to 20 per cent. in 1885.

THE EXPRESS ROBBERS.

The Guilty Parties Known and Will Soon be Arrested.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—It is expected that all of the parties suspected of complicity in the murder of messenger Nicholas and the robbery of the Rock Island express car in March last, will be under arrest very soon.

Schwartz, alias Mayhew, the brakeman on the train, Mr. Pinkerton says, is guilty beyond all reasonable doubt, and Mrs. Mayhew is now secreted, having given valuable testimony implicating her husband. Newton Watts, the baggageman, is under arrest, and two others, the principals in the crime, are wanted.

The detectives have satisfied themselves that none of the employes of the express company were parties to the crime, and it is through Mrs. Mayhew that Watts is alleged to have been implicated. A dispute is said to have arisen between Watts and Schwartz as to where the latter obtained some of the money he spent so recklessly, and this is given as a reason for some of the revelations. It is asserted that Schwartz says that he received the money from Watts, but this the latter denies strenuously.

MORRIS, Ill., Feb. 12.—Yesterday Wm. Pinkerton came here with Watts and Mrs. Schwartz, and held a long interview with Schwartz. This morning at 9 o'clock Watts was placed under arrest and taken before Justice Woodbury, charged with complicity in the murder of Kellogg Nichols. The preliminary examination was postponed to Friday of next week.

Jim Cody, the suspect, was admitted to bail this morning in the sum of $1,000. Mrs. Schwartz is here, also Pinkerton and Smith, and further arrests are expected.

A Point Blank Refusal to Re-Employ Strikers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—The freight handlers formerly employed on the New York & Northern railroad sent a delegate to Agent Allen to ask him to take back the strikers without exception. He said as the union men struck without giving any warning, they could not come back. All the new men had been promised a permanent situation, and were giving satisfaction. He was bound, and would keep faith with them.

At the main line dock all the strikers have returned, and at the Ward line dock only 25 of the strikers remained.

At the Mallory dock there are none of the strikers, the men taking taking their place giving satisfaction. At the piers on the L. I. railroad, the Bristol line, the B. & O. transportation, the Bridgeport daily line, and other piers, work was proceeding as evenly as before the strike.

RETURNING TO WORK.

Some Old Hands are Taken Back, but Not as Union Men—The "Scabs" Will be Shipped as Soon as Things Settle Down —A Little Strike by Firemen.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The Harlem railroad and the New York City & Northern and the Pennsylvania companies have given orders that none of the new hands shall be turned away as long as they are competent to do the work, and the chances of the old hands getting back are slim.

At some of the river piers the strikers have gone back in a body, while at many others the old hands are being taken back quietly and individually.

Mr. Dallas, of the Red "D" line, put all his old men at work this morning. He said he preferred his old men to the poor specimens of humanity who had been put on during the strike to fill up a gap. He had a compact with his men something like that which existed between the brewers and their men. None of his men went out of their own free will, but simply because the Knights of Labor ordered them out.

At the Clyde line docks many of the old men are back, but not as union men. The same rule is adopted at the Mallory and Ward lines.

The Baltimore & Ohio dock at pier 18, North river, has none but Italians at work, the agent, Mr. Marshall, having given orders that none of the strikers be given work.

Thomas Hogan & Sons, one of the largest firms of stevedores in this city, have taken 500 strikers back at full rates. At many of the piers where the order has been given not to employ strikers nor recognize the union, many longshoremen have found employment, but it is on the representation that they are not connected with the union. The men go where they are not known and get work, and this accounts for the rapid disappearance of Italians and other foreigners from the river front during the past few days.

An attempt to cause trouble between the firemen and coal passers on some of the coastwise lines yesterday and Saturday, proved a failure.

The coal passers and firemen on the Ward line struck just as the steamer Saratoga was throwing off her lines. The men, however, had signed the ship's articles, and were, therefore, liable to be proceeded against for mutiny. This measure being threatened, they returned to work in preference to being placed in irons, and the vessel proceeded to sea, three hours late.

The firemen on the Clyde line steamer Yeamassee left their vessel as the whistle was blowing for the boat to leave the dock. Men from two other boats were promptly put on boaad, and the delay was not more than an hour's duration. On the Mallory dock four firemen quit work on the Carondolet.

EXPERIENCE OF A QUAIL-EATER,

Who Has Taken the Job of Eating 82 Quail in 41 Days.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Emile Paul is just now working out the destiny of a truly heroic stomach by eating 82 quail in 41 consecutive days, without the aid of pepsin or any other digestive. The gallant struggle will end at 11 p. m. Several thousand dollars are wagered on the effort. Mr. Paul has bet $250 that, after swallowing his 82d bird, he will eat five more off-hand. He is willing, too, to wager any part of $500 that to-morrow, to cap the pyramid of slaughtered birds, he can eat thirteen straight quail.

"I got along with quails finely," said Mr. Paul last night, "until last Sunday; then my stomach began to go back on me, and I felt rather shaky. For the last four days my skin has begun to smell of quail. I did not begin to taste quail until two days ago. That's the hardest thing about the match. I hate the taste of the legs. If quail grew without legs, I think I could eat 500 in a month. The legs are the gamiest part, and when a man has eaten all the quail that he really cares for, and must eat more, he revolts at the legs. Another great difficulty is eating at the same time every night. It worries me a little. But, take it all in all, I find very little trouble, and my appetite is simply bully. I have gained 10 pounds in weight. I drink lots of Worcestershire, Tobasco and pepper-sauces. That is my great hold. In fact, I drank a whole bottle of tobasco sauce on a wager of $25, the other night, and for $50 I added another bottle. What do I attribute my digestive powers to? Well, simply to the fact that I do not use tobacco or intoxicating liquors. I am satisfied that no man who does can do any great feat of digestion. There is one very curious effect that quail eating has had upon me. I am chuck full of phosphorus. You know that quail contain a great deal of phosphorus. When I go in a dark room and blow my breath out hard, I can see a sort of luminous mist, just as if I was some sort of a ghost."

TEXAS ELECTION OUTRAGES.

Ex-Gov. Ireland on His Way to Washington—What He Says.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 14.—Ex-Gov. Ireland, of Texas, accompanied by 28 citizens of Washington county, Texas, passed through this city yesterday on his way to Washington, where he and his companions will appear before the Senate committee which will investigate the charges of election outrages made against the citizens of Washington county by those Republicans who fled the country for fear of being lynched, and who claim to have been driven out by the Democrats.

Ex-Gov. Ireland says that at the close of the election in Washington county, Dewees Bolton, the son of a candidate for county commissioner, rode up to the precinct, dismounted and demanded admittance to the polls. He was told to come in, and upon opening the door was shot down in his tracks by a negro named Hill. Eight of the occupants of the room were arrested, and three of them were subsequently lynched. The others fled the country, for fear of being similarly treated, and brought the charge against the Democrats of the county that they were driven out.

The ex-governor says: "The whole story of those men is a pure fabrication. Every statement they have made to show that they were the objects of political persecution is absolutely false, and that will be easy to prove by all these witnesses. They were not driven from the county, but left there of their own free will and desire."

HIRED ASSASSINS.

A St. Louis Policeman Said to be the Murderer of Ex-Mayor Bowman.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 11.—On the evening of the 20th of November, 1885, John B. Bowman, ex-mayor of East St. Louis, was assassinated in front of his house by being shot in the back. No definite clue to the assassin was discovered until within the past three days. Some two weeks ago Christian Smidt and William Banks, two young hoodlums of East St. Louis, were arrested for robbing railroad cars.

Yesterday they made the statement that G. W. Voice, a member of the East St. Louis police force, was the murderer, and that they paid him to shoot Mr. Bowman. To-day Voice was induced to come to St. Louis, and was taken to Detective Furlong's office, where he was charged with the deed, and where he underwent a severe examination, which resulted in William Frank B. Bowman, son of the murdered man, swearing out a warrant of arrest. Voice and he were sent to Belleville, Ill., in charge of two of Furlong's detectives, and lodged in jail.

Voice killed a man five years ago. He was bartender for Timothy Halloran, a brother of the chief of police, at the time Mr. Bowman was murdered, and was soon after placed on the police force, where he has since served.

It has always been believed that Bowman was killed by hired assassins; and if Voice proves to be the right man his trial will no doubt result in developments of the most startling character.

The Texas Drouth Sufferers.

FORT WORTH, Feb. 15.—The drouth commissioners appointed by Gov. Ross to distribute the $100,000 appropriated by the legis ature for the relief of the people in the drouth-stricken district of Texas, arrived in this city on the midnight train Saturday night, and spent Sunday here, leaving for Eastland, the county seat, yesterday. The commission began their labors at Lampasas, and have visited and inspected the condition of affairs in six counties up to the present time. They say they find the people in need of assistance wherever they have been, but the principal things they need are seed and feed for their stock, and these the commission has not the power or authority to furnish them, the legislature having restricted them to simply furnishing flour and meal to those in actual need of bread, and who will make the required oath to that effect.

Dissatisfaction in Virginia.

RICHMOND, Feb. 10.—In the Farmers' assembly of Virginia, at present in session here, W. T. Sutherlin, of Danville, a Democrat, said that the state is now bordering on financial ruin on account of her debt complications, and another wealthy farmer announced that Virginia was on the eve of a political revolution. Sutherlin favored absolute repudiation if the creditors refused to accept the Riddleberger settlement as final.

The governor, in speaking to the assembly, last night, said there was less money in the hands of the Virginia farmers now than since the surrender at Appomatomax Court-house.

DR. CROSBY'S "HERESY."

Peculiar Utterances, Which Will Create a Lively Discussion.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Dr. Howard Crosby, of this city, delivered a lecture on "The Scriptural View of Temperance," before the students of the theological seminary at Rutgers college, New Brunswick, N. J., last night. The lecture has created considerable excitement among the temperance people and clergymen there, and a number of ministers will reply to Dr. Crosby from their pulpits on Sunday. In introducing his remarks Dr. Crosby said:

"For the past twenty years I have been called a heretic, and I am going to give you my heresy this evening. Far be it from me to decry the evils of intemperance, but I claim that there are two other prevailing sins which, while intemperance counts its victims by thousands, count theirs by tens of thousands. I refer to the social vice, impurity, and the greed for money. No method of fighting intemperance can stand for a moment which condems the use of wine."

Dr. Crosby characterized the theory of two kinds of wine as the greatest piece of stupidity which the human mind had harbored in these latter days, and denied the existence of such a thing as unfermented wine.

"We must deal with the sin of intemperance," he continued, "as with any other sin. We need no societies for it. I don't believe in the pledge. I believe the history of the pledge has shown it to be a failure. I don't believe in these organizations of young people for temperance work."

Prof. Doolittle arose at this point, and asked Dr. Crosby whether, if any young man called at his house, he would advise his giving him wine as freely as he would lemonade or coffee. Dr. Crosby replied: "I don't believe in treating, but I'll say this, 'If you wan't a glass of claret with your beefstake in the morning, and can afford to have it and don't have it, you're a fool.'" A great sensation followed this utterance.

CLOSING THE SALOONS.

Gamblers and Roughs Must Leave Leavenworth, or Take the Consequences.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Feb. 12.—Yesterday the largest saloon in Leavenworth, known as the "Saratoga," was closed by the sheriff upon the complaint of two representatives of the league, Carl Mueller and F. M. Anthony. Last night, while the two were passing the place that had just been closed by their efforts, they were set upon by a gang of roughs, who knocked them down, tore their clothes, and otherwise maltreated them. Mueller regained his feet, pulled a pistol, and fired one shot, which took effect in the leg of a gambler named Ryan. The crowd did not scatter, however, and were preparing to assault the two again, when the police arrived and drove them off, taking Mueller and Anthony to the county jail for protection.

The closing of the saloon has engendered a most bitter feeling, and there is no telling what the outcome will be. As the Law and Order league have not called a halt, it is probable that an act will be committed that will lead to bloodshed. It is said that all the gamblers and roughs will be ordered to leave town at once, and they are the element that will alone bring on the crisis.

ARRESTED IN PITTSBURG.

Supposed to be Harry McMunn, the Rescued Fur Robber.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 15.—About midnight a man entered a saloon on Wylie avenue and asked the proprietor to allow him to stay all night, offering $5 for the privilege. He was in an intoxicated condition and the saloon keeper refused him. He said his name was Harry McMunn, who was rescued from the officers at Ravenna. Being told a second time he could not remain he left the saloon and started up street. Detective Fred Heil entered the saloon a moment later, and being informed of the occurrence, started in pursuit and captured him a few blocks away and took him to the central station.

On the way to jail he said he lived at 498 Abbey street, Cleveland. He left there last on January 12. Came here from Akron, Ohio, yesterday morning, and claims to be a bootmaker by trade. His description tallies exactly with that already given of McMunn. He was dressed in a shabby suit and wore a cap. One of his hands is in a sling.

The statement of Mrs. Robinson, the woman who voluntarily confessed her husband was concerned in the recent rescue of McMunn, is not given credence here.

A Harrisburg dispatch says the chief of police received a telegram from the superintendent of police of Cleveland, who wanted to know if it was true that James Johnson, one of the thugs engaged in the assault on Detectives Hulligan and Hoehn at Ravenna, died in that city from the effects of injuries received at that time. Investigation shows that Johnson did not die at either of the public institutions, but the police have begun a hunt for him.

THE HARLEM HEIRS.

A Bill in Equity Filed—About 1,400 Alleged Heirs Interested.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—The Harlem commons claimants, about whom so much has been written in the last few years, have at last begun the legal contest for the recovery of the property which they claim to own in the upper part of this city.

A stupendous bill in equity was filed in the United States Circuit court late on Saturday by James H. McCreery, of Pittsburg, representing Simon P. Morgan, of Greensboro, Ky., the complainant, and about 1,400 other alleged heirs scattered all over the country. Mr. Morgan was selected as complainant because, it is claimed, he is one of the most direct heirs of the original owners. The name of the Rev. W. R. Covert, of Pittsburg, the attorney-in-fact of Mr. Morgan, appears on the bill, but the lawyers in the case are Mr. McCreery, Judge Bredin, of Pittsburg, and Frederick Baker, of this city.

The first argument will be made before Judge Wallace on February 28, by which time it is expected the defendants will also appear. Mr. McCreery thinks that by the time the proposed commission has completed its work and sifted out the real heirs, the number of claimants will be reduced nearly two-thirds. The lawyers are to get one-third of all that is realized. They expect to get enough out of the case to pay them handsomely for their trouble, and give each claimant about $10,000. It is not expected that any of the suits will be brought to trial. A compromise, it is thought, will be effected in all cases.

THE VETOED PENSION BILL.

G. A. R. Posts Requested to Take Immediate Action.

MADISON, Feb. 14.—The following circular was issued to-day from the national headquarters of the Grand Amy of the Republic, signed by Commander-in-Chief Fairchild:

In view of the recent veto of the dependent pension bill and of the very great importance of that measure to many of our comrades who need and are justly entitled to help, it is recommended that posts and comrades everywhere, by resolutions and letters, immediately inform members of Congress, who are entitled to and will gladly receive these expressions of opinion, of their approval or disapproval of the principles involved in the vetoed bill.

Comrades are requested to move at once, without waiting for printed circulars.

A Tragedy Growing Out of a Divorce Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12.—Last night George Messmer, a laborer in the employ of a local firm of wine merchants, shot Frederick Muller and Mrs. Muller, the sister of Messmer's divorced wife. Since the divorce Messmer has written several threatening letters to his wife. Last night Messmer rang the door-bell of Muller's residence and fired two bullets into Muller the moment the latter opened the door. One wound, a fatal one, is in the chest, another in the left shoulder. After shooting down Muller, the assassin rushed into the kitchen and fired at Mrs. Muller as she fled into the backyard, the bullet penetrating her left forearm. Messmer then went into the yard and shot himself in the head. He returned to the house after attempting suicide and fell senseless in the front parlor, where the neighbors, who had rushed in, found him. His jaw is broken, and the doctors, who have been unable to find the bullet in his head, think he will die.

Muller is a wheelwright and carpenter. Both he and Messmer are Germans, who recently arrived here.

A Sacred Relic Consumed.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 10.—Besides the pecuniary loss which resulted last night from the destruction of Jesse Arnot's livery stable, one loss was suffered, which is irreparable. The hearse which the remains of the martyred Pres. Abraham Lincoln were conveyed to their last resting place, was consumed in the flames. This hearse was built by Mr. Arnot for that especial purpose, and since that day has never been out of the building. Its owner refused to have it profaned by any meaner use after it had been thus consecrated by the greatest and most honored man of the century. Mr. Arnot has received many offers for this vehicle, but has always refused to part with it, preferring to retain it as a sacred relic.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

STORMING THE ICE CASTLE.

Glorious Times at the Montreal Carnival—The Besiegers Repulsed.

MONTREAL, Feb. 10.—The greatest attraction of the week—in fact, of the carnival—was afforded to the visitors and natives last night in the storming of the ice castle by the united force of the snow-shoe clubs recruited throughout Canada. Hours before the besieging army had made its appearance on the hill, some two miles distant from the city, Dominion Square, where the castle is situated, was surrounded by thousands of spectators. The windows of the Windsor hotel and the houses on the adjoining blocks were packed with people. It seemed as though every man and woman in the city had turned out to see the display of fireworks.

The sight was well worth seeing. Far up on the hill, the summit of which is approached by a winding road, the lights of the advancing hosts could be seen. There were some 2,000 men out in all, and each carried a flaming torch in his hand. Their snake-like path, moving backward and forward as they advanced, was novel, striking and picturesque. It seemed at one time, when the line straightened out, as though the mountain was on fire, burning as prairies do, while at another its serpentine path filled the spectators with the dread that some strange, creeping monster was descending to consume the town. In the meanwhile there was evident bustle in the castle. Along the parapets and terraces men could be seen hastening, while others could be faintly discerned in the turrets as they passed the windows torch in hand.

The work of the defense went on. The spectators, cleared from the square by the local constabulary, waited with intense interest the approach of the besiegers. After awhile they came. In a long column, fours front, they advanced, discharging Roman candles at the castle. They encompassed the ice castle, and, falling into brigades in front of it, discharged their weapons. The great crowds cheered with delight. The noise of the hundreds of candles of the besiegers, added to the deeper detonations of the mines exploding on the castle, swelled into a very respectable volume of sound.

The effect of the many-colored balls from the candles upon striking the ice-walls and the consequent ricochet, was singular and impressive. The walls glowed with many colors—green, red and yellow alternately lit up the turrets. One silent spectator was the moon, and after it had been obscured for a while by the volume of smoke, it peeped out again and saw the army retreating in many directions, and the ice castle quiet, unimpaired.

DON'T BELIEVE IN WAR.

The Governor-General of Canada Makes a Happy Speech.

MONTREAL, Feb. 10.—The Marquis of Lansdowne, governor-general of Canada, made a very happy speech in the council chamber of the City Hall on the occasion of his being presented by the mayor and aldermen with the freedom of the city, yesterday. The mayor of Hartford, the mayor of Troy, the mayor of Albany, and a large number of American visitors were present. His excellency touched on the question of home rule and the relation between the United States and Canada. When he said he trusted amicable relations would always be maintained between the states and Canada, Americans and Canadians joined in cheers and hand-clapping, which for a few minutes were enthusiastic and continuous.

Referring to the West, Lord Lansdowne said: "We find that the completion of our national railway system and the communications which are being opened up with our continental lines are about to afford you a connection not only with the western regions of British North America, but also with vast areas within the territory of our great neighbors on the south of the boundary line, neighbors with whom, let me say in passing, we desire to live on terms of the most intimate and amicable intercourse, and from whom I do not for a moment believe that any passing conflict of interests or any transient wave of temporary irritation will be allowed to estrange." [Loud and continued applause.]

Outrages by Moonlighters.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chief secretary for Ireland, in the House of Commons, in answer to inquiries, affirmed the truth of reports that moonlighters attacked the houses of three farmers in Mill street, County Cork, and cut off the hair of every woman in the houses. The only reason given for the outrages was the women had been seen speaking to the police.

Thomas Sexton, Parnellite, resuming the debate on Parnell's amendment, taunted the government on its inability to rule Ireland without the assistance of an army as large as the one needed in India.

Portugal Will Fight.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—Advices from Zanszibar state that the sultan has refused to comply with the demand of the Portugese governor of Mazambique to surrender the territory claimed by Portugal, but recognized in the Anglo-German agreement with the sultan as belonging to Zanszibar, and has referred the matter to the friendly powers. Portugal has, on this account, ruptured diplomatic relations with the sultan, and has hauled down the Portugese flag from the consulate at Zanszibar. In addition to this, a number of Portugese men-of-war have proceeded to Tangi, the bombardment of which is threatened.

A Wealthy Syndicate.

OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 9.—Sir John Lester Kaye has completed the organization of a powerful syndicate for the purpose of working ten farms of 10,000 acres each in the Northwest territories. His associates are all Englishmen, and they have decided to place the capital stock at the high figure of £1,300,000. The farming to be carried on will give employment to thousands of persons. Sir John will sail for England from New York on Saturday for the purpose of making the final arrangements. The farms are located at points along the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad. All thoroughbred stock for the farms will be imported from England.

War Preparations.

BRUSSELS, Feb. 12.—It is announced that all forts in Belgium along the frontier of France have received a complete war armament. The preparations have been even carried to the extent of mobilizing the troops. King Leopold will be commander-in-chief of the Belgian forces, with Gen. Briolomont as chief of staff. The Count of Flanders, a brother of the king, will command the first army corps, and Gen. Valdersmissin the second.

The Czar Is Non-Committal.

PARIS, Feb. 14.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that Gen. Von Schweinitz, German ambassador to Russia, recently sounded the Czar as to whether he would remain neutral in the event of war between Germany and France, and that the Czar refused to make any engagement respecting the matter.

John Dillon's Trial.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—The *Standard* this morning says that several English Radicals have agreed upon arrangement to oppose any attempt of the Crown counsel to pack the jury in the trial of John Dillon and his colleagues, which begins in Dublin this week.

Significant Appointment.

BERLIN, Feb. 15.—Count Schmattau has been appointed military attache to the German embassy at Brussels—a post long vacant. The appointment is regarded as a sign that importance is attached to the post.

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No. 162 William St., New York.

A GREAT FRAUD.

The Montreal Visitors Indignant at Their Treatment.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Several trains filled with passengers from Montreal arrived at the Grand Central depot yesterday at different hours. They were all tourists who had been attending the carnival. A more disgusted set of people it would have been difficult to have found in a week's journey. They complained bitterly of the way the railroad company had treated them at the outset of the trip.

A prominent merchant returning with his family did not hesitate to give expression to the opinions which his fellow passengers indorsed. He said: "I have travelled many hundreds of miles in this country and in Europe, and I can say positively that I never witnessed such gross mismanagement and disregard of the travelling public as I did last night at Montreal. We were informed that the Delaware & Hudson train left the Grand Trunk station in Montreal at 4:20 p. m. and the Central Vermont at 4:30 p. m. Passengers for these trains were taken to the depot, and deposited on the platform, where their baggage was piled up, waiting to be checked and examined by the custom house officers. Not an officer or attendant was to be found to point out the trains. The trains were not made up. The cars belonging to a train were scattered about the yard on different tracks, and delicate women were sent from place to place, lugging bundles and wraps, trying to find their trains. There was neither system nor order, and berths were sold twice over for the sleepers. There were in the yard sleepers belonging to the snow-bound Friday trains, the held-back morning trains, the two long specials, the regulars and some thirty odd private cars. At last, after weary hours of waiting, three or four cars, after much pulling and backing, drew out and proceeded to Rouse's Point, where, after many delays, a few more cars were run down. Ind this way trains were made up.

AN OCEAN RACE FOR $10,000.

The Coronet and Dauntless to Start on March 15.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—R. T. Bush, owner of the Coronet, and Caldwell H. Colt, owner of the Dauntless, will meet some evening this week and arrange the details of the ocean race between their keel schooners for $10,000 a side. The understanding now is that the yachts will start from Sandy Hook on March 15. The New York Yacht clubs regatta committee will have charge of the start. One of the things to be agreed upon at the conference is a system of signals by which the yachts may be distinguished at night by vessels they may meet on their course and by the judges at the finish. It has been proposed that the Coronet should burn a blue magnesium light in such cases, and the Dauntless a red one, and that in crossing the finishing line the Coronet should fire one gun and the Dauntless two.

The members of the Royal York Yacht club have offered their services in timing the yachts at the finish, and it is likely that they will be requested to station men to watch for the boats day and night from the tenth day after the start, at Roches Point, just outside the entrance of Queenstown harbor.

The crew of each of the boats will consist of 24 men. Mr. Colt may take passage in his yacht, and will be accompanied by one or two friends; but Mr. Bush will not go in his, and is opposed to having any one aboard except the crew. He contends that passengers would only be in the way, and that the sailing-master would feel that he had more lives in his hands, and would not be disposed to take the chances of spreading sail in rough weather, which he would take if only the crew were aboard. The two yachts are being rapidly put in trim for the race.

A SAVING OF $50,000 A MONTH.

Which Is Worth Looking After, Even by Big Corporations.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—The adjourned conference between the representatives of the Pacific Mail Steamship company and the Panama railroad company, to agree on a settlement of differences was held this morning. Pres. Houston and Director Edward Lauterbach represented the Pacific Mail, and Messrs. Seligman, McCullough Ellis and Da'Costa the Panama railroad.

The compromise proposed yesterday was agreed to by both companies. It provides for the settlement of the outstanding claim of the Panama railroad of $530,000, by the payment of $160,000. In lieu of the monthly payments of $70,000 for transportpion across the Isthmus, heretofore charged to the Pacific mail by the Panama company, there will be paid $55,000 per month, and the Pacific Mail Co. is allowed to reduce its service in any way it chooses, instead of being compelled to run a steamer every week as was provided under the terms of the old contract. This provision alone will save the Pacific Mail $50,000 per month. The saving on the other items for the unexpired seven years of the old agreement, which the new contract takes the place of, amounts to over $1,600,000.

The Pacific Mail directors, after the meeting, stated that no negotiations for a subsidy from the Transcontinental lines were being considered. They expected, though, to receive fair returns for their business, and one of them predicted an advance of rates before the end of this week.

A Jump of 190 Feet.

BUFFALO, Feb. 15.—A special from Suspension Bridge says: John Stevens, a resident of Suspension Bridge, aged about 70 years, procured a ticket from the gate tender at the entrance of the railway at Suspension Bridge this morning about 10 o'clock, and after peering strangely over the railing, jumped into the rapids, falling 190 feet.

The Champion Quail Eater.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Emil Paul last night finished up the last of 82 quail, eaten in 41 consecutive days. After disposing of the last brace he ate five more quail off-hand.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Decrease	$1,862,150
Loans—Increase	6,401,700
Specie—Increase	111,400
Legal tenders—Decrease	939,400
Deposits—Increase	4,136,600
Circulation—Decrease	62,800

The banks now hold $18,609,600 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 15.	Feb. 8.
4½'s coupons	110¼	110¼
4's coupons	128⅝	128⅝
3's registered	100	100
Pacific 6's of '95	126½	126½

NOON.—The stock market showed a little more animation after 11 o'clock. Prices remained heavy, being brought down to small fractions below opening figures, New England showing the heaviest loss, 1⅛ per cent. The transactions again fell off toward noon, after a slight rally, and the market became very dull and steady to firm, at figures slightly below those of 11 o'clock.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 91½; L. S., 94½; Pac. Mail, 55¾; N. Y. C., —; D. L. & W., 136; J. C., 69⅞; Erie, 33¾; Erie 2d, ex. c, 98⅛; W. St. L. & P. 16½; Erie pref., —; N. P., —; N. P. pf'd, 58¾; D. & R. G. —; Louis. & Nash., 61; Texas Pacific, —; Union Pacific, 55¼; Missouri Pacific, 107¾; C. S., 57⅞; Western Union, 73¼; Kansas & Texas, 30½; C., B. & Q., —; Rock Island, —; Mil. L. & W., —; L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen. Pac. —; Oregon Trans., 32¼; Omaha, 48½; Omaha pfd., 108; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, —; Phila. & Read., 38; Del. & Hud., —; N. W., 114¾; St. P. & M., —; Hocking Valley, 36; New York & New England, 60¼; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, 85; Wabash, —; St. P. & D., —; R. I. —; Richmond T., 46⅞; C. C. C. I., —; Oil closed at 60⅝ bid.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country was only of fair proportions during the week just closed. Business men are looking for a fairly good spring business.

THE MARKETS.

Markets Close with Slight Weakness.

The markets, at leading points of accumulation, to-day, opened with a little better tone, but at the close a slight weakness set in. It is reported that in some parts of Ohio the wheat is covered with ice. Cables were steady. Exports from New York were fair. The fact of the situation is one of weakness, and in the absence of a marked change in the weather, prices are not likelp to advance, within the next 24 hours at least.

Toledo Grain Market.

TEN O'CLOCK A. M. CALL.—Wheat—May, 83¾c bid, 84c asked; June, 85c bid, 85¼c asked; August, 86½c sales. Corn—Cash, 38c bid; May, 40½c bid. Clover seed—February, $4 75 bid; April, $4 80.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day there was but one sale of cash wheat, No. 2, which sold at 81½c.

For future delivery there was a heavy trade in No. 2 May wheat, other months only fair trade. Prices opened firm, but closed weak.

	Feb.	Mar.	May.	June.
Sales to-day	......	5000	850000	......
" Saturday	......	......	805000	75000

Seller Earch, 81½c; seller May, 84c, and to close, 83⅝c, ⅛c up; seller August, 86½c, 86¾c and 86⅜c, ⅛c advance.

Cash corn—No sales. One sale for May was made at 40½c. Oats—Neglected. Clover seed—sales 85 bags. Market steady and unchanged. Prime, $4.80; No. 3, $4.55; Prime mammoth, $4.80.

AFTERNOON CLOSE.—Wheat, May, 83⅝c sales; June, 84½c bid, 84¾c asked; August, 86c, sales. Corn—May, 40c bid. Clover Seed—February, $4 70 asked; March, $4 70 bid, $4 75 asked; April, $4 65 bid; $4 75 asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

A fair quantity of various kinds of vegetables and other country products were placed upon sale on the market this morning. Retailers in consequence, have sufficient supplies to meet the needs of customers. There is a steady market for most things. Butter sells at 18@20c for finest, and 16@17c for second quality. Eggs are down to 15c. Salt, in barrel lots, 90c; car lots, 75c. Vegetables—Potatoes, 40c; sweet potatoes, $3.50@4.00 per barrel. Onions, 75c@$1.00; celery, 35@40c; lettuce, 25c per pound; cabbages, 40@50c; Fruits—Apples, 75@80c; cranberries, $2.75@3.00 per box; oranges, $3.50@4.00 for Floridas, and $2.00 for messinas; chickens, per lb, 9@10c; turkeys, 11c; geese, 8c; wool, 30c. Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $5.85@6.00; beef, 4½@7c per lb for sides; mutton, 6c; lambs, 6½c; calves, per lb, 7½@8c. Salt meats—Mess pork, short mess, $14.00; heavy mess, $13.75; clear pork, $14.50; lard, kegs 7½c per lb. Hay—Per ton, $12.

General Produce.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 11.—Wheat quiet; No. 2 Red May, 73c bid. Corn—About steady; cash, 29½c bid; March, 30½c; May, 33¼c. Oats, nominal, 26¼c bid cash.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 15.—Wheat irregular; cash, 74⅝c; March, 74c; May, 79c⅛. Corn dull; No. 3, 36¼c. Oats firm; No. 2 white, 31c. Rye firm No. 1, 55c½. Barley steady; No. 2, 50c.

DETROIT, Feb. 15.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 82½c; cash Mich. red, 81½c bid; No. 2 red cash, 81½c bid; April, 83c; May, 84¼c. Corn, 38½c. Oats—No. 2, 31c bid; No. 2 white, 33c. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 65; March, $4 70.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 15.—Flour dull; wheat quiet, 84½c. Corn stronger, 38½c. Oats, firm, 30½c. Rye firm, 60@61c. Pork strong and higher, $6 75. Lard stronger and higher, $6 75. Bulk meats firmer, short rib, $7 10. Bacon firmer. Short rib, $8 00. Short clear $8.25. Whisky steady; sales, 847 bbls. finished goods on a basis of $1 13.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—1:00 P.M.—Wheat weak; cash, 73⅝c; March, 73⅝c; May, 79 9-16c; June, 81 1-16c. Corn weak; cash, 34¼c; March, 34¼c; May, 39⅛c; June, —c. Oats weak; cash, 24¼c; May, 28¾c. Rye, 52c. Barley, 50c. Flax seed, $1 03. Prime timothy seed, $1 85. Whisky, $1 18. Pork strong; cash, $14 05; May, $14 22½. Lard strong; cash, $6 85; May, $7 00.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,400 head; market steady; choice natives steers, $4 40@4 95; butchers' steers, $3 10@4 10; Texans, $2 00@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 3,500 head; market active and strong; butchers', $5 40@5 60; packers, $5 20@5 45; Yorkers, $5 05@5 20; pigs, $4 40@4 90. Sheep—Receipts, 1,100 head; market steady and unchanged. Wheat—No. 2 red cash, 78c; February, —c; March, —c; May, 80⅞c bid; June, 81¾c, nominal. Corn easy; No. 2 mixed cash, 33½c; February, —c; March, 33⅞c. May, 35⅞@36c. Oats, steady; No. 2 mixed cash, 27c bid; February, —c; March, —c; May, 28⅝c. Rye nominally unchanged at 51¾c. Whisky, $1 13. Pork firmer at $14 25. Lard strong at $6 60.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Wheat—Market opened a shade higher, later declined ¼@⅜c, leading to a moderate business; receipts, 24,750 bu; sales 16,000 bu No 2 Red, February, 89¾c; 96,000 bu do March, 89⅝@90¼c; 40,000 do April 90⅝@91c; 1,272,000 bu do May, 91 9-16@92 3-16c; 120,000 bu do June, 92 7-16@93c. Corn ⅛@¼c lower and dull; receipts, 60,700 bu; sales, 168,000 bu; mixed western spot, 48@49¼c; do futures, 47¾@49¼c. Oats—Market steady and fairly active; receipts, 15,200 bu; sales 180,000 bu; state, 37@42c; western, 36@42c. Beef steady; new extra mess, $8 50@9 00. Pork firm; new mess, $14.50; old do, $12 87½@13 25. Lard—Market higher and strong; steam rendered, $7 90. Butter quiet and barely steady; western, 12@28c. Eggs—Western, 18c. Sugar steady; crushed, 6⅝@6¾c; powdered, 5⅞@6¼c; granulated, 5¾c. Molasses dull; 50 deg. test, 19½c. Coffee firm and fair; rio 14¾c; good do, 15c; prime do, 15½c. Turpentine steady at 39½c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 14.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light, $4 38@5 20; packing and butchers, $5 00@5 50; receipts, 2,900 head; shipments, 1,200 head.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Hogs—Receipts, 15,000 head; market fairly active and 5@10c lower; light, $4 80@5 30; rough packing, $4 90@5 20; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 20@5 60. Cattle—Receipts, 7,000 head; market steady; beeves, $3 50@5 00; cows, $1 75@3 75; stockers and feeders, $2 50@3 60. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; market slow but steady; natives, $—; westerns, $—; common to good, $2 75@5 00.

EAST LIBERTY, Feb. 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,026 head; shipments, 646 head; market steady; prime, $3 75@5 00; fair to good, $4 40@4 60; common, $4 00@4 25. Hogs—Receipts, 6,700 head; shipments, 5,000 head; market fair; Philadelphias, $5 65@5 75; Yorkers, $5 40@5 50; common and light, —; pigs, —. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, 6,200 head; market firm and ¼c higher; prime, $4 75@5 50; fair to good, $4 50; common, $2 50@3 60; lambs, $4 00@6 00.

BUFFALO, Feb. 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,683 head; common to fair, $4 00@4 40; good to choice shipping, $4 50@5 00; extra steers, $5 15@5 30; cows and heifers, $3 25@4 00; stockers and feeders, $3 00@3 75; veals, $6 00@7 00. Sheep—Receipts, 8,200 head; choice scarce and firm; common dull and weak; common to fair, $3 50@4 25; good to choice, $4 50@5 25; extra, $5 35@5 50; western lambs lower at $5 00@6 00. Hogs—Receipts, 9,945 head; market advanced 10@15c; light pigs, $5 10@5 30; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 40@5 50; selected Yorkers, $5 35@5 75; selected medium weights, $5 75@5 90.

Boston Wool Market.

The Wool market is in an unsettled condition. Much of the wool here is held at a higher limit than the market will sustain. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 33@34c; Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., 32@32½c; Territory, 20@26c; Texas and Southern, 17@22c; combing and delaine, 32½@36c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 24@28c; pulled wool and noils, 32@47c; scoured and tub washed, 30@60c; California spring and Oregon, 24@27½c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—*Mark Lane Express*: Native wheat in improved condition slightly firmer. Sales English wheat during the past week of 38,053 quarters at 33s 6d, against 69,972 quarters at 29s 6d for the corresponding week last year. Official returns of the wheat crop in the United Kingdom for 1886 shows an estimated yield of 7,918,486 quarters, against 9,954,471 quarters for 1885. About four-seventh of the crop remains in the hands of growers. Foreign wheat weaker. Flour irregular, tending downward. Oats firm.

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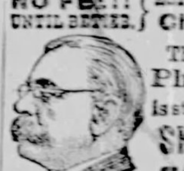

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